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MAN'S

"WIPE OUT WARSAW'S JEWS!"

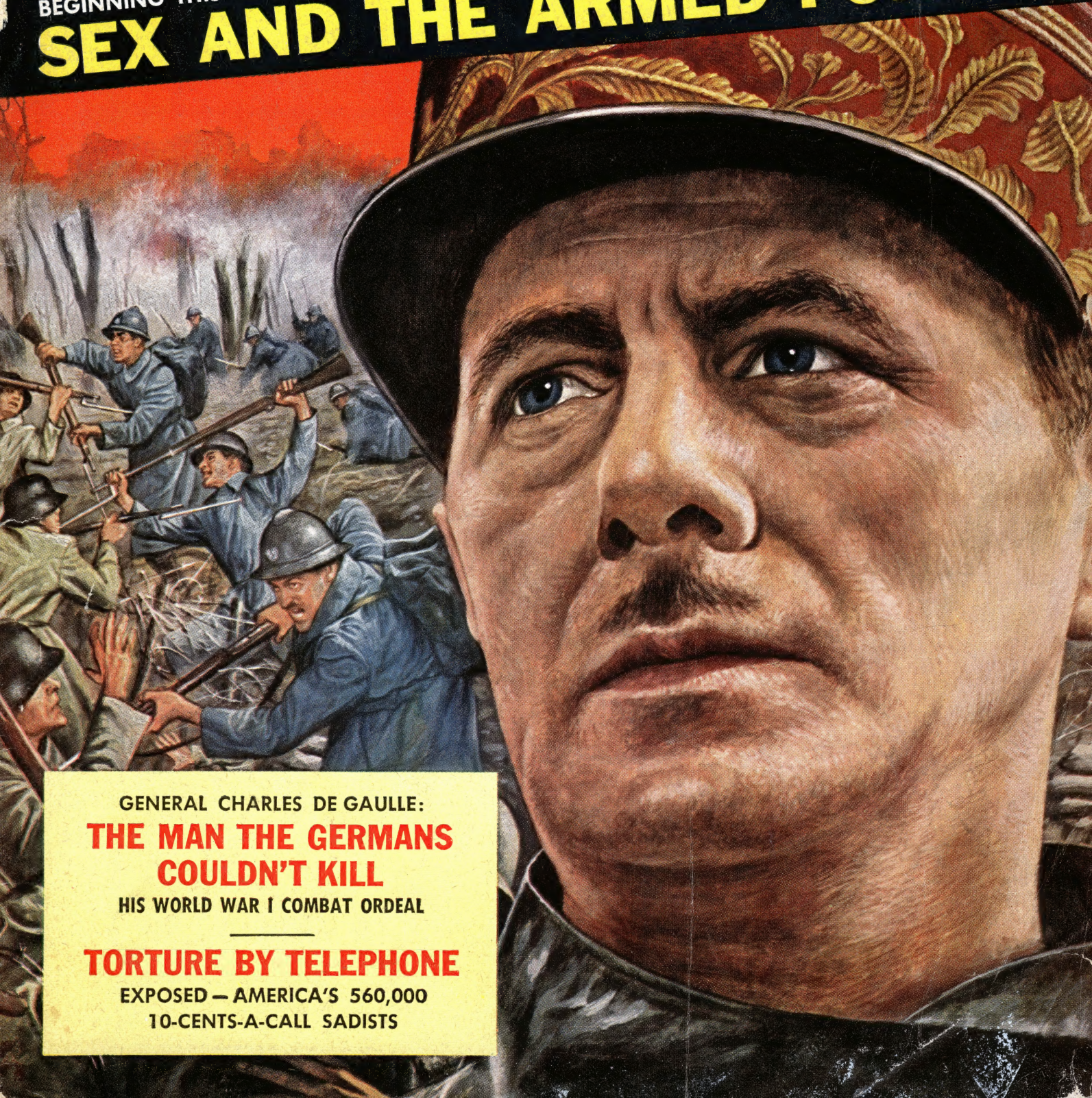
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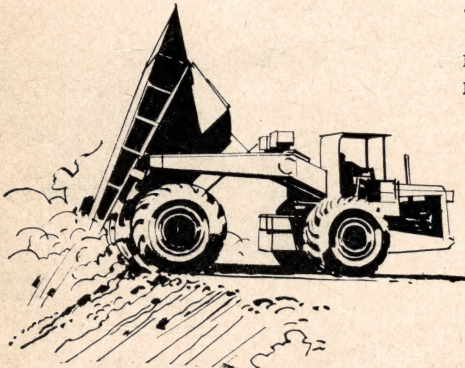
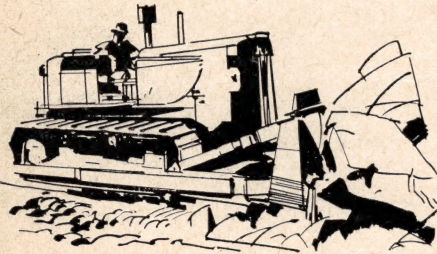
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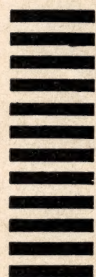
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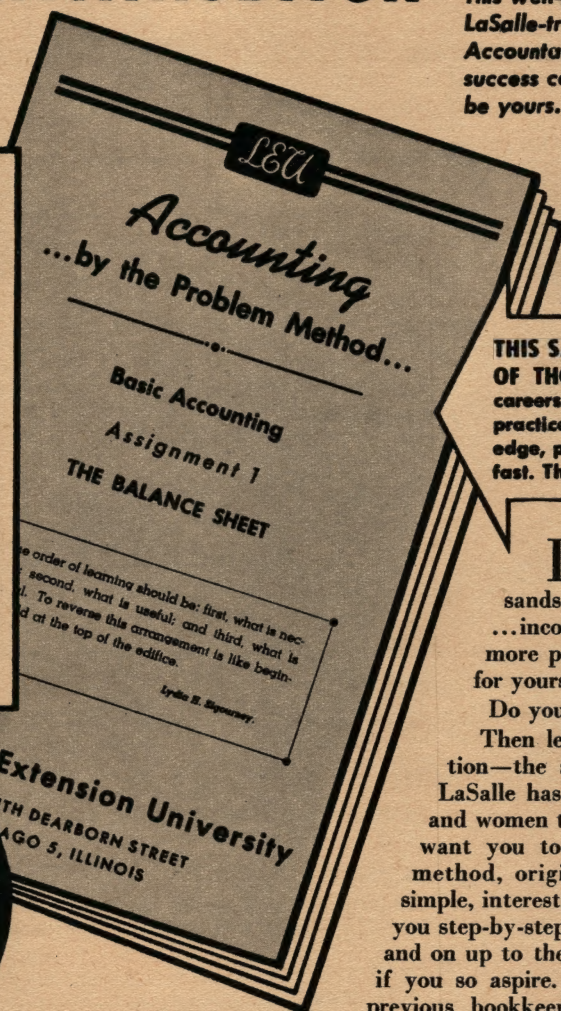
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man's corner

IN 1940, one year after they conquered Poland, the Germans herded Warsaw's Jews into a walled area called the ghetto. Six months later, SD chief Heydrich announced Hitler's decision as to the fate of these half-million people: It was genocide—100 per cent extermination.

But Dov Landau survived!

In a calculated campaign, unrivaled in barbarism since the days of Genghis Khan, Jews died by the thousands. Babies in arms—too weak to cry, old men—too enervated to pray—starved and froze to death. Others were hunted down, then shot or fed to gas chambers or strung from gallows.

But Dov Landau survived!

When the Jews, virtually without arms or allies, began to fight back, the armed might of the *Wehrmacht* pounded the ghetto to rubble. But the Jews put up desperate resistance, many fighting to their last breath over each stubbornly yielded inch of ghetto territory.

One by one, however, the defenders succumbed . . . in their bunkers, on secret missions through the sewers or during raids. Others . . . helplessly cut off . . . committed suicide to avoid capture.

But Dov Landau survived!

Miraculously, despite months of daring underground missions, hand-to-hand fighting and hairbreath escapes,



Ghetto rats—they made the Nazis pay.

Dov still clung to life. Captured by the Germans, "his appearance was not even that of a human being." Landau was dragged to Gestapo headquarters and revived, only to be questioned and beaten repeatedly. The Gestapo could extract no information from him.

Finally, Dov Landau—"gutter rat, sewer rat, rubble rat"—was marked for "resettlement," a fancy term that meant Auschwitz Concentration Camp—and death.

But Dov Landau survived!

How? . . . The full story is revealed in "Wipe Out Warsaw's Jews!" (page 14), a book bonus excerpt from the best-seller *Exodus*. It is, truly, an epic adventure.

—Phil Hirsch

MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Pyramid Publication

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

This story actually happened. The man's name has been changed
and this is not his photograph, but the facts are true.

"Your name is on the list"



Doug Mott was not surprised. The recession was on and the assembly line where he worked was almost at a standstill.

And then, strangely, the boss began to smile. "You know how the Engineering Department sends us blueprints and then we have to send them back for revision because they just aren't practical to produce?" Doug nodded . . . wondering. "That's waste . . . and we can't allow it to continue. That's why we thought that if we had a man who knew assembly and production — and drafting, too — he could act as liaison man between engineering and production. You know production, Doug . . . and you're studying drafting with I.C.S. You've got a *new* job. Congratulations!"

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- ☐ Enclosed is \$5.00 — Send me the complete Occupational Aptitude Test. I understand that after I fill it out it will then be examined and analyzed by a Professional Counselor, and a full report returned to me.

Name _____
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Address: Letters Editor, **MAN'S MAGAZINE**,
444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

general approval

Dear Editor:

I have read with interest your January article, "Secret Landing," and find it is quite accurate. It brought back many memories of a most interesting trip.

Mark W. Clark, president
The Citadel
Charleston, S. C.

wild about wiley

Dear Sir:

Wiley Post has been an idol of mine since I was a little boy. I enjoyed your story about his flying career in November **MAN'S**.

Could you please tell me what became of his wife, Mae Lane Post, Harold Gatty and Fred Hall?

Derrell J. Brown
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Sir:

Had to write to tell you how much I enjoyed "Death Waits at Point Barrow." Although just a youngster at the time of Post's fantastic aeronautical exploits, I feel there has never been an airman who has set so many records, up to and including this age of jets.

James P. Crawford
Pittsburgh 6, Penna.

what's up, doc

Editor:

Dr. Shailer Upton Lawton, in his story on "Sexual Timing" (November **MAN'S**), referred to an article by a Dr. G. Lowsley, in the publication *Fertility and Sterility*, which describes a surgical operation to relieve injury to the perineum. I am particularly interested in obtaining a copy of this medical issue, and would appreciate any information on where I could purchase it.

Name Withheld
Nova Scotia Sanatorium
Kentville, Nova Scotia

photo finish

Dear Editor:

Just finished reading "Isle of the Damned" (February) and enjoyed it very much. But if all of the pictures were actual photographs, someone should contact Hollywood . . .

Jim Musgrave
Longvale, Calif.

willie reid

Dear Sir:

The following letter was sent to the attention of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller:

"I write to you as chairman of a Clergyman Committee formed to aid Willie Reid in his legal struggle against extradition from this state to Florida.

"Thousands of New York citizens who have looked into this case feel that a terrible miscarriage of justice has taken place. It would be tragic if, for a lack of an opportunity to acquaint you with their views, New Yorkers were to become a party to the racist persecution of Reid.

"We have substantial reasons to believe that his extradition would be followed by the most brutal treatment and tortures on the chain gang and very likely by his violent death. Though this would occur in Florida, New York would

not be able to wash its hands of the responsibility.

"I am sending, under separate cover, a copy of the December issue of **MAN'S MAGAZINE**, containing an eloquent article on the Willie Reid situation."

Rev. Milton A. Galamison
Siloam Presbyterian Church
Brooklyn, N. Y.

• Twelve prominent clergymen signed the above letter in addition to the Reverend Galamison.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

. . . Certainly the problem of equal protection of the laws for all our citizens is the most important to which we can direct our national attention and conscience. You have done the country an important service in featuring this problem.

Senator Jacob K. Javits
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

I was absolutely astounded by the Willie Reid story. It is hard to believe that situations like these can develop in our "land of the free." I hope hell is not as hot as they say.

Marilyn J. Brewster
Vallejo, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I sent the following letter to the Governor of Florida:

"Why do you not call out the army, go to Lake County, and blast Sheriff Willis V. McCall off the face of *terra firma*. He is giving the whole state of Florida a putrid name. What a disgrace to have that sheriff in America."

D. Zandry
Pamquet Nova Scotia



• Governor Rockefeller, who extradited Willie Reid to Florida, wrote **MAN'S** as follows: "Reid, upon his return to Florida, will be in the custody of state and not local authorities, and safe conduct to Florida and safe custody upon his return is assured. In view of these assurances from Governor Collins, I am satisfied that Mr. Reid's safety will be fully protected."—Ed.

meaty letter

Dear Sir:

I read "Poison in Your Pork," (December, 1958 **MAN'S**) and wish you would write—as a public service—more articles on pork.

M. Ziemann
Toledo, Ohio

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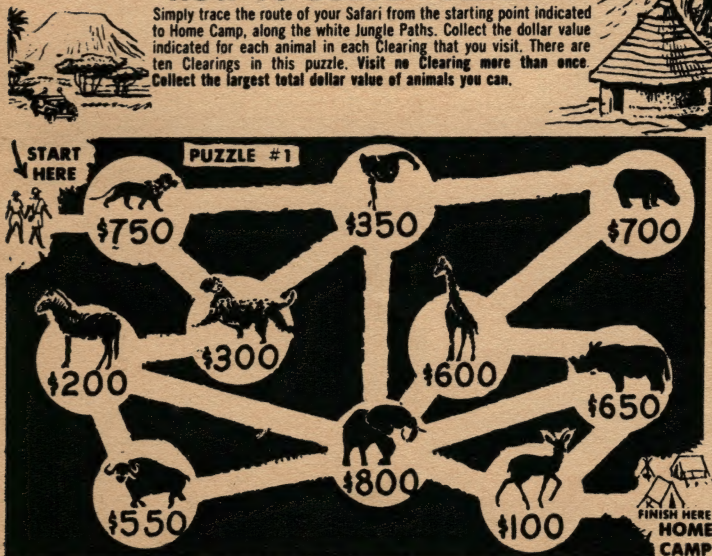
If you like puzzles that are FAIR and FUN, here is your chance to win \$5,000 CASH or, if you prefer, an honest-to-goodness millionaire's African Safari for two people... all expenses paid! Choose the CASH and spend it any way your heart desires. Choose the Safari and thrills galore are in store for you and the companion of your choice — for both of you will be flown in luxurious comfort to Nairobi, African Safari headquarters, stopping on the way at some of Europe's most famous capitals. You will be furnished all the trappings of a millionaire's Safari, including your own personal White Hunter and a full staff of natives to care for your every need. Then after weeks of unbelievable adventure — seeing thousands of animals, native villages, tribal dances, mystic Mt. Kilimanjaro... you'll both fly home again with memories enough to last a lifetime!

AN ADVENTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

Everyone in the family may enter—see the Rules. You'll have fun and adventure solving the puzzles together. The sample solution to the right shows you how to collect \$3,250 worth of animals—quite a bag—but see if you can do better! Read how to solve basic Official Puzzle #1 below—work out your own solution—then use one of the Free Entry Coupons to mail in your solution. Have a friend or relative use the other coupon and you may win an extra \$1,000.00 Cash — see "Bonus Prize" to the right.

HOW TO SOLVE PUZZLE #1

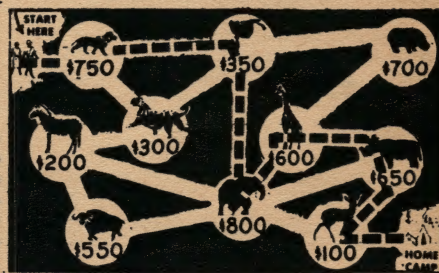
Simply trace the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated to Home Camp, along the white Jungle Paths. Collect the dollar value indicated for each animal in each Clearing that you visit. There are ten Clearings in this puzzle. Visit no Clearing more than once. Collect the largest total dollar value of animals you can.



SAMPLE SOLUTION

This sample solution shows you how to collect \$3,250 worth of animals by visiting 6 "clearings". Now see if you can collect a larger sum yourself!

Total Value of Animals Collected	\$3,250
----------------------------------	---------



OFFICIAL RULES

1. HOW TO ENTER—Solve basic Official Puzzle #1 shown at left. Send in your solution on ONE of the Free Entry Coupons. Thereafter you will be required to solve four additional basic Official Puzzles — similar to Puzzle #1 — which will be mailed to you individually upon receipt of your solution to each preceding puzzle. You will be allowed at least one week to solve each of the 5 basic Official Puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind are required to compete through the whole contest for the prizes listed in the headline above, including the Bonus Prize.

2. PROCEDURE FOR SOLVING THE FIVE BASIC OFFICIAL PUZZLES—The white paths in each Puzzle are "Jungle Paths". The white circles which contain the animals are "Jungle Clearings". Simply trace out in each puzzle with a continuous line the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated to Home Camp. Trace your route only along the white Jungle Paths. Each animal in each Clearing is worth a certain amount of money as indicated. As you go from Clearing to Clearing collect the dollar value for each animal in each Clearing that you visit. YOU MUST NOT VISIT ANY CLEARING MORE THAN ONCE. Therefore, you cannot travel on any "jungle path" more than once or collect any animal more than once. List on one coupon for each puzzle the dollar value of each animal you collect in the order of which you collect the animals. Add up the dollar values of all the animals you collect in each puzzle and indicate this TOTAL VALUE OF ANIMALS COLLECTED ON THE COUPON FOR THAT PUZZLE. Do not add the dollar values of animals from Clearings you do not visit.

3. OBJECT OF GAME—is to collect the largest Grand Total Dollar value of animals for all Contest Puzzles required in accordance with the rules.

4. WHO MAY ENTER—Everyone may enter except sponsor's employees, agents, relatives and others connected with the contest or anyone who has won over \$500 in any puzzle contest prior to August 15, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter, but only one entry per person. There is only one SAFARI contest — do not enter more than once.

5. JUDGING—No judging will start until all eligible contestants have mailed in their solutions to all five basic Official Puzzles. When judging of the five basic Official Puzzles has been completed, the solution with the largest total dollar value of animals collected in each of these puzzles will be sent to each contestant who completed all five puzzles, thus affording each contestant the opportunity of checking his own solutions.

6. TIES—are expected, in which event all tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. The contestants will be required to solve one or more Free Tiebreaker Puzzles (not to exceed four in all) after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreaker Puzzles will be similar to the five basic Official Puzzles but more difficult. Specific instructions for procedure and scoring will accompany each Tiebreaker Puzzle.

Each succeeding Tiebreaker Puzzle * will be mailed to tied contestants only if ties still exist after judging of the previous Tiebreaker Puzzle. At least 5 days will be allowed for solving each mailed Tiebreaker Puzzle. Contestants may be required to solve one or more Tiebreaker Puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a shorter designated period. No purchases or payments will be required with Tiebreaker submissions.

7. PRIZES—will be awarded on the basis of the highest total score (Grand Total Value of Animals collected) submitted for all Contest Puzzles in accordance with the rules. Whoever achieves the highest Grand Total Score will receive First Prize. Whoever achieves the second highest Grand Total Score will receive Second Prize and so on until all prizes have been awarded. There is only one First Prize, one Second Prize, one Third Prize, etc., for a total of 100 prizes.

8. GENERAL—Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1960. Contestants may be asked to submit a stamped, self-addressed envelope with later puzzles. You may draw by hand a facsimile of the entry coupon and use it to enter. Illegible or incorrectly scored solutions will be disqualified. Sponsor reserves the right to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes, and to make such further rules as sponsor deems necessary for proper conduct of contest and to assure fairness to all contestants and all contestants agree to be bound by same. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. All submissions become the property of sponsor and must be the result of each contestant's own family. Judges' decisions final. Sponsor is not responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Prize money is on deposit. Each contestant must keep a record of his or her puzzle solutions to submit to the contest director if requested. List of winners available as soon as final judging is completed. Winning solutions will be certified by one of America's outstanding independent firms of Public Accountants.

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TALKING TURKEY

THE DEEP South woodland was a welter of exhilarating sights and smells. A profusion of dogwood, redbud and honeysuckle flaunted riotous colors, set against the flora just budding on the tall timber. In the chilly April dawn, I sat shivering, my back against a huge gum tree, listening intently for the slightest sound that would clue the near presence of the furtive wild gobbler I so earnestly sought.

Suddenly it let go, and unintentionally, I jumped half upright. The gobbler was within a hundred yards of me. He had hurled forth his challenge to all other gobblers that he was ready to fight, and in the same shower of raucous sound, had told all hens he was coming, ready or not.

As I listened, I knew there is something about the silence shattering burst of a wild gobbler. It sends a thrill through any hunter.

Since I had heard hens clucking some



distance behind me, I did not work my caller. I let the hens call him in—and presently I saw him. He was standing, one foot raised, alert and poised to flick away at the crack of a twig.

On he came, closer . . . closer. I could hardly breathe for fear he would hear the noise. He was within gun range now, but hidden by the bole of a large tree. I strained to get into proper position, moving with utmost care. And then somehow my boot hit a dry branch I thought I had cleared out of the way. It snapped. The gobbler, still unseen, croaked, "Putt!"—his alarm cry—and disappeared as swiftly as a race horse.

That is spring turkey hunting—one of the most difficult, yet one of the most compelling sports on earth.

For a great many years the hunting of wild gobblers during their mating season—in early spring—has been traditional across much of the Deep South, especially in Mississippi, Alabama and some other states. To be sure, certain states decry this hunting and claim that shooting gobblers during their mating season is hard on the flocks. But a state like Alabama, which has had a spring turkey-hunting season for over 50 years, disagrees. State officials assert that only a small number of persons has the skill and perseverance to call in a wise old gobbler, and that even the good callers get crossed up frequently. Besides, each "tom" services numerous hens, and many wildlife biologists feel that thinning out the old ones is actually good for the turkey crop.

The turkey call is the basis of this spring hunt. Occasionally, someone does

the OUTDOOR MAN

by BYRON DALRYMPLE

stumble on a wild gobbler, killing him without use of a call. Nevertheless, the call is usually necessary. It works in two ways: Primarily, it is used to imitate the quiet and insistent talk of a lovelorn hen seeking her hero; but there are some very tricky calls which can duplicate both the hen and the challenging gobble of the tom. Thus, a gobbler looking for a fight—and most of the older, larger ones are at this time—can be duped into coming close and getting shot.

IT IS the hen-call, however, which is most used. The trick is to get a call and practice according to instructions, until you can make the proper sounds. There are records available nowadays to help you. After you've mastered the technique, you will discover that the less you call, the better. Try a couple of "perks," then rest for perhaps 10 or 15 minutes. Then try a few more. Too much "talk" will make the gobbler shy off. Sometimes he will answer immediately to let the hen—that's you—know where he is and that he is coming. But don't depend on it. He may approach without saying a word. Or he may gobble once at the start, even from a couple of hundred yards away, and never make another sound—until, suddenly, there he is, strutting right in front of you. That's why you call only sparingly. Otherwise, he may detect a false note and retreat. Remember, he's the smartest bird in the woods.

When a turkey is sighted, the hunter must know instantly how to tell gobbler from hen—only gobblers are legal game. The distinction is not difficult. The gobbler is larger and taller, has longer legs. He's also very dark, almost black, has red wattles on his neck, and a "beard" of black hair-like feathers dangling from his breast.

Hens are beardless, but oddly enough, there are freaks. Once I saw a fairly large, dark turkey with a beard at least five inches long. I was positive it was a gobbler—but after I shot it, it proved to be a bearded hen. This type of hen is usually very old—and although technically my kill was illegal, there are numerous cases like it recorded without any charges, to my knowledge, ever having been pressed. Usually, a bearded turkey is tacitly considered fair game.

You don't have to be an expert caller to try spring turkey hunting. Many towns in the Southern states with spring turkey hunting seasons have experienced guides who—for a nominal daily fee—will take you out, do the calling and instruct you as to how to "sit still." You learn how to select a concealed spot that does not silhouette you, against a big tree or in a bramble patch; how to ready your gun, pointing it in the direction the turkey is likely to appear; how to clear away any leaves or twigs your boots may rattle on at the wrong time, and how to forget the spring-hungry mosquitos eating on you while you sit utterly twitchless and immobile. This will mean sitting stiller and longer than you ever have before.

To get lined up for a spring gobbler

hunt, drop a note to the Game & Fish Department of the state you are interested in, and ask if they have a spring season. Some of the Southern states have them occasionally, some every year. Ask what counties are best and after you've selected an area, contact its Chamber of Commerce. Undoubtedly, it will help you get a guide. The hunting licenses in some spring-turkey states are not too expensive for out-of-staters. For example, Alabama offers a "trip" license, good seven days, for only \$5. Considering that a mature gobbler may weigh 18 to 24 pounds, and that the thrills are the ultimate in bird hunting, that's certainly cheap enough.

I know a few hunters who use rifles for this sport, but it is highly frowned on in the spring-gobbler areas. The shotgun is the traditional weapon. I have killed gobblers with 12 gauge, 20 gauge, and .410. But the larger gauges give you a better chance—for there are more pellets in each load. The traditional load for turkey hunting in the Deep South is a long-range, high-velocity 12-gauge with No. 6 shot. However, nowadays you can better that



load by replacing it with the new so-called "short magnum" shell loaded with the larger No. 4 shot. This short magnum is simply a cartridge the same length as standard shells (2¾") but with more potent powder, which takes up less space and makes possible the loading of more shot. Thus, you get about as many No. 4's as you used to get No. 6's. The larger No. 4's give better penetration and killing power. You can get this same load now in 20 gauge, and it's a fine turkey load because the lighter, smaller 20-gauge gun handles faster.

KEEP IN mind that in turkey hunting you do not shoot "at" the bird. That's a good way to have one run off wounded. You shoot at the head and neck. These parts are most vulnerable, for the gobbler will always have them held high, listening and looking.

The best times to begin the hunt are at dawn, when the turkeys first come down from their tree-roosts and again late in the day, when they return. Of the two, dawn is the favored time. However, a trick I've seen a Mississippi friend use occasionally is to hunt about mid-morning, if he has not been successful at dawn. At this time a gobbler, surfeited with his love-making at dawn, again thinks of looking up some of his lady friends. He has eaten his fill, the hens having scattered, and can now be a real sucker for a call. But regardless of what time of day you get him, spring gobbler hunting is a sport with a flavor all its own, and it is something every sportsman ought to try at least once. The only danger is that after one try, you won't want to quit! ♦

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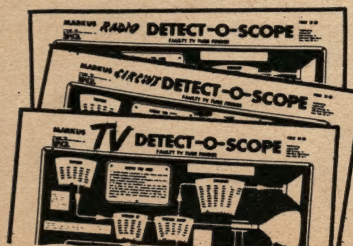
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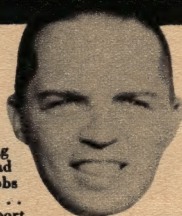
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The way some people talk, you'd think the Armed Forces invented sex. Actually, it is one of their biggest headaches . . . Here's the truth about

SEX IN THE ARMED FORCES

PART I—THE STATESIDE GI

by JULES ARCHER



THE SMALL TOWN, population 1,600, was a whistle stop three miles outside a Southern army post. In order to protect the source of the information — an army captain — the town cannot be named; but it will be recognized by GI's who served there fairly recently.

The town had only one attraction for the dogfaces on its periphery. Enjoyment of this attraction cost \$10 for about 10 minutes, and between \$35

continued on next page



SEX IN THE ARMED FORCES continued

and \$50 for all-night exclusivity.

The post CO, irked by the realization that the U.S. Armed Forces were indirectly subsidizing the town's highly illicit pastime, struck a blow for GI chastity. He put the entire town off limits. Merchants groaned, imploring.

"If you want the ban lifted," the CO told them, "clean up the town. Get rid of every hustler and cathouse."

"Be reasonable!" the town supervisor urged. "If there are no women, the soldiers won't bother coming into town."

"Oh, yes they will — if you give them some clean entertainment. Why don't you build a roller skating rink?"

The brothels were closed, the independent hustlers driven out of town. Money was raised for a roller skating rink. The camp CO, highly pleased, took down the "Off Limits" sign.

Soon more soldiers than ever were flocking into town on evenings and over week-ends. The town prospered.

"See?" the CO smugly told the town supervisor.

"You were certainly right, Colonel!"

What the Colonel didn't know, however, was that many of the "girls" who patronized the rink were for rent, along with skating shoes. Because the town's vice lords had more business than they could handle, a trailer was soon parked just outside limits. The trailer contained four narrow cabins, each complete with bed, bawd and bottle.

Soon afterward the Colonel appeared as a guest on a TV sports program in a nearby city. Asked what the favorite sport of his soldiers was, he proudly replied, "Roller skating."

Post GI's considered it the funniest remark of the season.

Yet, viewed in another light, this true story illustrates the sincere effort made by Army authorities to protect servicemen from commercial vice — and the reluctance of many civilian businessmen to cooperate because of hunger for the easy buck.

The problem of sex is one of the major headaches of America's Armed Forces. On one hand there is the pressure of anxious parents who tell the Army, in effect, "Since you're putting our boy into uniform and taking him away from home, we

feel we must hold *you* completely responsible for his morals!"

On the other hand, there is the boy himself. At 18 to 20, he stands at the very peak of his sexual power. In some cases he is looking forward eagerly to getting away from home, so that he can pursue his sex drive more fully. The public tends to forget that, even if he didn't enter the Army, he would still begin to seek sexual expression at home.

The uniform doesn't corrupt the boy. By the time he is drafted, the youthful American male has already made up his mind as to the moral course he wants to pursue. This is borne out by the Kinsey Report:

THERE IS no evidence that patterns of sexual behavior are materially altered among men in the armed forces during a period of war . . . It is a small portion of the men who go into the Army or the Navy who materially modify their patterns of behavior after they leave home . . . Such patterns in the case of the male are largely established by the age of 16."

Dr. Kinsey does point out that many a young man has his first sex experience after he gets into the Armed Forces. But he explains that they would have done exactly the same thing as civilians. On the other hand, he notes, "The men who avoid prostitutes in the Army avoid them for the same reasons they'd have avoided them at home." Husbands as well as bachelors.

Why, then, the persistent belief that the Armed Forces corrupt the morals of boys who put on the uniform? The Kinsey Report accurately diagnoses this fallacy, too:

"The public is much more conscious of the behavior of a man in uniform than of a man in civilian clothes. The civilian who walks down the street with a girl does not attract nearly so much attention as the uniformed male who walks down the street with the same girl. The high officer who complained that too many mothers thought that the

Post dances keep up GI morale and morals. Girls can be carefully screened and the evening properly supervised.



Army had invented sex had considerable justification for his complaint."

I discussed this problem with Chaplain Engebret Midboe, Assistant Army Chaplain of Headquarters, First Army. He told me, "It's been my experience that some 80 per cent of boys stay out of trouble; 10 per cent get into trouble; and another 10 per cent are borderline cases who can be influenced and led astray."

"How much can the Army influence him morally?" I inquired.

"What a boy becomes in the Army depends largely upon his moral background back home. We do everything possible to strengthen his moral fiber. But there isn't too much you can do with the incorrigible 10 per cent who sneer at morality, whether in the Army or out of it. Our greatest concern — in fact, our chief success — is with the 10 per cent of borderline cases!"

It is understandable that a chaplain would prefer to think of the majority of servicemen as chaste. But statistics are at variance. By age 19, the Kinsey Report shows, 7 of 10 boys have already had pre-marital relations. Moreover, half of all married recruits aged 19 have already been unfaithful to their wives. These are the sexual patterns which recruits bring into the Armed Forces. Why blame the uniform?

"Too many persons," declares Dr. James A. Tobey, "entertain the wholly false idea that most young men go into the Army in a stage of innocence and virgin purity, and then acquire the habits of immorality as a result of their association in the service. This is definitely not the case. Almost invariably, the sexual habits of men of military age have already been determined by the time they enter the Army. If they have been promiscuous in civil life, they will continue to be promiscuous; and there is not much that the Army can do about it."

Dr. Jessie Bernard, Penn State U. sociologist, agrees that the departure for military service may represent nothing more than a change of scene for essentially normal dating behavior, which includes sexual overtures. "On the other hand," he admits, "military service may confront young men with wholly new problems and temptations."

THE TRUTH of this can be verified by thousands of GI's who found that their sex lives first went into high gear when they entered the service. Away from home, they often felt free to patronize floozies and brothels. The uniform provided new self-confidence and bravado. The places they were stationed offered many new sexual opportunities — especially overseas. They probably wouldn't have been human if they hadn't taken advantage and "lived it up."

"We now know," acknowledges Colonel Albert Glass, a noted U.S. Army physician, "that the various kinds of strain to which Army life can subject a man can cause almost startling changes in his sexual adjustment."

It must be remembered that when a GI is drafted, he is suddenly subjected to group living, with an almost complete loss of privacy. This means he has to overcome all his inhibitions about doing intimate things in the presence of others. This breakdown of inhibitions cannot help but influence the removal of his youthful timidity about sexual adventuring.

A case in point was 18-year-old Bart T—, virginal when he was drafted and sent to Fort Bliss, Texas. When three other GI's invited him to accompany them on a week-end trip over the border to Juarez, Bart felt daring enough to join them.

He was appalled by the bare-breasted whores who hung over the half-doors of filthy little cribs, calling out obsceni-



Does uniform corrupt the man? Or would this gob, on the prowl for girls, act the same way if he were a civilian?



MPs keep a constant watch on bars visited by soldiers. A fear of being declared off limits keeps owners in check.

ties. Then girls barely 13 solicited him at bars, and five-year-old shoeshine boys, pimping for their sisters, offered them for a single peso.

Afraid to seem chicken to the other GI's, he entered a crib with a young Mexican prostitute. But he was scared stiff on two counts. He remembered the Army doctor's warning that Juarez was a venereal hotspot — in a single month 165 soldiers had been infected. And he was frightened of the brazen whore who attempted to force his sexual ardor.

What happened to Bart has happened to more GI's than will ever willingly admit it. (continued on page 72)

"WIPE OUT WARSAW'S JEWS!"

AFTER MANUFACTURING a series of border incidents, on September 1, 1939, the Germans invaded Poland. Mendel Landau and his eldest son Mundeck, both Warsaw bakers, went into the army.

The Wehrmacht ripped Poland to shreds in a campaign that lasted only 26 days. Mendel Landau was killed in battle along with more than 30,000 other Polish soldiers of Jewish extraction.

The Landaus were not allowed the luxury of prolonged sorrow, for this was a time of peril. Mundeck returned from the gallant but futile defense of Warsaw as head of the Landau family.

Shortly after, the Redeemers and other Zionist groups met to discuss a course of action, knowing that grave

continued on page 16

by **LEON URIS**



Crack SS troops—3,000 strong—moved in
to carry out Hitler's extermination order.
But the Jews fought like madmen—street by
street, house by house, room by room. Raw
courage kept beating back the Nazi legions.



illustrated by SYD SHORES

BOOK BONUS EXCERPT FROM EXODUS
"WIPE OUT WARSAW'S JEWS!" continued



German picture used as Nuremberg Trial evidence shows "Jews taken out of strongholds by force" being herded from ghetto.

danger lay ahead with German occupation. The Redeemers voted to remain in Warsaw and build up resistance inside the city, meanwhile maintaining contact with other Redeemer groups throughout Poland. Mundek, although not yet 19, was voted military leader.

The moment the Germans established themselves in power and Hans Frank became governor, an immediate series of

laws were levied against the Jews. Worship forbidden; travel, limited; taxation, excessive. Jews were thrown out of public office, civil or elective. Jews were barred from bread lines. Jews were barred from public places. Jews were taken out of schools.

There was talk of a revival of the ghetto.

With the restrictive laws the Germans embarked upon a campaign of "enlightenment" for the Polish population. This campaign fostered the already prevalent opinion that the Jews had started the war; and the Germans claimed further that the

Jews were responsible for the German invasion, which was designed to save Poland from "Jewish Bolsheviks." Warsaw and the other cities were plastered with posters depicting bearded Jews violating nuns and other scenes of Jewish "depravity." Beard cutting, profaning synagogues, and public indignities against the Jews were encouraged.

In Berlin, top Nazi officials wrestled with the "Jewish problem." Several theories were advanced. Heydrich, the SD Chief, favored holding the Jews for ransom and then deporting them en masse. Schacht,



Governor Hans Frank starved, hanged, shot as many Jews as he could find.

Despite fierce opposition, Germans advance through rubble of the ghetto.



the financial wizard, preferred a slow draining of the financial assets of the Jews. Many ideas were presented and discussed. An old plan of shipping all the Jews to the island of Madagascar was revived for consideration. Others would have preferred to send the Jews to Palestine, but the British blockade made that impossible.

SS Colonel Eichmann had long done "resettlement" work among the Jews. He had been born in Palestine, spoke fluent Hebrew and therefore seemed the most obvious man to be put in charge of the final solution of the Jewish problem. Headquarters was established at Kurfurstenstrasse 46. The first thing apparent was that, until a final solution could be reached, a mass resettlement program was called for. Most of the Nazis agreed that Poland was the natural place for resettlement. First, there were already 3,500,000 Jews in Poland. Second, they would encounter little or no public indignation as they would in western Europe.

Hans Frank, the German governor, objected to having more Jews dumped in

Poland. He had tried to starve the Polish Jews and had shot and hanged as many as he could. But Frank was overruled by the top planners in Berlin.

The Germans cast a dragnet all over Poland to catch the Jews. Raiding parties tore into villages and the smaller towns and rounded up the Jews at a moment's notice. They were packed onto freight trains, often without being able to take anything with them, and sent to the large population centers.

A few Jews learned of the roundups in advance and either fled or tried to buy their way into Christian homes. Very few Poles ran the risk of harboring a Jew. Others extorted every penny from the Jews and then turned them over to the Germans for a reward.

Once the Jews were "resettled," an edict was issued ordering every Jew to wear a white arm band bearing a Star of David. Poland wasn't like Denmark. The Poles made no objection to the edict, and the Jews wore the arm band and the Star of David on their backs as well.

These were hard and bitter days for the Landau family. The death of Mendel Landau, renewed talk of reviving the ghetto, the resettlement program of the Germans, and the shortages made life very difficult.

One morning, early in 1940, there was a knock on the door of the Landau home. Polish Blue Police who worked with the Germans were outside. They abruptly informed Leah Landau, widow of Mendel, that she had two hours to pack her belongings and move to another section of Warsaw which had been set aside for the Jews. There would be no compensation for the house and barely time to gather together what Leah had saved in over 20 years of married life. The Landaus and the rest of the Jews in Warsaw were resettled in an area in the center of the city near the main line.

Mundek and Jan, his second in command, moved quickly and were able to get an entire three-story building to serve as home and headquarters for over a hundred members of the Redeemers. The Landau family of five had a single room furnished with cots and a pair of chairs. The bathroom and kitchen were shared with 10 other families.

The Jews were pressed into a tiny area that ran only 12 blocks in length from Jerozolimksa Street to the cemetery and was a bare six blocks wide. The Redeemers were situated in the Brushmakers' district on Leszno Street. Leah had managed to hoard a few jewels and valuables which might be useful later, although there was no immediate financial need, for Mundek continued to work as a baker and the Redeemers pooled their food resources in a common kitchen.

Jews from the provinces poured into Warsaw. They came in long lines, carrying all they were allowed to take in sacks or wheelbarrows or pushcarts. They unloaded in trainload after trainload at the siding near the Jews' quarters. The small area became packed. Jan's family moved in with the Landau family. There were nine now in the single room. A romance between Ruth, Mundek's sister, and Jan became an open secret.

THE Germans had the Jews set up a council to govern their area, but it became an instrument for carrying out German orders. Other Jews who felt it better to "go along" with the Germans joined a special Jewish police force. The population in the compressed area swelled to over half a million people.

At the end of 1940, one year after the conquest of Poland, the Germans put many thousands of Jews into forced-labor battalions. A brick wall 10 feet high was built around the Jewish area in Warsaw. Barbed wire was strung atop the wall. The 15 exits were guarded by Polish Blues and by Lithuanians. *The ghetto had returned to Poland!* Almost all traffic from the ghetto outside the wall ceased. Mundek, who had held a job on the outside, was now unemployed. Rations inside the ghetto were cut to a level that could barely feed half the population. The only families who seemed to stand a chance of obtaining food were those who held "labor" cards and (continued on page 46)



Polish Army succumbed to Nazi might in 26 days. Ghetto rats held out much longer than that.

Charlie saw her plainly in the light from the lanterns.
She was young and pretty, and her body in the tight summer dress
brought a taut, dry feeling to his throat. Yes, he thought,
getting out of his car, she'll be a nice addition to my . . .

SCRAPBOOK

by JONATHAN CRAIG

OLD CHARLIE STEVENS had just finished trucking the last of the big cartons out to the loading platform, and now he sat on his shipping table, turning a stub of black marking crayon over and over in his short, spatulate fingers and watching Lois Anderson adjust the seams of her stockings.

A girl should wear a garter belt instead of round garters, he reflected, and then her seams wouldn't always be twisting around. Still . . . round garters, if a girl wore them up as high on her legs as Lois wore them, looked a damn sight prettier; you had to give them that.

Lois glanced up at him through her lashes, and smiled. "Shame, Charlie." She laughed. "A man your age."

He grinned at her and looked away, and felt the crayon break between his fingers. She didn't think of him as a man at all, he knew. She made the same mistake all the rest of them did, the mistake he wanted them to make; she thought he was too old to notice a girl's legs. Or anything else. Too old to notice, and too old to do anything about it even if he did.

He stared hard at the calendar over the zoning chart, trying to keep the amusement out of his eyes. She wouldn't have her skirt hiked up like that if she knew about the scrapbook, he thought.

Lois smoothed her skirt down and came over to lean against the edge of the shipping table. "You got a cigarette, Charlie?" she asked.

He gave her a cigarette and lit it for her, watching the way (continued on page 68)

illustrated by Ted Lewin

Heard Mother Screaming
Sobbing Daughter



Courier

Phantom Caught

There is a warrant for Frankfort where he arrested, sw... (the I... side was discov... patrolman vandali... mal...)

Trooper Charged In Woman's Assault

BAMBERG—Assault charges have been filed against Robert A. F... van... molesting a... the cellar restaur... Member 19-year... date...

Attack

Brutality

Heimer testified, "But he beat him up and took... street." Doris

Girl's Agony Speeds Search for Attacker

By JOSEPH McNAMARA
An anguish-stricken girl... the full military hon... shed men, Du... Wed...

VICTIM... clusive unp... photo of ap... Jules' countess... and at... bol... President Truman... as City... be... Hoover, in... calling a... "great... Eng... his de... confidente... tyrann... world... truly great men



CRACK-UP

In the wilds of the Blue Ridge, a DC-3 had crashed . . . But where? Hundreds of miles of rugged, uninhabitable terrain confronted the searchers. . . . And, meanwhile, sole survivor Phil Bradley lay helpless among 26 bodies, twisted in pain, pinned in, praying for death or deliverance.

by MAURICE VINCENT

"PIEDMONT FLIGHT 349," droned Pilot George Lavrinc. "Flight 349 calling Charlottesville. We're approaching on a southwesterly course, will be over airport in approximately six minutes." "Okay 349," acknowledged Charlottesville control tower. "We're expecting you." "How's the weather down there?" asked Lavrinc. "It's foggy at 6,000 feet." "Ceiling's low, around 2,000, heavy overcast. But it's clear at ground level." "Roger," replied Lavrinc crisply. "Lavrinc glanced around at his co-pilot, Bascom Lee Haley. "I'm letting down, Lee," he said. "All set?" "Sure thing," said Haley. "But it would be nice to be able to see outside the cockpit." He peered into the heavy

fog pall. Nothing but grayness, dank and dark. Lavrinc nosed his DC-3 into a steady downward glide. An eight-year veteran on the Washington, D.C.-Charlottesville-Roanoke run, he was not unduly disturbed by the weather. Not that he liked it. It was always better to be able to see a few ground lights.

As the dive angle steepened, Lavrinc suddenly found himself face to face with a blacker patch in the all-pervading blackness.

"What the . . ." he exclaimed, panicky. "Good God," spluttered Haley. Now he could see it, too. "Pull her up! Pull her up!"

But the twin-engined airliner, with 24 passengers and a steward in the cabin behind, was plummeting straight for it now.

Lavrinc fought with the controls, his brow seeping with

continued on next page

Bradley lies in pain near crash site (see photo on page 20). Helicopter eventually brought him to Charlottesville, where he was hospitalized.



CRACK-UP

continued

"I'm all right," Bradley told rescuers. "Go see if anybody else is alive . . ."

sweat, his hands aching from the pressure of the stick.

Haley paled, stiffened in his seat, fear crept across his face. They couldn't gain elevation. It was too late . . .

Back in the cabin, Steward George Hicks had finished checking the passengers' seat belts and had gone to a vacant seat in the tail section of the plane.

Directly in front of him, peering out of a starboard window, was husky Ernest Philip Bradley. A veteran air passenger, Bradley had just checked his watch—it was 8:40 P.M. Any minute now, he would be joining his wife at Charlottesville Airport.

The main cabin light was out and Bradley switched off the reading light above his head to get a better view through the window. But fog swirled around the plane—forming an impenetrable curtain.

He lounged back, unconcerned. Then a sound, like the roar of ocean waves pounding a beach, beat disconcertingly against his eardrums. Something swept by outside the window. For an instant it made no sense. Then he recognized it . . .

A tree!

Another one! Another!

He could hear the sharp splintering of wood. The airplane lurched and bucked. More trees hurtled past his window, branches scattering in all directions.

A bone-jarring crash followed within split seconds. And with it came the shriek of tearing metal.

Before Bradley's stunned mind could fully absorb the scene, the entire plane was suddenly tearing apart in a violent agony of death and destruction.

Still strapped to his seat, Bradley felt as if he had been bludgeoned by a sledge hammer. Then, still seated, he was thrown forward, seat and all, as if propelled from a cannon.

Horror-stricken, he watched a gash being ground through the fuselage in front

of him. Everything in sight, including Bradley, was hurtling forward in an uncontrollable surge of ear-shattering noise interspersed with screams of terror and the inhuman screech of tearing metal. Thick trails of mountain mist curled in through the gash from the chill, damp night outside.

Two men in adjoining seats in front of Bradley soared toward the gap torn in the airplane's vitals. Bradley, plunging after them helplessly in his own seat, realized their heads, jutting above the seat-backs, could not clear the top of the knife-edged gash.

Transfixed in gaping fascination, he watched as both heads were sliced off—the decapitated heads rolling back inside the cabin, past Bradley's feet, looks of horror still stamped indelibly, ridiculously, on their faces.

Impotent in this instant of compact terror, Bradley was himself rocketed through the gash. Miraculously, his head cleared the guillotine edges.

Out in the night, Bradley's seat, with Bradley still strapped in, tore its way through dense undergrowth, sailed between closely-packed trees and landed right side up, a few feet from the aircraft. Bradley's breath was smashed from his body. His inner organs seemed to have been ripped from his body—then thrust back into place again with equal brutality.

FOR A moment, Bradley neither knew nor cared if he was alive. He closed his eyes to shut out the horror and the pain that swallowed up everything around him. But the scene was imprinted in his mind and agony wracked his whole frame.

He drew a shuddering breath and opened his eyes. At first he thought he could hear a moan here, a cry there. Then that impression died and he was struck by the terrifying quiet, pressing tightly about him along with the dank tendrils of white, impenetrable mist.

The transition from calm unconcern and thoughts of an imminent homecoming to this carnage had taken less than a minute.

Bradley's view was cut short by the surrounding mist, but in all directions he could see damply glistening fragments of the airliner, stuck into the ground and propped against the close-ranked trees at crazy angles. Dotted around the wet ground were untidy heaps that seconds before had been fellow-passengers.

"Hey!" he called. "Hey! Is there anyone around? Answer me! Hey!"

His voice trailed off into a whimper . . . There was no answer.

Bradley felt stickiness on his hands. Blood, warm and gushing, oozed down his face . . . It was all vaguely familiar . . .

Back in World War II, in the Navy, a German V2 rocket had ripped through Bradley's ship. There had been just this kind of havoc, then a quiet aftermath among the strewn, disorderly bodies, and the slowly welling blood.

A low moan escaped unheralded from Bradley's lips. Then he held his breath and listened hard. Nothing.

"Hey" he called again, imploring the misty night. "Help! Air crash! Hey, is anyone else alive?"

But there was nothing except the soft, sibilant rustling in the trees that roofed and walled his small segment of the world.

Bradley unbuckled his seat strap with fumbling fingers, put a hand on the arm of the seat and started to rise. Then he flopped back with a sensation of exquisite agony that tore at every nerve in his body, started the tears welling in his eyes. He realized now that he could not move.

"Oh, God in heaven!" he sobbed.

One anxious hand ran up his left leg. It started at his knee, along the thigh. Nothing. No bone ends tearing jaggedly through the pants leg. Then the searching hand reached his hip. And he knew.

The hip bone, jolted free from its socket by the jarring crash, stuck out grotesquely from his side, too tender to touch.

He raised his right hand to his rib and slid his fingers gently down his left side. They reached his waist and then, confirming what he already had discovered, they met the displaced hip, jutting out the whole width of his hand. He withdrew his hand hurriedly.

Drawing a breath compounded of anguish and fear, he leaned back in the seat. His face was cold and clammy, bathed in mingled mist and sweat.

Bradley forced control upon himself, fought against the panic that surged up inside him. He talked himself into examining and assessing the situation. Properly studied, perhaps it was not as hopeless as it seemed.

All around him the steep mountain slope was a tangled mass of trees and undergrowth. Bradley guessed he must be somewhere in the wilds of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains. But where? Not far from Charlottesville. The airliner was about to land there. But was he north, south, east or west of the city?

At that mo- (continued on page 86)

For the first time in any magazine, MAN'S presents the shocking story of the TT's, America's sickest citizens—sadists who use the phone to gain revenge, play vicious pranks and get sexual kicks by plaguing their helpless victims.

by MARTIN HAVER

TORTURE BY TELEPHONE

IN THE DIM-LIT Newark, N. J. hotel lobby, he felt the tension mount. *Soon. Soon*, he told himself. A few minutes before he had gulped a few stiff drinks; now, with the fiery liquor warming his courage, he walked briskly to the desk and asked for change of a half-dollar. "Make it five dimes," he rasped.

Then, heart pounding against his rib case, he stepped into a vacant phone booth—the one at the far end of a string of seven booths, out of sight of the hotel desk—and hunched his back

continued on next page

TORTURE BY TELEPHONE

continued

to hide his next maneuver: draping a handkerchief over the mouthpiece.

With trembling fingers, he dialed a Paterson, N.J. number, only a few miles away.

The telephone rang shrilly at 964 Madison Avenue, Paterson. To occupants of 964, a yellow-brick, two-family house with neatly manicured hedges out front, the telephone had become an instrument of torture. Inside, on the first floor, Mrs. Grant Beatty had been trying to calm herself over her third cup of coffee, waiting for that phone to jangle . . . tiny beads of perspiration popping on her forehead. Beads of unadulterated terror.

Hearing the ring, Mrs. Beatty leaped up and seized the receiver.

"What are you doing now?" a voice croaked, slightly hoarse and mocking . . . Yes, it was the "The Voice."

"PLEASE!" CRIED Mrs. Beatty. "Please leave us alone. My husband has been in the hospital—"

There was a pause. In the Newark phone booth, gritting his teeth, tightening his handkerchief over the mouthpiece, the anonymous caller with the lean, twisted face, spoke again: "I love 964 Madison Avenue."

Another pause. "So you got yourself an unpublished number, dear. That was a mean trick to pull on me. Now it will be worse than ever!" The drinks had a steely grip on his nerves but his body trembled even as he faked an accent through the linen mesh over the mouthpiece.

He allowed himself the luxury of hatred and triumph before uttering the words with a vindictive snarl: "Just wait, my dear! More trouble is coming!"

Then he slammed down the receiver.

He returned to the hotel bar, and over another stiff Scotch, considered his next diabolical step. He decided not to risk using the same phone booth again. But there was another booth at the far end of the bar (with a *different* exchange, he remembered). In a while he'd use that one . . .

Back in the hotel lobby again, his face composed, he looked like any other respectable businessman. Neatly pressed brown sharkskin suit, a briefcase in his lap, a thoughtful and lean face . . . no longer twisted in hatred.

From that briefcase, as if he might be scanning a salesman's order, he lifted a sheet of paper and read:

"Mrs. Grant Beatty. Work to date on her phone:

"Sent fire engines 17 times to the house.

"Eight undertakers asked to go there.

"Sent two hospital beds.



Patricia Smith holds her sketch of TT she branded with an iron when he tried to rape her. Sadist is still at large and active.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Beatty wear worried looks as they pose with children and nephew (rt.) during ordeal with telephone torturer.



"Had delivered to her 21 parcels of C.O.D. merchandise which she never ordered.

"Sent 13 taxicabs to 964 Madison to pick up a fare.

"Looked up a doctor's name in directory. Used his name to order a black hearse to pick up the corpse of Mr. Beatty—who was very much alive."

"Rushed five funeral wreaths C.O.D. as a 'touch' to accompany the hearse.

"Made 64 anonymous telephone calls to Mrs. Beatty . . ."

He smiled at the last entry and changed the figure to 65. For one fleeting second the lean, pleasant face went into a sideslip of wrath and bitter ecstasy. Secreting the sheet back inside his briefcase, he glanced at his wristwatch: 3:57 P.M.

I must change the technique, he thought. Must continue my torture-by-telephone with finesse. "My husband has been in the hospital" . . . that's what she said to me a few minutes ago.

Abruptly, he arose from the hotel lobby chair, moved swiftly through the hotel bar and closeted himself in the previously selected phone booth. Once more he placed his handkerchief over the mouthpiece and dialed a number in Paterson—a different number. This time he made sounds like an hysterical female, keeping his voice in a high falsetto . . .

The TT (phone company parlance for a telephone tormenter) had struck again.

In the kitchen at 964 Madison Avenue, the distraught Mrs. Beatty sat on a kitchen chair, listening to the labored breathing of her husband in an adjoining bedroom. Only recently discharged from the hospital, suffering from a severe bronchial condition, harried by the unknown telephone voice stalking his home since January, Beatty was trying to get some much needed sleep.

The kitchen wall clock ticked. Out beyond the window, across the wind-swept streets and neat lawns of Paterson's People's Park section, a whistle of a suburban train came clear. *No, that's not it.* Mrs. Beatty's fingers closed, violently, on the telephone receiver. *Which would happen first?* Would that terrible voice call again? Or would she hear something much more harrowing than a whistle of a train?

Then she heard it. Far off, but thundering and screaming, rose the crescendo of approaching fire engines.

ACTING ON cue, Mrs. Beatty lifted the receiver and dialed Paterson Police Lieutenant Martin Brennan. Blocks away, in the squat police headquarters building, Brennan, a dark-eyed, powerful man, frowned slightly as he heard the familiar and tragic pleas of this woman. He had a razor-sharp mind, a good memory and an undying hatred for anonymous telephone callers. In this case—one of the most frustrating in the history of his department—he, and members of his department, had worked long and hard on the bizarre investigation. Yet progress had been absolutely zero.

Closing his eyes, Brennan could envision the scene; it had happened so many times before. In that once quiet street, the rumbling surf of bells, sirens and thundering motors would stop outside the Beatty house. Grant Beatty, 44, a machinist at the Wright Aeronautical Corp., in nearby Wood Ridge, would tumble out of his sick bed. His daughter Sharon, 10, and Grant Jr., 16, would be hysterical and confused by the resumption of awful events they could not understand. Neighbors would begin to gather. "The Voice! The Voice!" would be the succinct message passed up and down the block.

One gnawing thought plagued Brennan: How did the elusive tormentor get the unpublished Beatty telephone number?

While Fire Chief Hobart Strathearn talked on the scene to the distressed Beatty family, things were happening elsewhere:

- Lt. Brennan made contact with telephone company investigators. A specially installed "tap" on the old published Beatty number had been withdrawn. The telephone probes had two good reasons for this: (1), of the many anonymous calls reported by the Beattys since January, about 50 of them had been intercepted by an electronic monitor. But investigators could not trace the mysterious caller, who always hung up in two to five minutes. To get at the caller, through a mass of cables, relays and flickering switches, the telephone sleuths needed 14 minutes to find a private phone and nearly 20 to locate a coin telephone. The diabolic "voice" seemed to know this.

- And (2), by issuing a confidential, unlisted new number to the Beattys, the need for a "tap" was irrelevant. The only human beings who knew the unlisted number at the Paterson, N.J. telephone headquarters were highly trusted employees.

- Lt. Brennan, hustling over to the telephone company, soon discovered—to further deepen the mystery—that "Information" operators had received strict orders to report to the supervisor any request for the new Beatty number. The operator, naturally, would not reveal the number, but instead make a "tap" on the caller. Unfortunately, there had been no such requests.

- The original "tap" on the old number, after comparisons with the whereabouts of the Beatty family (done by the police), showed that "The Voice" always knew when the family would be home. The sardonic caller never rang when the Beattys were not there!

THIS WAS the background—with a stunning climax to come—of a grimly spectacular hunt for one of thousands of telephone tormentors plaguing and terrorizing the U.S. public today. The major telephone systems are reluctant to confirm, officially, the full extent of this grim problem. But here are some MAN'S MAGAZINE findings:

- Telephone company scientists have shown unusual concern in discovering a foolproof electronic system, a "mechanical detective" which will help them run down the increasing number of telephone tormentors. Later, one of these amazing "detectives" will be examined.

- Oddly, the latest improvements in telephone service have encouraged, in a macabre twist, the pranksters, sex maniacs, "phone psychopaths," teen-age hoodlums and other perverse humans to make use of these improvements.

Example: In northern New Jersey, where the diabolical (but little publicized) Beatty investigation was run to earth, some 1,500,000 "dial direct" connections in 1959 were tied in from New York City "non-coin" telephones. Thus, from New York City alone, it is possible to automatically dial—and plague—a victim in New Jersey without a telephone operator involved.

- The bulk of "torment" calls across the nation originate in phone booths. A telephone repairman told this writer: "Somehow the tormentor knows that he, or she, has up to 20 minutes to talk from a coin phone before the tracers can pinpoint down on that single phone. Most of them stay clear of the private line, or home telephone.

- "Let me show you how tough it is," the repairman revealed, "even with a private line.

- "The psycho, or the vicious prankster, picks up the phone. Inside the instrument a spring pushes a contact closed. The current then flows. At this very second he is connected to an electrical brain that may be six or 26 blocks away from him

(continued on page 53)

THE MAN THE GERMANS COULDN'T KILL

An ordinary man, crippled by Kraut bullets and flung into Germany's most escape-proof prisons, would have accepted his fate and waited for the war to end. Not de Gaulle. Not while France was in peril.

by DAVID BURK

LOOK, mon capitaine! Reinforcements!"

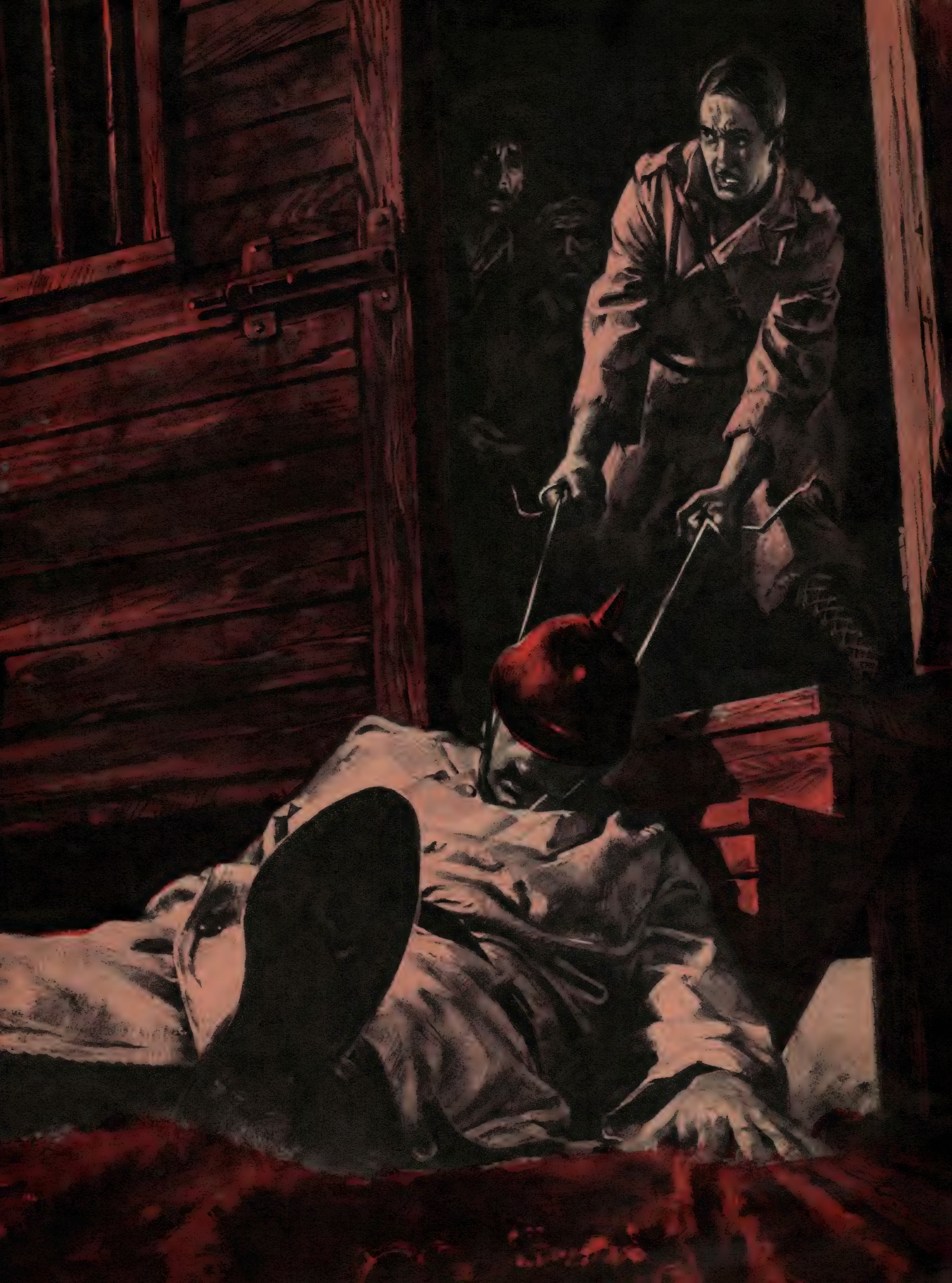
Captain Charles Marie de Gaulle—who only minutes before had taken command of this threatened salient, exposed to the fury of 1,400 German guns—abruptly stopped his inspection tour and turned in the direction the excited sentry was indicating.

There, on his exposed left flank, he saw tight ranks of troops running toward his company position. In the glare and smoke of the shellbursts, he distinguished the thick blue uniforms of the French army, the round French steel helmets. But there was something wrong, something somehow menacing about the manner in which the running soldiers held their rifles.

"Mon Dieu!" cried de Gaulle, rearing up to his full six-foot-four inches. "They aren't reinforcements! They're Boches in French uniforms!"

(continued on page 79)

illustrated by Ted Corrigan





FLATOW'S TOMATOES, curvaceously displayed here, grew in various parts of the U.S.A. and Canada. How does lensman Herb Flatow meet them?

"Well," says the 37-year-old eagle-eyed scout, "I spotted Audrey Williams in an elevator, Tucky Witteck at a restaurant, Honey White on the beach, Zahra Norbo at a party and met Loretta Joy Larrin through a friend."

Herb, a former combat flier, has covered cave-ins, motorcycle climbs and stunt-flying exhibitions, but working with models can be even more exciting. For example, a bikini manufacturer sent Herb to Florida. By mistake, the manufacturer forwarded all bottoms, no tops.

Did this stump Flatow? Heck, no. Herb made bras of the pants and did the assignment. ♦

MAN'S DISCOVERS HERB FLATOW



AUDREY WILLIAMS
Stamford, Connecticut

HONEY WHITE
Coral Gables, Florida



TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE "RARE HERB'S"

MAN'S DISCOVERS

HERB FLATOW

continued



LORETTA JOY LARRIN
Atlanta, Georgia

BONNIE EVANS, Hollywood, California



TUCKY WITTECK
Long Island, New York



ZAHRA NORBO,
Göteborg, Sweden

48 HOURS THAT

by MIKE ROOT



SHOOK THE ROCK!

Three armed cons—leaders of the breakout—paced the corridors

**of Alcatraz. As the moans of their hostages—nine bloodied guards—
echoed through the cellblocks, Warden Johnston and his
remaining men knew the “cons no tank could hold” had taken over!**

THE SOUND of the siren, gut-tightening scream of the Bitch Alcatraz, ripped through the cement and steel of the sodden island at exactly 2:35 P.M. The shrill wail meant someone had defied the Rock, and every man who heard it knew that someone was going to die for having defied it. There was no mercy, no second chance: not on Alcatraz that terrible afternoon of May 2, 1946.

Three armed cons, leaders of the rebellion, paced the corridor of D Block. They, too, heard the keening sirens. Bernard Coy, nerveless mastermind of the action, stroked his Springfield and addressed the cons.

“It’s going to take more than sirens to get us! As long as we have the hostages—they have the problems.”

To emphasize Coy’s ominous remark, the moans of nine bloodied officers echoed through the corridors from two cells at the end of D Block.

“You’ll never make it, Coy!” one of the convicts not in on the escape cried out. “No one busts out of The Rock!”

“Then you’re going to see history made!” Coy answered. At that moment, everything was going right for him.

The painstaking plan that Coy had first set in motion two months ago, had been triggered into action exactly one hour earlier. It was exactly as he had planned it: Now nothing could stop him.

At 1:30 P.M. most of the cons had been checked out to their work in the shops. Except for a few who were still cleaning up, the kitchen crew was taking it easy in the recreation yard. One man remained in the kitchen, Marvin Hubbard, a ruthless gunman and escape artist.

At 1:40, Hubbard glanced about the kitchen and deftly slipped a carving knife under his shirt. He left the kitchen for the cellhouse door. At that time, Coy was mopping the corridors in the cellhouse.

When Hubbard got to the door, and called out, “Guard!” Coy recognized his cue to go into action. He began moving stealthily.

Officer William Miller, unarmed and the only guard on the floor of the main cellblock, opened the door for Hubbard. As he leaned over in the routine matter of frisking Hubbard, Coy slugged Miller from behind, and Hubbard smashed the officer’s face.

“Hurry, man, we’ve got to get the key to the yard,” Coy said, dragging the semi-conscious officer to a cell at the end of C Block. They stripped Miller of all his keys, but could not find the right one.

“Where’s the key to the yard, Miller?” Coy demanded. The officer shook his head negatively and was battered over and over by Coy.

“We’ll take care of you later, screw,” Hubbard threatened.

“Let’s get the others out,” Coy said. Then, in the next

five minutes, three more of the Rock’s most notorious inmates, all killers, all with records of escape, were let out of their cells: Cretzer, Thompson and Carnes. Unknown but to half a dozen men, hell was busting loose on Alcatraz.

It had started with three: Coy, Cretzer and Hubbard, but it was Coy’s baby. They had whispered in the recreation yard, in the shops and in the corridors. Coy and Cretzer had busted out of every type of tank made to hold men. Hubbard, a young giant of a killer, had “earned” a fast promotion to The Rock, and was thus given an opportunity at an early age to crack the toughest of them all.

“There’s only one way to do it,” Coy said, that fateful afternoon a couple of months before. “We gotta take over control of the island!”

Cretzer and Hubbard stared at the madman as he spelled out the total design. “You don’t swim away from The Rock or sneak past the snitch boxes; that’s playing it on their terms.”

Coy held out a hard, open palm. “Whadda yuh see?” he asked, fired up to his subject.

“Nuthin’!” Hubbard shot back.

“But put a gun in that hand and a hostage in the other, an’ you got somethin’ to reckon with.”

“It still ain’t enough,” Hubbard said.

“Multiply that by three,” Coy said, “and you got a force!”

“Yeah,” sighed Cretzer. He was condemned to 199 years—three lifetimes—behind Alcatraz’ walls. He would be glad to risk death for one free day in Frisco.

“Yeah,” Hubbard agreed. He could almost feel the imagined pistol butt in his hand. It felt good—damned good. Especially when he figured he wouldn’t be eligible for parole before his eighty-ninth birthday.

COY LOOKED up at the control tower. “There’s a first time for everything,” he smiled, “even for breaking out of The Rock.”

“That’s what John Bayles said in ’41, remember?” Cretzer argued. Suddenly Coy’s plan lost some of its luster. “Even in that fog an’ all, they found him and dragged him back. Sure, he almost made it—but almost—hell . . .”

“An’ what about the guy that tried switching uniforms last year? He ended up back here with five more years added to his term. If the guards or the Coast Guard boats don’ get us, the sharks will!” Hubbard added. “How we gonna get to land?”

Coy began to lose patience with his cohorts. If they started panicking now, what would happen later?

“Listen, yuh dopes. We ain’t gonna be that stupid. We’re gonna negotiate. A guy that tries swimming it ain’t got a chance. Once we take control, they gotta get us to Frisco.

continued on next page

We'll have the power on our side—you just remember that."

Hubbard and Cretzer nodded. It sounded crazy, but after all, what did they have to lose?

Now Coy pointed to the west gun gallery above. "We've got to get the screw up there while he's checking D Block," he ordered. D. Block was the tough isolation area in which the most troublesome prisoners were kept.

Coy and Hubbard went into the utility corridor where they put together two threaded pipes, two valve pipes, and plumber's pipe pincers, so that the implement could be used as a bar spreader. Climbing the bars that enclosed the gun gallery, Coy spread the bars with the contraption, squirmed through, and sneaked to the door behind which the armed officer, Dean Burch, was checking D Block.

Coy crouched low so that Burch could not see him through the small vision panel. From his position on the floor in the main cellhouse, Hubbard made a noise. Burch moved toward the door that led him back to the gallery over the main cellhouse. Just as he got to the door and glanced back over his shoulder, he was knocked to the floor by Coy, who sprang to his feet, pushing the door inward.

With the fury of a wounded tiger, Coy knocked Burch over and choked him unconscious with his necktie.

"Now we've got the guns, baby," he said.

Speedily, he tied the officer to the electric conduit on the wall.

The cons now had a .45 automatic revolver with 21 rounds of ammo and a Springfield rifle with 50 rounds. They also had Burch's club. Throwing Cretzer the pistol and fondling the Springfield, Coy, with a crazed look in

his eye, said, "Now we're going places! Let's turn the men out of D Block."

The first man to stand in their way was Officer Corwin. Standing guard unarmed at the steel door between the main prison and D Block, Corwin did not stop to argue as Cretzer ordered him to open the door. But as he opened the door and the cons passed through, he made a grab for the station phone. Coy, in a flash, smashed a rifle butt to his ribs. It sent the officer sprawling, doubled up in pain.

"Throw him in the cell with the other screw!" Coy ordered. Thompson and Carnes hustled the guard to the cell and dumped him in with Miller.

Officer Burch, gradually coming to, tried to raise himself from the floor of the gun gallery, when two shots whistled over his head. "Lay down, you old sonofabitch," Cretzer yelled up to him, "or I'll kill you!" Cretzer's two shots were the first fired in what was later to be known as The Battle of Alcatraz.

The cons next stop was to release a dozen more tough prisoners on the two upper tiers. "The cons have taken over the joint!" yelled one of them. "Let's go!"

Some ran down the stairs and through the door to the main cellhouse. The others stayed by the door, waiting to size up the situation.

By 1:55 P.M., the rebellious convicts, under Coy's generalship, had the situation running like clockwork. They were deployed at the west end of the cellhouse where they could see anyone entering the front gate. Their positions were safe and unexposed; they had hostages and the only firearms in the building. The alarm had not yet gone off. It was perfect . . . almost.

They needed only the key to the door leading to the yard. Coy and Cretzer fumbled with the keys they had taken from Officer Miller. It was their plan to get to the yard, pick off the tower guards, seize the arms, climb over the wall, and take control of the entire island.

Cretzer (l. to r.), Hubbard, Coy finally make it out of Alcatraz. Their bodies repose in a San Francisco morgue.



"And then we negotiate with the Warden," Coy said, repeating his plan for the benefit of the wavering cons. "I mean negotiate, yeah."

But now they needed the key and Miller was not talking. The cons worked on him savagely, pounding his face to a blob of bloody beef. Finally Cretzer yelled out, "I can't find the damn key. Now we're all fouled up and Frisco's as far away as ever."

"Shaddup!" Coy shot back. "You panic and I'll kill you."

Cretzer straightened out in a hurry . . .

At 2:05 P.M., Steward Bristow, completely unaware of the convict uprising, walked into the cellhouse and down the corridor on his way to his post in the kitchen. By the time he got to the end of the corridor and realized that something was wrong, Carnes grabbed him in a chokehold and threw him into the cell with Miller and Corwin. A few minutes later Officer Lageson met the same fate as he walked down the central corridor returning from lunch.

In the kitchen, at 2:10 P.M., Officer Burdette spotted Coy passing the door leading from the dining room to the cellblock. Thinking Coy was in a fight, he rushed out of the kitchen, through the dining room, and into the cellhouse, where he was greeted by Cretzer's ugly face behind the .45. Burdette was dumped into the cell with the other hostages.

Coy paced the corridor of C Block, barking orders and outlining strategy like a tin-horn dictator. "Let the screws come," he said, "the more the merrier. They're our tickets to Frisco!"

"Why hasn't the siren gone off?" Hubbard asked. "It gives me the creeps."

"How do you think *they* feel?" Coy said, indicating the five hostages huddled in the cell. Coy walked over to the cell with Hubbard. "These screws know that they're gonna die if we don' make it."

Hubbard smiled significantly. Without batting an eyelash, he could climb over their corpses making a break.



For their part in uprising, Carnes, (l. to r.), Shockley and Thompson are escorted to a mainland court for trial.

While the cons were raising hell, taking control of the cellhouse, the big, brutal machine that was Alcatraz began steamrolling ahead, trying to reassert its authority where it was, for the moment, no longer recognized. The inevitable explosion came when Officer Stucker, in charge of the basement bathhouse, sent several prisoners to the top of the stairs where the cellhouse officer was supposed to check them through. They returned a few minutes later. "There's no guard up there," they reported. It was 2:21 P.M.

The officer ran to the top of the stairs and looked through the grating in the door.

(continued on page 96)



FLY TRAP 73 RESTAURANT



SIGN-erama

LEE BOLTIN, in San Francisco, stared in smirking disbelief at the sign in a Skid Row junk shop: "JAIL KEYS MADE HERE." Intrigued, he focused his camera and began a photographic stalk that ended with publication of his hilarious book of signs. Incidentally, it's titled *Jail Keys Made Here* (Meridian Books, \$1.50).

MAN's laugh-heartedly recommends Boltin's "sign-erama," but wonders how he could have omitted this one, seen at a New York State combination gas station-restaurant — "EAT HERE AND GET GAS." ♦

ARGUE APTS

THE OBJECTIONABLE ODORS
YOU MAY NOTICE IN THIS AREA
**DO NOT ORIGINATE
IN THIS PLANT**

W.R. MLG. CO.

FORBIDDEN TO
BACK IN
UNLESS DOORS
ARE OPEN

Photos by permission of Meridian Books, Inc. from
Jail Keys Made Here and Other Signs, by Lee Boltin.
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SHELL FISH
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BUSINESS
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CLAMS
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WITH the WIGGLE • IN • ITS • TAIL •

NOT RECOMMENDED BY
Duncan Hines...
BUT
FOOD YOU'LL REMEMBER!
Nationally Famous
BOB'S

case of the OVERWORKED BLUEBEARD

by CHARLES LANIUS

FEW OF the world's first-class bluebeards were exactly dreamboats when it came to looks. Forty-year-old, pop-eyed Harry Powers went right along with the tradition. He was a dumpy, oafish slob. But like all famous women exterminators, he had a way with the opposite sex and was a terrifically convincing liar. He had a natural knack for telling woo-hungry females what they wanted to hear.

"Women are the sweetest, purest and most unselfish part of the human race," he crooned when he was pouring on the juice. "They sing the heart melodies of life. Any man who has experienced a dear wife's self-sacrificing love knows this to be true—oh, so true." Wow! Soupy, but the ladies lapped it up.

That was the kind of sugary sweet-talk which lured women like Mrs. Asta Eicher, a widow worth \$14,000, to his private slaughterhouse in an isolated section appropriately called Quiet Dell, near Clarksburg, W. Va. She was soon joined in a last, fatal reunion with her three children, who in a broad sense must be classed as innocent participants in a particularly obnoxious facet of conscienceless, inhuman crime.

The untimely arrival of another woman, an \$18,000 divorcee this time, who came rushing to her lethal lover's arms just when he was busily hosting a houseful of unwilling guests, was a horse of another color. A clear-cut example of impetuous womanhood, she unwittingly caused a serious production jam but Powers was equal to the occasion. He casually scragged the whole lot.

His slaughterhouse was a multiple murderer's dream. Expressly designed for mass killing, its functional, streamlined construction would have made the infamous Frenchman, Henri Landru, and the unlamented H. H. Holmes, the sinister fiend of Chicago's death mansion, gnaw their knuckles in professional envy. Powers thought of everything when he had it built—almost.

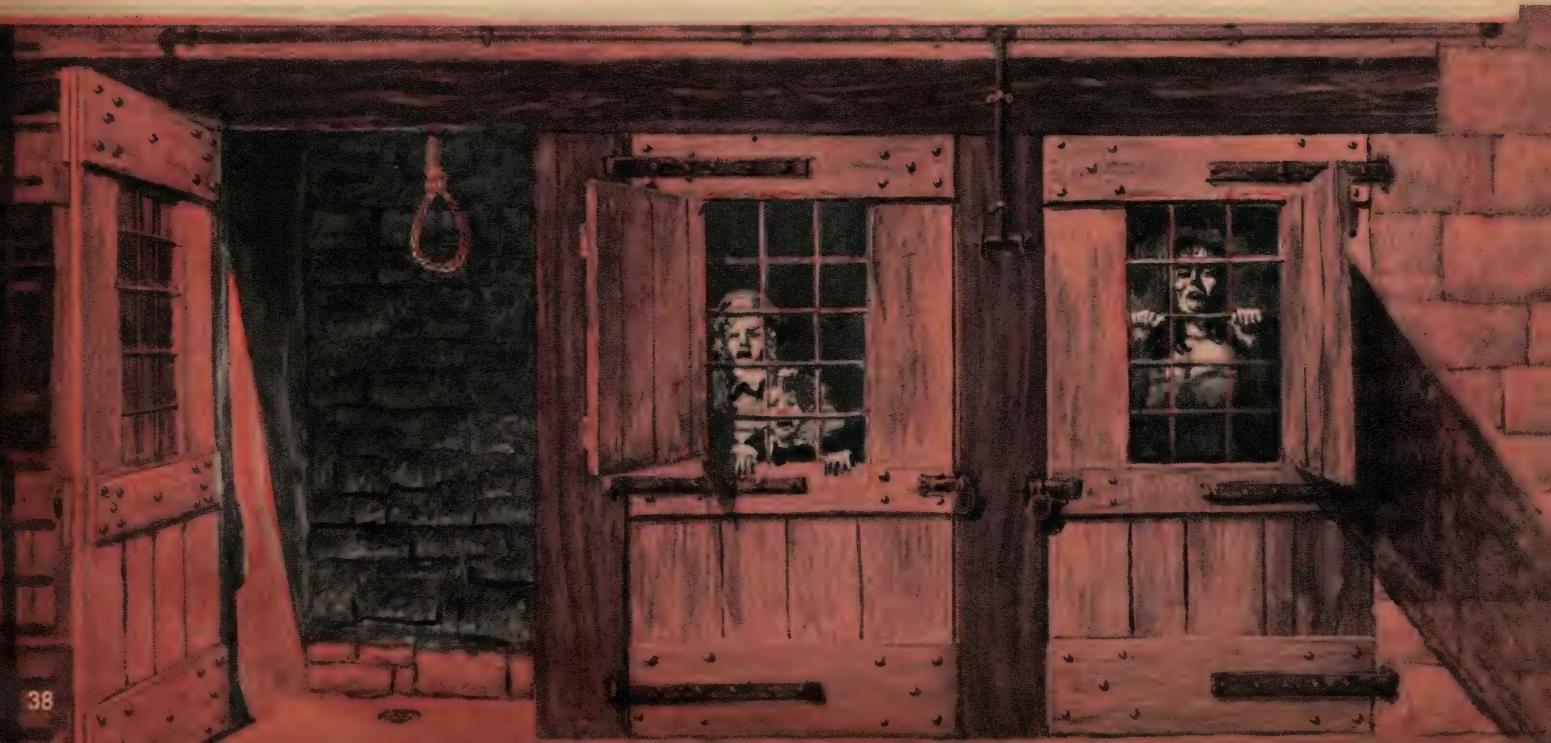
Cleverly concealed beneath a hidden trap door, the underground dungeon was divided into four cells with heavy wooden doors and strong locks. The killing pens were equipped with gas jets, modern drainage and suspended nooses, all ready for quick, efficient action. Other instruments of the trade such as hammers and razor-sharp hatchets were handily cached within easy reach.

Harry Powers hadn't always been a murderer. Although he had a powerful disinclination for hard work he flirted with employment as a vacuum cleaner salesman. But during the Depression, people began showing renewed interest in old-fashioned brooms and his sales chart plummeted to a big fat zero and stayed there.

His favorite pastime was studying pornographic pictures of "genuine Parisian beauties" he had charmed from a drummer for a girdle manufacturer. A real sport, Powers carried the postcards in his jacket pocket and used to sneak in quick, stimulating ganders between calls on prospective customers. Harry was a regular Heller, all right.

The fact that he was never any great shakes as a vacuum cleaner salesman didn't bother him too much. He had an ace-in-the-hole in his wife's (continued on page 92)

illustrated by Larry Newquist



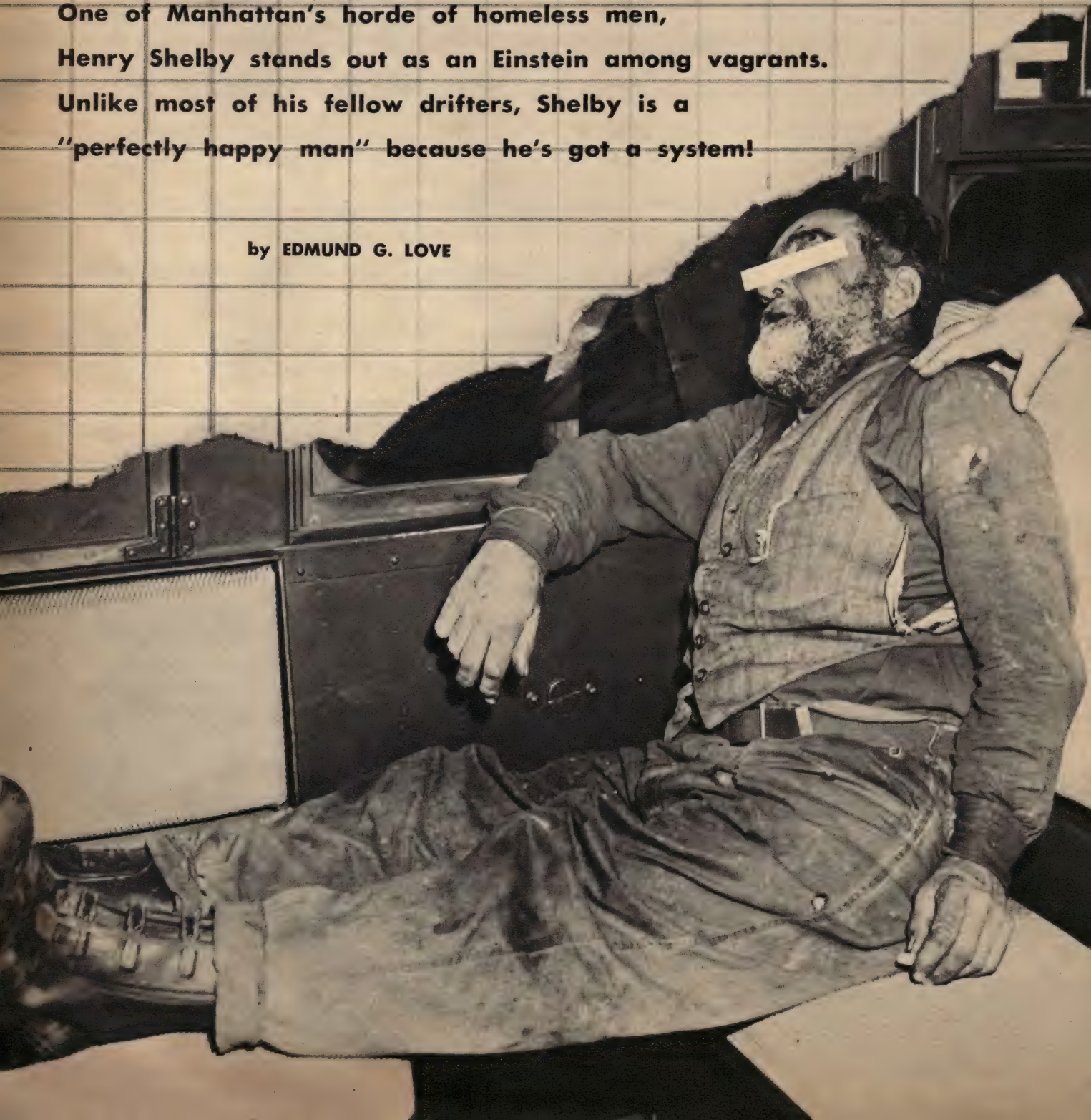
He was a vacuum cleaner salesman who tried to clean up on the corpses of love-sick ladies. Then a serious production jam in his Virginia slaughterhouse caused him and the cops to work overtime.



SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING

One of Manhattan's horde of homeless men,
Henry Shelby stands out as an Einstein among vagrants.
Unlike most of his fellow drifters, Shelby is a
"perfectly happy man" because he's got a system!

by EDMUND G. LOVE





ON MARCH 4, 1953, at approximately 11:30 P.M., Henry Shelby walked into the New York City hotel where he had maintained an apartment for five months. Upon asking for his key at the desk, he was informed by the clerk that he had been locked out until such time as his bill was settled. The bill amounted to about \$113. At the moment, Shelby had about \$14, no job, and no friends upon whom he felt free to call for help. Without any argument, he turned and walked back out the door.

In the time that has passed since that night, he has returned to the hotel only once, and then merely to see if he had any mail. He has not attempted to retrieve any of his belongings held by the management. With the exception of approximately three and one-half months, in the summer of 1953, he has been one of the thousands of men in various stages of vagrancy who wander the streets of New York City at all hours of the day and night.

I met Henry Shelby in Greenwich Village three years ago. Since that time I have spent many evenings with him over a drink talking about philosophy, about world problems—and our own. Henry Shelby, today is 41 years old, but looks at least five years younger. He is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs 162 pounds. His hair is black but thinning, and his eyes are a deep blue. He has no disfigurements, and his bearing is good.

He is a graduate of the University of Michigan with a master's degree in economics. He also holds a life teacher's certificate in the state of Michigan and was, at one time, a teacher in the public schools of Lansing. His master's degree studies were concentrated in the field of accounting procedure, and for four years after World War II, he was an accountant with the Post Office Department in Washington. His associates there consider him an excellent man in his field, and at least two of them say that he could probably qualify as a certified public accountant. In addition to these qualifications, he is experienced and capable in the field of public relations, where his approach has been described as "fresh" and "honest."

The City of New York has long been noted for the number and variety of its vagrants. Estimates as to the number of homeless and penniless men and women run from a conservative 10,000 to somewhere around half a million. Vagrants in other parts of the United States are a migratory lot, usually moving with the weather, but the New York variety stays put, occupying park benches, flop-houses, gutters, and doorways in all seasons. There are many who possess qualifications as rich as Henry Shelby's. There are many who are literally human derelicts living out their days in a drunken stupor, waiting for an obscure death in the river or a ward at Bellevue. In between, there are as many gradations as there are strata in normal society. Almost the only things all vagrants have in common are a hard-luck story and an air of bewilderment. Not all of them have lost hope.

Henry Shelby is not a hopeless man, but he is certainly bewildered. He himself describes his present life as treading water, waiting to see how things come out. "In the meantime," he told me, "I'm getting" (continued on page 58)

Vagrant, lacking Henry Shelby's ingenious approach to a homeless life, faces imminent arrest by N. Y. transit cop.

the Raft

For 41 harrowing days, 150 castoff men and a lone woman drifted in helpless horror on a crude raft. If they didn't succumb to hunger, thirst or their own brutal lust, they'd kill each other off in a fight to the finish on the raging sea.



by PAUL SARGENT HINES

AT 3 P.M. a violent crash jarred the 400 persons aboard the French frigate *Medusa*. Rushing to the railing, they stared over the side, astounded to see sand rolling among the waves. Captain Le Roy Lachaumareys ordered an immediate sounding.

The line gave six fathoms. The captain raced to the quarterdeck and bawled orders to change course. But the *Medusa* was stuck fast in shoals 92 miles off the west coast of Africa.

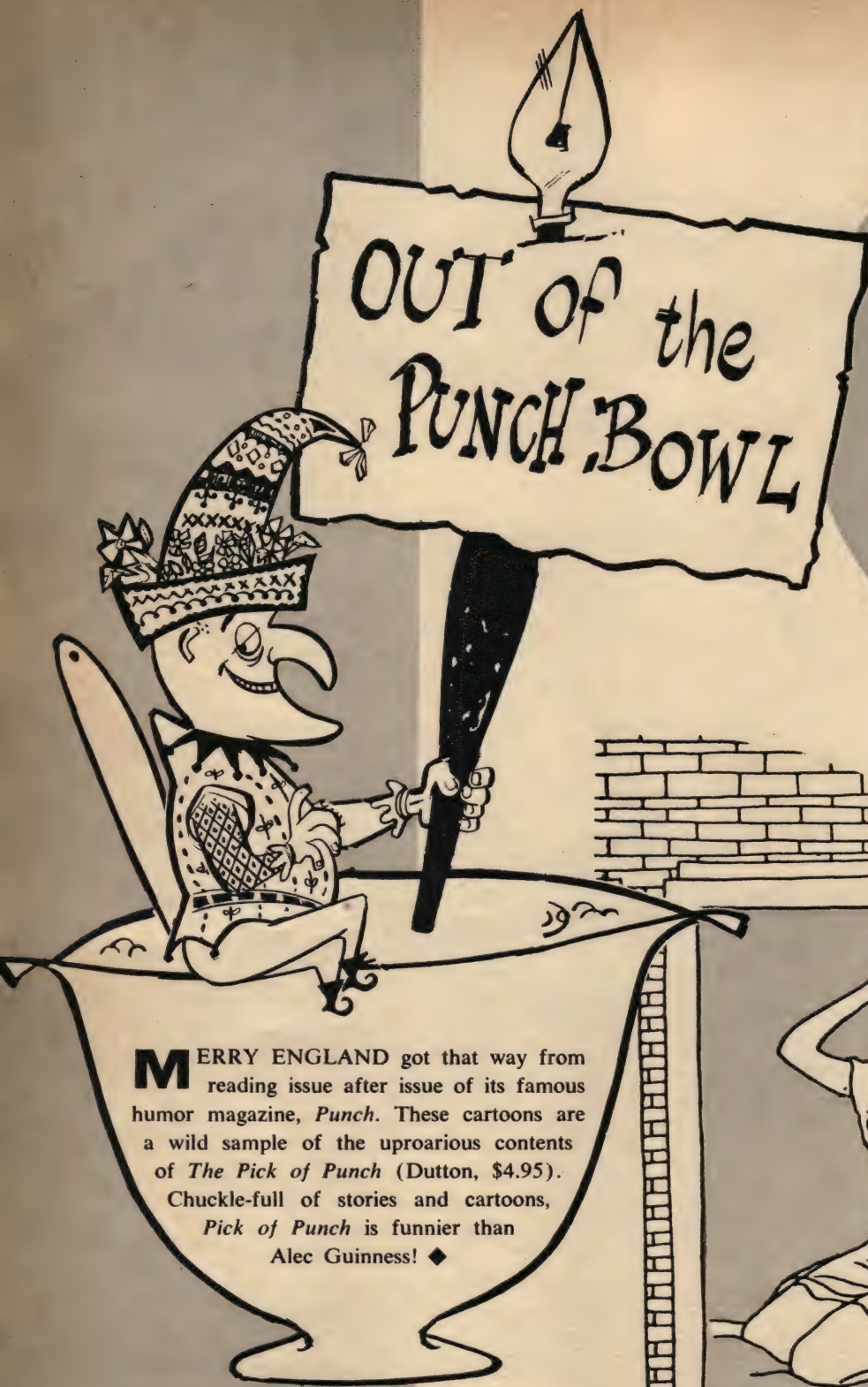
Lachaumareys ordered the ship lightened by throwing cargo overboard. Nothing helped. Heavy seas and a strong current began grinding the *Medusa's* hull to splinters on the reef. On the horizon, dark clouds threatened a violent storm.

The *Medusa* had sailed from Rochefort on June 17th, 1816. She led a four-ship convoy bound for Senegal. The expedition carried officials, scientists, soldiers, servants, laborers and some wives, sent to reoccupy and govern this tropical wilderness for France.

continued on page 63



illustrated by Roy T. Richman





"This isn't the way I imagined it."

SIGGS



"Take a letter to the Acme
Chair Company, Miss Fitzroy . . ."



FOLON



Senné

"WIPE OUT WARSAW'S JEWS!"

(continued from page 17)

worked in one of the dozen forced-labor battalions or industries.

The creation of the ghetto brought panic. Some Jews began to trade their fortunes for food and some tried to escape to Christian homes. But most escape attempts ended in death or betrayal from the other side of the wall. Life inside the wall gradually became a day-to-day struggle to stay alive.

Mundek Landau emerged as a leader. Because of his importance among the Redeemers, he obtained a license from the Jewish Council to run one of the few ghetto bakeries. Thus, through a continuation of united action, his group managed to keep alive and fed.

All was not blackness inside the ghetto. A very fine symphony orchestra gave weekly concerts, schools ran on schedule, little-theater groups were formed. There was always a choice of debates and lectures. A ghetto newspaper was printed and ghetto money became a legal means of exchange. Secret religious services were held. The Redeemers played a major part in keeping these services and activities going. Although Dov, the youngest Landau wanted to be more active in the Redeemers, the rest of the family forced him to get as much schooling as he could.

MARCH 1941

Eighteen months after the invasion of Poland, the final decision for a solution of the Jewish problem was handed down by Adolf Hitler. The order was verbal. Six weeks later SD Chief Heydrich announced the *Fuehrer's* decision at a secret conference of SS, SD, and other Nazi officials at Gross-Wannsee.

The final solution was genocide—100 percent extermination!

SS Colonel Eichmann, the resettlement expert, was put in charge of eradicating the Jews from the face of Europe.

Within a few months the *Einsatzkommandos*—Action Commandos—were mobilized into *Einsatzgruppen*—Special Action Groups—and they swept into Poland, the Baltics, and occupied Russian territory on their mission of genocide. The initial efforts of the Special Action Groups followed a pattern. They rounded up Jews, took them to an isolated area, and forced them to dig their own graves. They stripped them, forced them to kneel beside their graves and shot them in the head.

The climax of the activities of the Special Action Commandos took place in the Russian city of Kiev in a suburb called Babi Yar where 33,000 Jews were rounded up and shot over immense pits in a period of two days.

The *Einsatzgruppen* had a great measure of success because there was no opposition from the local population, which, to some degree, shared the Germans' feelings toward the Jews. The massacre of Babi Yar was carried out midst the cheers of many approving Ukrainians.

It became apparent that the methods of the *Einsatzkommandos* were not sufficient for the over-all plan of genocide. Shooting was slow and clumsy. Furthermore, the Jews were not complying by starving to death in large enough numbers.

EICHMANN, PAUL Blobel, Himmler, Streicher, and dozens of other top Nazis worked out a huge master plan. The plan called for careful selection of secluded sites near railheads and population centers. Camps to be built on these sites would be designed by the best engineers at the lowest cost so that the ex-

ecutions could be carried out on an assembly-line basis.

Top personnel from old established concentration camps inside Germany would be promoted to take over the new establishments.

WINTER 1941

The Warsaw ghetto saw death in numbers that eclipsed even those in the pits at Babi Yar. People by the tens and hundreds and thousands starved or froze to death. Infants too weak to cry died, and old men died, too weak to pray. Every morning the streets of the ghetto were strewn with new corpses. The sanitation teams walked through the streets with shovels and stacked the corpses onto pushcarts. Infants, children, women, men: piled up and wheeled off to the crematoriums to be burned.

Dov Landau quit school to prowl for food when Mundek's bakery was closed. Even groups like the Redeemers were now in dire straits. Dov learned the tricks of staying alive in a ghetto. He moved about, listened, and acted with the cunning of a wily animal. The Landau kettle was empty for long periods of time. When none of the family or the Redeemers could get together a meal Leah traded off a piece of her hoarded jewelry for food.

It was a long and cruel winter. Once, when they had gone for five days without food, the Landaus finally had a meal, but Leah's wedding band was missing from her hand. Then their fortunes took an upswing, for the Redeemers got hold of a horse. It was old and bony, and forbidden by their religion as food, but it tasted wonderful.

Ruth was 19. When she married Jan that winter she was too thin to be really pretty. They spent their honeymoon in the single room they shared with the four other Landaus and three members of his family. But apparently the young couple was able to find some time alone somewhere, for in the springtime Ruth was pregnant.

One of Mundek's major responsibilities as leader of the Redeemers was keeping contact with the outside. Money could be used to bribe the Polish Blue Guards and the Lithuanians, but Mundek reckoned that the money should be saved for more important things. He began to establish routes in and out of the ghetto "under the wall"—through the sewers. It was dangerous to go into Warsaw, for Polish hoodlum gangs were constantly on the lookout for escaped Jews to extort or turn in for reward money.

THE REDEEMERS had lost five members who had been caught beyond the wall. The last one, captured by hoodlums and turned over to the Gestapo and subsequently hanged, was Ruth's husband, Jan.

Little Dov was wise to the ways of survival. He went to Mundek with the proposition that he be allowed to take up the job of courier through the sewers. Mundek would not hear of it at first but Dov persisted. His blond hair and blue eyes made him the least Jewish-looking of them all. He would be least suspect because of his age. Mundek knew that Dov was cagey and competent, but his heart would not let him let his younger brother do it. Then, when Mundek lost his sixth and seventh courier inside of a few days, he decided to let Dov have a try. Mundek reckoned that they all flirted with death each day anyhow. Leah understood and did not object.

Dov proved to be the best courier in the ghetto. He established a dozen alternate routes "under the wall." He became at home in the fetid, slimy, putrid waters that ran beneath Warsaw. Each week Dov took that journey in the blackness through shoulder-high filth. Once "under the wall"

he made his way to an apartment of Zabrowska 99, to a woman he knew only as Wanda. After a meal he would return to the sewer, carrying with him pistols, ammunition, money, radio parts, and news from other ghettos and from the partisans.

When he wasn't making his weekly trip Dov liked to stay at Redeemer headquarters where Mundek and Rebecca spent most of their time. Rebecca's job was forging travel passes and passports. Dov liked to watch her and soon began working along with her. It was not long before it was discovered that Dov had a remarkable aptitude for copying and duplicating. His eye was sharp and his hand steady, and he was soon the best forger among the Redeemers.

LATE SPRING 1942

The Germans took a significant step toward the "final solution" of the Jewish problem by erecting several camps designed for the carrying out of mass exterminations. To handle the Jews from the Warsaw area, 33 acres were set aside in a place secluded from general view, called Treblinka. Two main buildings contained 13 gas chambers. There were quarters here for workers and German personnel and there were enormous field pots for burning corpses. Treblinka, one of the first such camps, was a forerunner of more efficient models that followed.

JULY 1942

July brought a day of mourning for all Jews. Those in the Warsaw ghetto and the other ghettos in Poland mourned perhaps more deeply than other Jews. It was the day of *Tisha B'Ab*, an annual Jewish holiday commemorating the destruction of the Temples by the Babylonians and Romans in Jerusalem. For the fall of Jerusalem to the Roman invaders nearly 2,000 years before had signaled the end of the Jews as a nation. The Jews were thenceforth dispersed to the far corners of the earth.

Tisha B'Ab 1942 coincided with major steps in the "final solution" of the Jewish problem.

AS THE Jews of Warsaw mourned both their ancient and present plight German patrols whisked into the ghetto and stopped before the building housing the Jewish Council. To all outward appearances the Germans seemed to be making another roundup for the forced-labor battalions. But this time something more sinister was in the air. For the Germans wanted only old and very young people. Panic swept through the ghetto as oldsters were herded in and the Germans sought out children, most of whom were torn from their mothers' arms.

Those rounded up were gathered at the Umschlagplatz and then marched off to Stawki Street near the rail sidings, where a long line of freight cars stood in readiness. Dazed and shocked crowds gathered. Some frantic parents were kept separated from their children at gun point, and several times the Germans shot to kill.

The children were laughing and singing. The German guards had promised them a picnic in the country. This was an event! Many of them could hardly remember being outside the ghetto.

As the train rolled off toward Treblinka the "final solution" was at hand. *Tisha B'Ab*—1942.

Two weeks later Dov Landau came back from Wanda's apartment at Zabrowska 99 with a shocking report which stated that those who had been rounded up on *Tisha B'Ab*, and in five subsequent round-ups, had been sent off to death in gas chambers in a place called Treblinka. Further information from other ghettos around Poland reported the existence of other such camps: Belzec and Chelmno in the Cracow area, and Maidanek near the city of Lubin

were in operation or being readied. It appeared, said the report, that a dozen more camps were under construction.

Mass murder in gas chambers? It did not seem possible! Mundek, as head of the Redeemers, met with half a dozen other Zionist groups in the ghetto and issued a joint decree for everyone to stage an immediate uprising and break through the wall.

The plea was emotional rather than practical. The Jews had nothing to fight with. Furthermore, everyone who held a card in a labor battalion had convinced himself that it was a passport to life.

The main reason that no uprising could be staged was that there was no support for it in Poland outside the ghetto. In France, the Vichy government had absolutely refused the Germans' demands that French Jews be turned over to them. In Holland, the unanimous feeling of all the citizens was to hide their Jews. In Denmark, the King not only defied German edicts but the Danes evacuated their entire Jewish population to safety in Sweden.

IF THE POLES did not agree to the extermination of the Jews, they did not disagree. If they disagreed, they did nothing to show it. Only a very small minority of Polish people would shelter an escaped Jew.

Inside the ghetto, each different organized group of Jews embraced a different philosophy. The religious and the labor people argued. The conservatives and the left-wingers argued. Jews liked to argue. In ghetto life argument and debate had always been a great pastime. But now the time of greatest peril had come. Mundek's Redeemers joined all the diversified groups in forming a unified command. The combined organizations carried the initials ZOB, and had the momentous task of saving the rest of the Jews in the ghetto.

Dov made one trip after another to Wanda's apartment at Zabrowska 99. On each trip through the sewers he carried a message from ZOB to the Polish underground begging for help and for arms. Most of the messages were never answered. The few answers that were received were evasive.

Throughout that horrible summer while the Germans continued rounding up Jews for Treblinka the ZOB worked desperately to stave off total annihilation.

One day early in September, Dov had a particularly dangerous trip into Warsaw. After leaving Wanda's he was spotted by four hooligans who chased him into a dead-end alley and demanded to see his papers proving he wasn't a Jew. The boy had his back to the wall, and his tormentors closed in on him to pull off his pants to see the circumcision, the sure identification of a Jew. As they set to pounce, Dov took out a pistol he was carrying back to the ghetto and killed one of the hooligans and chased the others off. He darted away and soon found the safety of the sewer.

Back at Redeemer headquarters the boy broke down under delayed shock. Mundek tried to comfort him. Dov always felt warm and wonderful with his brother near. Mundek was almost 21 now, but he was gaunt and always tired-looking. He had been a good leader and he worked beyond the limits of exhaustion. He had kept almost the entire Redeemer group intact and had never let their fighting spirit flag.

The brothers talked quietly. Dov calmed down. Mundek put his arm around Dov's shoulder and they walked from headquarters to their apartment—Mundek talking about Ruth's baby, which was due in a few weeks, and how wonderful it was going to be for Dov to be an uncle. Of course, everyone in the Redeemers would be aunt and uncle to the baby but Dov would be

the real one. There had been many marriages in the group and there were already three babies—all new Redeemers. Ruth's baby would be the finest of them all. Things were bright, Mundek told Dov, because they had found another horse and there would be a real feast. Dov's trembling passed away. As they neared the top of the stairs Dov smiled at Mundek and told his brother that he loved him very much.

THE INSTANT they opened the door and saw the expression on Rebecca's face they knew disaster had struck. Mundek finally got his sister coherent enough to talk.

"Mother and Ruth," she cried. "They were taken out of the factory. Their work cards were invalidated and they were marched off to the Umschlagplatz."

Dov wheeled around for the door. Mundek grabbed him. The boy screamed and kicked.

"Dov! Dov! There is nothing we can do!"

"Momma! Momma I want to go to Momma!"

"Dov! Dov! We can't look at her being taken away!"

Ruth, eight months pregnant, cheated the gas chamber of Treblinka. She died in the agony of childbirth and her baby died with her in a cattle car so packed it was impossible for her to lie down.

At Treblinka, SS Colonel Wirth, the commandant, was furious. There had been another breakdown in the mechanism at the main gas chambers and another trainload of Jews was en route from the Warsaw ghetto. Wirth had been proud that Treblinka had the best record of dispensing "special treatment" of all the camps in Poland. His engineers informed him that it would be impossible to get things into working order again before the train arrived from Warsaw.

To make matters worse, both SS Colonel Eichmann and Himmler himself were due on personal inspection tours. Wirth had planned to hold special gassings in their honor.

He was forced to round up all the old, obsolete gas vans he could find in the area and send them to the rail siding to

meet the train. Generally the covered vans could accommodate only 20 people, but this was an emergency. By forcing the victims to hold their hands over their heads the Germans could make space for another six or eight Jews. The Germans discovered that there were still several inches between the tops of the heads and the ceiling of the van. In this space they packed another eight or ten children.

Leah Landau was in a daze of grief over Ruth's death as the train pulled to a siding near Treblinka. She and 30 others were taken from the cattle car and forced with whips, clubs, and dogs to get into one of the waiting vans and hold their hands high. When the van held an absolute maximum the iron door was shut. The truck started into motion, and in a matter of seconds the iron cage was filled with carbon monoxide. Everyone inside the van was dead by the time the trucks entered Treblinka and halted before the open pits where the bodies were unloaded and the gold extracted from the victims' mouths.

At least Leah Landau had cheated the Germans, for her gold teeth had been extracted long before and exchanged for food.

WINTER WAS coming once again and the German roundups were becoming more and more frequent.

The entire ghetto moved into cellars, taking everything of value with them. The cellars expanded and some, like the Redeemers', became elaborate bunkers. Dozens, then hundreds, of bunkers sprouted and connecting tunnels began to weave through the earth.

The sweeps of the Germans and their Polish Blues and Lithuanians netted fewer and fewer Jews for Treblinka.

The Germans became angered. The bunkers were so well concealed they were nearly impossible to locate. At last the commander of Warsaw himself entered the ghetto one day to speak to the leader of the Jewish Council.irate, he demanded that the Jewish Council assist the Germans in speeding up the resettlement program by locating the cowards who hid from "honest labor." For over three years the Jewish Council had been trapped and torn between carrying out German edicts



German troops round up ghetto children. Destination: Treblinka gas chambers.

"WIPE OUT WARSAW'S JEWS!"

continued

on the one hand and trying to save their people on the other. Now, shortly after the German demand for assistance, the leader of the Jewish Council committed suicide.

It was winter in the ghetto again.

Mundek's Redeemers were assigned to plan the defense of a section of the Brush-makers' district. Dov spent his time either in the sewers or in the bunker forging travel passes. Actually his trips "under the wall" allowed him one or two decent meals a week at Wanda's. On his trips out of the ghetto he now led old people or others unfit for combat. On his trips in he carried arms and radio parts.

During the winter of 1943 the death rate became appalling. Out of an original 500,000 who had been put into the ghetto, only 50,000 were alive by the end of the year.

One day in mid-January, Mundek and Rebecca took Dov aside before he was scheduled to descend into the sewer on a trip to Wanda's.

"Dov," Rebecca said, "we all talked it over here and took a vote while you were in Warsaw the last time. We have decided that we want you to stay on the other side of the wall."

"You have something special for me to do?" Dov asked.

"No . . . you don't understand."

"What do you mean?"

"We mean," Rebecca said, "that we have decided to send certain members out to stay."

Dov didn't understand it. He knew the Redeemers needed him. No one in the entire ZOB knew the sewer routes as well as he did. If the ZOB was preparing to stage a defense then he would be more valuable than ever. Besides, the papers and travel passes he forged had helped get over a hundred people out of Poland. Dov looked at his sister and brother questioningly.

Rebecca pressed an envelope into Dov's hands. "You have money there and papers. Stay with Wanda until she can find you a Christian family to live with."

"You didn't take a vote. This is your idea and Mundek's. I won't go."

"You will take the money and papers we have given you and go," Mundek said firmly. "That is an order!"

"It is not an order," Dov answered.

"It is an order from me as head of the Landau family!"

The three of them stood in the tiny earthen room in one corner of the bunker. It was very quiet. "It is an order," Mundek repeated.

REBECCA PUT HER arms around Dov and stroked his blond hair. "You have grown up, Dov. We have not had much chance to spoil you, have we? I have watched you go into the sewers a hundred times and I have watched you bring us stolen food. We haven't given you much of a boyhood."

"It is not your fault."

"Dov," Mundek said. "Please don't deny Rebecca and me this one thing we want. We have not given you much. You must let us try to give you your life."

"Mundek, Rebecca. I don't care as long as I am with you."

"Please . . . please . . . understand us. One of the Landau family must live. We want you to live for us all."

Dov looked at the brother he worshiped. Mundek's eyes pleaded.

"I understand," Dov whispered. "I will live."

He looked at the package and slipped it into a canvas so that it wouldn't get wet in the sewers. Rebecca crushed his head against her bosom. "We will meet in *Eretz Israel*," she said.

"Yes . . . in the land of Israel."

"You have been a good soldier, Dov," Mundek said. "I am proud. *Shalom, l'hitraot*. Goodbye, we'll meet again."

"*Shalom, l'hitraot*," Dov repeated.

Dov Landau spent his thirteenth birthday in the sewers beneath Warsaw wading to Wanda's apartment with a heart so heavy it nearly broke. In another day and another world it would have been his *bar mitzvah* (confirmation).

JANUARY 18, 1943

Three days after Dov left the ghetto for the "safety" of Wanda's apartment, the Germans, Polish Blues, and Lithuanians converged on the ghetto. With only 50,000 Jews left they began rounding up Jews for the final phase of the "final solution."

The Germans and their cohorts ran into a hail of bullets from ZOB defensive positions. They fled, leaving heavy casualties.

The news spread through Warsaw like wildfire!

The Jews were staging an uprising!

That night every ear in Warsaw was tuned to the secret ZOB radio which repeated this appeal over and over and over again:

"Fellow Poles! Today we struck a blow against tyranny! We ask all our brothers outside the ghetto to arise and strike against the enemy! Join us!"

The appeal fell on deaf ears. But from ZOB headquarters on Mila Street the flag of the Star of David was raised. Alongside it fluttered the flag of Poland. The Jews of the ghetto had chosen to fight to the death beneath a banner which had been denied them in life.

THE GERMANS were chagrined at having been chased from the ghetto. Konrad, Gestapo chief of the ghetto security detail, reported to Hans Frank, governor of Poland, that the matter would be cleared up in two or three days. The Polish people, who had been told previously that the Jews were cowards, were now told that the fighting had been the work of a few lunatics and sex deviates — the types who raped Polish girls.

ZOB assumed control of the ghetto and

disposed of the Jewish Council. The fighters made a swift and merciless reprisal on all known collaborators and then moved into set defensive positions.

Hans Frank decided he would not play into ZOB's hands by making an attack on the ghetto. The Germans decided to laugh off the attack and minimize it. They cut loose with a propaganda barrage and asked the people of the ghetto to come forth for voluntary settlement and guaranteed they would be given decent treatment in exchange for "honest labor."

ZOB issued an order informing the Jews remaining in the ghetto that they would be shot if they conformed with the German request. There would be no more evacuation.

After two weeks of quiet the Germans moved patrols in once again to round up Jews. This time they came heavily armed, and moved with extreme caution. From carefully prepared positions the ZOB opened fire. Again the Germans fled beyond the wall.

The Germans decided to think it all over. Their press and radio were indignant over the Jewish Bolsheviks who were causing all the trouble. While the Germans wailed, the ZOB tightened their defensive setups and desperately continued to plead for help from the Polish underground. They expanded their plea to the general public, but no arms came, no underground help came, and only a few dozen volunteers crossed into the ghetto "under the wall" to fight.

The German staff mapped one big crushing assault to wipe out the remains of the ghetto. The day they picked for the attack was the beginning of Passover, the Jewish holiday celebrated in commemoration of the exodus of the Jews from Egypt under the leadership of Moses.

At three o'clock in the morning, 3,000 crack SS troops flanked by Polish Blues and Lithuanians threw a ring around the entire ghetto. Dozens of searchlights crisscrossed to pick out possible targets for German mortars and light artillery. The barrage lasted until daylight.

At dawn the SS launched their assault over the wall. Converging from several sides they penetrated deep into the heart of the ghetto without resistance.

From hidden barricades, from house tops, from windows, the ZOB — men and



Although poorly armed, these ghetto fighters beat back mechanized Nazi forces.

women — turned loose a barrage of small-arms fire at point-blank range against the trapped and surrounded Germans. For the third time the Germans scurried from the ghetto.

In blind fury the Germans came back into the ghetto with tanks, and the tanks were met with a storm of gasoline-filled bottles which turned the iron monsters into flaming coffins. With the tanks disabled the German SS troops were forced to flee again; this time they left several hundred dead in the streets.

The ZOB fighters rushed out of hiding to take the German guns as well as their uniforms.

KONRAD WAS dismissed and SS General Stroop was called in to take command. He was ordered to destroy the ghetto so thoroughly that no one would ever again dare challenge the power of the Nazis.

Stroop mounted attack after attack, day after day. Each new attack utilized a different strategy and hit from a different direction. Each attack and each patrol met the same fate. They were repulsed by the ZOB, whose members fought like madmen — house by house, room by room, step by step. They refused to be taken alive. Homemade land mines and booby traps, violent counterattacks, raw courage beat the Germans out of the ghetto every time they entered. Ten days passed and the Germans were desperate for a victory. They made a concerted attack on the ghetto's lone hospital — entered, shot every patient, blew up the building and claimed they had destroyed ZOB headquarters.

ZOB teams dressed in uniforms of German soldiers they had killed and used this device to trick, trap and ambush their enemy. They crossed out of the ghetto time and time again to hit the Germans from the rear by raiding their arsenals.

The Germans continued their attacks and soon, by sheer weight of their numbers and arms, made themselves felt. The ZOB could not replace a fallen fighter; once a defensive position was destroyed there was no choice but to retrench; they could not replace ammunition as fast as they were expending it. Still, with the power on their side, the Germans were unable to get a foothold inside the ghetto. ZOB began calling upon many of the Jews not in fighting units to escape into Warsaw, for there were not enough rifles to go around.

Wearing a captured uniform, Mundek led an attack on the Pawiak Prison and freed all the inmates.

The three day clean-up Konrad had promised had stretched into two weeks. On the fifteenth day after the first German assault Rebecca Landau was fighting in a building in the Brushmakers' district a few blocks from Redeemer headquarters. A direct mortar hit killed every defender but her. Under sustained mortar fire the walls of the building collapsed and she was forced into the street. As the Germans closed in on her and cut off all possibilities of retreat, she reached beneath her dress and withdrew a hand grenade. Running at three Germans, she pulled the pin, and killed them and herself.

After three weeks Stroop was forced to change his tactics. He had drawn heavy casualties and the Nazis were unable to cover up the valiant action of the Jews with propaganda. Stroop pulled his troops back, reinforced the ring of men and armor surrounding the ghetto, and declared a state of siege. He brought in heavy artillery which blasted into the ghetto at near point-blank range in a determined effort to knock down all the buildings which the Jews had used so well

as defensive positions. By night Heinkel bombers saturated the ghetto area with incendiary bombs.

Mundek returned to the Redeemer bunker after a staff meeting at the ZOB headquarters. He and his fighters were half dead with exhaustion, hunger and thirst. Many were badly burned. They gathered around him.

"German artillery has knocked down just about every building. What is standing is burning," he said.

"Have we been able to establish contact with the underground?"

"Oh yes . . . we've made contact, but they aren't going to help us. We cannot expect any more food, ammunition, or water than what we have on hand. Our communications are about ruined. In short, my friends, we can no longer fight according to a fixed plan. Each bunker is on its own. We will try to keep contact with ZOB through runners, but we will each plan and execute our own ambushes and encounters with the Germans when they come back."

"How long can we hold out like this, Mundek? We have only 30 people left and 10 pistols and 6 rifles."

Mundek smiled. "All of Poland held out for only 26 days. We have done that well already." Mundek assigned his guards, rationed what little food was left, and mapped out a dawn patrol.

Ryfka, one of the girls, picked up a battered accordion and began playing a soft, slow tune. In that dank and slimy bunker 10 feet beneath the earth, the remaining Redeemers sang in a strange and wistful blend of voices. They sang a song that they had learned as children at Redeemer meetings. The song told them that the land in Galilee in Israel was beautiful and that wheat grew in the fields and the grain bent softly in the wind. In a bunker in the Warsaw ghetto they sang of the fields of Galilee that they knew they would never see.

"Alert!" a sentry called down as he spotted a lone figure weaving in and out of the flames and rubble.

The lights went out and the bunker became black and silent. There was a knock in code. The door opened and closed and the lights were turned on again.

"Dov! For God's sake! What are you doing here?"

"Don't send me away again, Mundek!"

The two brothers embraced and Dov wept. It felt good to have Mundek's arms around him again. Everyone gathered about Dov as he relayed the final tragic news that the Polish underground definitely would not come in and that everyone else on the outside was being very quiet about the uprising.

"WHEN I returned," Dov said, "the sewers were filled with people lying in the muck. They are too weak to stand up. They have no place to go. No one wants them in Warsaw."

And so little Dov returned to the ghetto and a very strange thing happened. All over Warsaw and the surrounding countryside, Jews who had managed to escape and live as Christians were beginning to return to the ghetto for the last-ditch stand. They had concluded that it was a privilege to be able to die with dignity.

MAY 1943

At last the furious bombardment stopped.

The fires went out.

Stroop moved his SS troops in once again, but this time they held all the cards. The Jews had no defensive positions or communications or fixed plans and almost no food, water or arms. The Germans worked systematically, cutting off one section at a time and cleaning out

bunkers one by one with cannon fire and flame throwers until the section was completely destroyed.

THEY TRIED hard to capture prisoners to torture into revealing the exact location of the bunkers, but the ZOB fighters preferred to burn alive rather than surrender.

They threw open the sewer lids and pumped the sewers full of poison gas, and soon the slimy waters were filled with bodies.

Still the ZOB fought on. They lashed out of their bunkers on swift and deadly raids when they could find a German patrol. Suicide squads hurled themselves into certain death. German casualties mounted until the number was in the thousands.

Stroop pressed on relentlessly. When the Jews became ineffective as a fighting force they kept going on instinct alone.

On May 14, Mundek held a meeting of the remaining 12 Redeemers in his group. He gave them two choices. One was to remain and fight to the last man. The second was to try the sewers where Dov might be able to lead them to safety and a remote chance of reaching a partisan unit. Dov convinced Mundek he could work around the areas of the sewers that were being gassed.

He made his way into Warsaw "under the wall," but as he approached Zabrowska 99 instinct told him something was wrong. He walked straight past the building. His sharp eye picked out a dozen men who were watching Zabrowska 99 from various points. Dov did not know whether or not Wanda had been taken by the Gestapo but he did know the place was unsafe.

It was late at night when he returned to the ghetto. It was difficult even for him to locate the bunker, for there were no streets or buildings left, only rubble. As he approached he smelled the now familiar odor of burning flesh. He went beneath the ground and lit a candle he always carried in the sewer. Its flickering light bounced off the walls. Dov walked from one end of the bunker to the other and knelt low with his candle each time he came to a body. Direct hits from the flame thrower had charred the still smoking bodies so badly he could not identify them. Dov Landau wondered which of the burned corpses was his beloved brother, Mundek.

May 15, 1943. ZOB radio broadcast its last message: "This is the voice of the Warsaw ghetto! For God's sake, help us!"

May 16, 1943. Forty-two days had passed since the ZOB arose and chased the Germans out. As a last gesture SS General Stroop dynamited the Great Synagogue on Tlamatzka Street. It had long been the symbol of Judaism in Poland. As the Temple of Solomon once fell to the Romans, so had the Tlamatzka Synagogue fallen. The Germans announced that the problem of the Warsaw ghetto had reached its final solution.

The devastation had been absolute. Nothing stood in the entire area above a man's eye level. Stroop announced the capture of 16 pistols and four rifles. Further, that the ruins of the buildings would make good material. There were no prisoners.

Even in this most meticulous of massacres there were ZOB fighters who refused to die. Even in the rubble the battle went on. The Jews who had somehow survived began to find each other, and in twos and threes they formed "rat packs" and attacked German patrols by night. The Germans and the Polish Blues swore the ghetto was haunted by ghosts.

Dov found six other Jews. They went from bunker to bunker until they were all

BOOK BONUS "WIPE OUT WARSAW'S JEWS!"

continued

armed. They moved from place to place but the stench and the sight of death was everywhere. At night Dov led them through the sewers "under the wall" where they made quick raids on food stores.

THE JEWS were rebelling in a dozen other places around Poland, but their risings all met with the same fate. Too little, too late, no support.

During all the daylight hours Dov and the six others remained below ground in a newly carved-out bunker. For five long and harrowing months neither Dov Landau nor any of his comrades saw the light of day. One by one they died — three on one raid in Warsaw, two by suicide, one by starvation.

Dov was the last one alive. At the end of the fifth month a German patrol found him close to death. His appearance was not even that of a human being. He was revived sufficiently to be dragged to Gestapo headquarters for questioning, which always ended in beatings. The Gestapo could get nothing from him. Dov Landau, age 13, ghetto rat, sewer rat, rubble rat, and expert forger, was marked for resettlement. Destination: Auschwitz!

Dov Landau was put into an open gondola car with 60 other Jews. The Gestapo refused to believe that he had stayed alive without outside help for five months in the rubble of the Warsaw ghetto. The train moved southward over the icy countryside in the dead of winter toward Auschwitz.

BERLIN, GERMANY, 1940

SS Lieutenant Colonel Karl Hoess entered the office of SS Colonel Eichmann, who had been given the task of carrying out the final solution of the Jewish problem. Eichmann showed Hoess the master plan which was the culmination of the combined brainwork of all the top Nazi officials.

The entire continent of Europe was interlaced with concentration camps and political prisons. Every occupied country was well saturated with Gestapo establishments.

Another network of 300 "combination" camps spanned Europe. Half of them were reserved for Jews.

SS Lieutenant Colonel Karl Hoess was impressed with the intricate planning that went into genocide.

Despite all these camps and their carefully chosen locations, the blueprinters felt they were going to run into a special problem, and this was why Hoess had been called to Berlin. The Nazis knew they would have tremendous difficulty trying to run extermination camps in western Europe. Furthermore, Poland was more or less centrally located in relation to the Balkans and western Europe. A final, major camp was needed, one that would serve as a "master model."

In addition to Jews to dispose of there were Russian, French and other prisoners of war, partisans, political enemies in occupied countries, religious fanatics, especially Christians of the Catholic faith, gypsies, criminals, Freemasons, Marxists, Bolsheviks, and Germans who talked peace, liberalism, trade unionism or defeatism. There were suspected foreign agents, prostitutes, homosexuals, and many other undesirable elements. All these had to be eliminated to make Europe a fit place for Aryans to live.

Such a camp as Eichmann spoke of

would handle all these people. Eichmann informed Hoess that he was to be rewarded for his years of faithful service as a Nazi by being given command of the new camp. Eichmann pointed on the map to a small Polish town near the Czech border. A town called Auschwitz.

The train bearing Dov Landau and heading south for Auschwitz rolled to a stop at Cracow, a rail center. At a siding on the outskirts many more cars were joined to the train. There were cattle cars holding Jews from France and Greece and coal cars holding Jews from Yugoslavia and Holland and there were box cars holding Jews from Czechoslovakia and there were open gondolas holding Jews from Italy for resettlement. It was bitter cold. The biting wind and the snow whipped through Dov in the open gondola and all that protected him against it was his torn shirt and some little warmth of bodies packed together.

BERLIN, GERMANY, 1940-41

When the Nazis selected Hoess to command the camp at Auschwitz, the major clearing house and extermination factory, they knew well the caliber of the man. Hoess had had a long career in the concentration-camp system beginning way back in 1934 when Hitler first rose to power. More recently he had been second in command of the concentration camp at Sachsenhausen. Hoess was a meticulous man and systematic and he carried out orders without questioning them. Furthermore, he was not bothered by hard work.

Twenty thousand acres of land were cleared of farms and villages in the Auschwitz area and fenced off. The best construction men, engineers, scientists, and transportation experts and the best of the elite storm troopers went to work on the massive project. An area called Birkenau, two miles from the main Auschwitz camp, was selected as the site of the gas chambers.

Birkenau was well secluded and had its own rail sidings. The site was picked because of its accessibility by rail from western Europe, eastern Europe, and southern Europe. The little town of Auschwitz was completely undistinguished and lay in a basin of eternal mud at the entrance to the Silesian mining district.

IN ERECTING the camp the Nazis had to overcome a major objection from their own colleagues.

The German Army needed all the railroads and rolling stock it could get its hands on to execute a war on the eastern front. They did not like this nonsense of using valuable rail space to cart Jews all over Europe. The Nazis were just as adamant that the final solution of the Jewish question was as important as running the war. The question was taken to Hitler, who sided with the SS, SD, Gestapo and other Nazi elements against the German Army High Command.

Hoess assumed command of Auschwitz and traveled to Treblinka to study the methods of extermination. He concluded that Treblinka's commander, SS Colonel Wirth, was a clumsy amateur and said as much. The executions at Treblinka were carried out with carbon monoxide, which was inefficient; the machinery was always breaking down and it used up valuable petrol. Furthermore, Wirth was not systematic and did not use any measure of deception, so that there were constant rebellions on the part of the Jews. Finally, Hoess felt, Treblinka had been poorly designed if only 300 people could be executed at one time.

When the chambers of Birkenau were opened at Auschwitz, Hoess conducted extensive tests on the first "guests." He and

his scientists concluded that Cyklon B, a crude prussic acid gas, did the job the best. He ordered huge quantities of it from the International Insecticide Company in Hamburg.

The Birkenau chambers were designed to hold 3,000 people at one time, and with utmost efficiency 10,000 people a day could be exterminated, depending on weather conditions.

The train bearing Dov Landau was now nearly 50 cars long. It stopped at the town of Chrzanow, the last before Auschwitz. One out of five persons on the train was already dead. Other hundreds were frozen to the sides of the cars and unable to move without tearing off the flesh of arms or legs. Many women threw their children over the rail beds and screamed to the curious onlooking peasants to take and hide them. The dead were removed and stacked in six new cars added on at the end of the train.

Dov, though in very bad condition, was keen and alert. He knew exactly what to expect, and he knew that if he ever used his wits he must use them now. The train rolled on again. Auschwitz was an hour away.

AUSCHWITZ, 1941-42

Hoess worked to perfect the operation at Birkenau. First he worked out a system of deception that would keep the victims calm to the very end. Lovely trees, lawns and flower beds were planted around the buildings which housed the gas chambers. There were signs everywhere in many languages which read: SANITATION CENTER. The main deception used was that the victims were going to be inspected and given a delousing shower before being issued new clothing and sent to labor camps at or around Auschwitz.

UNDER AND around the gas chambers neatly laid-out dressing rooms had been built. There were pegs with numbers for hanging clothing. Everyone was told to "remember his number." Hair was cut for "delousing" and the victims were requested to remove their eyeglasses before entering the sanitation "shower."

Everyone was issued a bar of soap with a number on it. They were marched naked, 3,000 at a time, down long corridors. A dozen mammoth doors ran along the corridors. The doors opened, revealing enormous "shower rooms."

Most of the guests were too numb to realize quite what was happening and entered the shower rooms quietly. Some began to examine the bar of soap and found it was made of stone. Others discovered the shower heads on the ceiling were fake and that there was no drainage for water.

Often a last-minute panic broke out, but the Germans were ready now with storm troopers who clubbed and whipped the reluctant into the "shower rooms."

The iron doors were bolted shut.

A can or two of Cyklon B was dropped into each "shower room" and it was all over in 10 or 15 minutes.

Then came the *Sonderkommandos*. These were clean-up squads of inmates from Auschwitz. They emptied the gas chambers and removed the corpses to the crematoriums. Gold teeth were pulled and rings taken before the burnings. These would be melted down and sent to Berlin. Often a well-shaped skull would be taken for sale to the German squads as paperweights.

Little attention was given to pictures of families or love letters that were found in the clothing. The troopers were mostly interested in searching through the linings where jewelry was frequently hidden. Often an infant was found hidden in the

clothes and designated for the next "shower."

Hoess was good to his troops. They worked hard when a large trainload came to Birkenau and were rewarded with extra rations and schnapps. His system worked with great efficiency and he never seemed fazed. He did not even get upset when Colonel Eichmann unloaded a quarter of a million Hungarian Jews on him practically without warning.

Hoess pressed his scientists and engineers for greater efficiency and lower costs. His architects had blueprinted elaborate expansion plans. One was for a gas chamber with a floor that could be lifted hydraulically like an elevator to another level where the crematorium was situated. Other plans were designed to increase the Birkenau capacity to 40,000 executions a day.

The greatest bottleneck at Birkenau was the disposal of corpses. At first they were taken directly from the gas chamber to open fields and buried in pits and covered with lime. The stench became unbearable. The SS troops forced the Jewish *Sonderkommandos* to dig up all the pits and burn the bodies, then crush the bones. Again, open field burning proved too foul-smelling, so inside crematoriums had to be constructed.

THE TRAIN bearing Dov Landau passed through Auschwitz and came to a halt at the siding at Birkenau.

Dov was half dead with hunger and blue with cold, but his years of constant contact with danger and death had sharpened his instincts so that even in this state he was alert to survive. Dov knew that the next hour would spell life or death.

The doors of the cattle and freight cars were opened and those like him in open cars were ordered over the top with harsh guttural commands. The miserable victims dragged themselves onto a long platform and faced a line of storm troopers who stood in readiness with clubs, whips, pistols, and vicious dogs straining at their leashes. The whips cracked out in the cold air and brought screams of pain. The truncheons thudded against skulls, and pistols shot in the bodies of those too weak to walk.

A line was formed, four abreast down the length of the platform, and directed toward a huge station room. The line pressed to the room at a slow but steady pace.

Dov looked around him. To his left were the trains. Beyond the trains on the road outside the station room he could observe a line of waiting trucks. The trucks were not enclosed so they could not be gas vans, Dov assumed. To his right, past the line of guards. Dov could see the neatly groomed lawns and trees around the brick gas chambers of Birkenau. He studied the shapes of the buildings and their cone-like chimneys, and he knew the area to his right held extermination chambers.

The line pressed on. A nausea born of fear racked him. A man staggered and fell, unable to arise. Two snarling dogs were turned loose and ripped the man to pieces. His shrieks set Dov to trembling. He fought to gain control; he knew that he must show no fear.

His line moved into the station room. The large line was split into four single lines, and each line moved toward a desk set up at the far end of the room. A German doctor sat behind each desk; around each doctor stood a dozen guards and assistants. Dov fixed his attention on the desk ahead of him to try to find out what was happening.

The doctor quickly looked over every person as he or she stepped to the desk. The doctor would then order the person



Dov Landau's cunning saved him from fate of fellow concentration camp inmates.

to go off in any one of three directions.

The first way was out an exit on the right side of the room. Dov began counting; seven out of ten people were sent out that way. These people were old or children or appeared in bad condition. Since he assumed the buildings on the right were gas chambers, he came to the conclusion that those being sent out the right exit were going to be put to death immediately.

The second way was out an exit on the left side of the room. This exit led to the outside where the line of trucks was waiting. About two out of ten went that way and all of them appeared fit and well. Dov assumed they were being sent to the labor camp.

The right door meant death and the left door meant life!

There was also a third group. These people, one in ten or even more, were mostly young women, some quite beautiful. A few teen-age boys were ordered to join this group. Dov was certain the girls would be used as German field whores and the boys for homosexual activities with the German officers.

He drew in a dozen deep breaths as his line inched forward. He was a pack of bones and he knew he didn't stand much of a chance of being sent through the left exit to the labor camp.

In the next line a woman screamed and half a dozen guards converged on her and flung her to the ground and ripped away her skirts. The woman had been trying to hide an infant.

"Right . . . right . . . right . . . right . . ." the doctor kept ordering the victims.

Dov Landau stopped before the desk.

The doctor looked up and glanced at him. "Go to that exit on the right," he said.

Dov smiled softly. "You are making a mistake, Doctor," Dov said with infinite calm. "I am an expert forger and counterfeiter. Write your name down on that piece of paper and I'll show you."

The doctor sat back, stunned. Dov's coolness impressed him, for he obviously knew what awaited him. The youngster had put a sudden halt to the monotonous death march. The doctor caught his bearings and a smirk crossed his lips. Two guards grabbed Dov and began to drag him away.

"Wait!" the doctor commanded. He

looked at Dov again and ordered him to turn around. For a second he became tired of the foolishness. The boy was making a clever bluff. He was about to order him out of the right exit, but his curiosity got the better of him. The doctor scribbled his name on a pad.

DOV WROTE OUT six duplications of the signature and returned the pad. "Which one of those did you write?" Dov asked.

Half a dozen guards peeked over the doctor's shoulder and stared in amazement. The doctor looked at Dov again and then whispered to a guard who walked off.

"Stand over here to one side," the doctor snapped.

Dov stood by the desk and watched the line of people move toward him. He looked at them being condemned at the rate of four a minute.

Dov looked into the eyes of the guards and he looked at their truncheons and at the snarling dogs. He glanced at the right-hand exit and whistled a shaky tune half beneath his breath.

Five minutes passed. Ten minutes passed. The line coming in from the platform seemed never to end.

The guard returned with another man who was obviously a high-ranking officer. Dov thought, for his chest was filled with medals. The doctor handed the pad of signatures to the officer, who studied it for a full minute.

"Where did you learn this?" the officer snapped.

"In the ghetto at Warsaw."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"Passports, travel cards, any kind of paper. I can duplicate anything."

"Follow me."

Dov passed through the left-hand door. As he got into the car and drove off toward Auschwitz a Main, he seemed to remember Mundek's words: "One of the Landaus must live through this." In a few moments the car passed through the main gate of Auschwitz. The sign over the entrance of the camp read: LABOR LIBERATES.

The main compound was set in an area that wallowed in mud. There was acre after acre of frame wooden barracks which were isolated from each other by high walls of electrified barbed wire.

These acres of barracks fed manpower

into some 30 subsidiary slave-labor camps. Each inmate wore a black and white striped uniform and an identification color on his arm and left breast. A pink badge was worn by homosexuals, a black badge by field whores, a green badge by criminals, violet badges for clergymen, red for Russians and Poles, and the traditional Star of David for the Jews.

Dov received another badge at Auschwitz — a tattooed number on his left forearm. Don Landau was now a black and white striped Jew, number 359195.

Dov Landau celebrated his fourteenth birthday in Auschwitz and his gift had been his life. He was quite fortunate for of all the tens of thousands of prisoners at Auschwitz, Dov's small group of forgers was among the elite. His particular section was given the task of engraving and printing counterfeit United States one- and five-dollar bills for use by German agents in western countries.

After a short time at Auschwitz, Dov wondered if it would not have been better to have died at Birkenau. Here the inmates were underfed, working into living skeletons, and stacked on shelves for their five hours' sleep a night. Disease ran wild. Prisoners were tortured, driven insane, beaten and degraded, and every known atrocity conceived by man was committed.

Here each morning found dozens of inmates who had hanged themselves by their own belts or thrown themselves on the quick mercy of the electric wire. The flogging blocks were in constant use and naked buttocks were lashed in public at roll calls.

Here the penal colony lived in single cells and were fed only oversalted vegetables to induce unquenchable thirst.

HERE IN Block X, Dr. Wirthe used women as guinea pigs and Dr. Schumann sterilized by castration and X-ray and Clauberg removed ovaries and Dr. Dehring performed 17,000 "experiments" in surgery without anesthetic.

This was Auschwitz and this was Dov Landau's gift of life: LABOR LIBERATES.

"One of the Landaus must live through this," Mundek had said. What did Mundek look like? He could hardly remember. Or Ruth or Rebecca or his mother and father? He could not remember his father at all. The memories grew hazier and hazier until he could remember nothing but death and terror and he did not know that there was a life where death and terror did not exist.

A year passed. The train came in and out of Birkenau. The deaths at the labor camps around Auschwitz from torture and disease and hunger were nearly as appalling as those at Birkenau. Somehow he managed to cling to his sanity and that animal instinct to survive.

Yet, even in this blackest of pits there were some rays of hope. There was the prison orchestra. There was a flourishing underground and they had a radio receiver. Even here a man could find a way to get to a woman.

SUMMER 1944

There was a strange new stirring throughout Auschwitz. Dov could often look into the sky and see Russian bombers, and the secret radio began reporting German defeats. Hope, however, dim, found its way through the muck and torture. Each new Allied victory sent the German guards into a murderous frenzy until the

prisoners almost dreaded word of German defeats. At Birkenau activity speeded up until the gas chambers were in operation almost around the clock.

AUTUMN 1944

The feeling now was that Germany was going to lose the war. They were being beaten on all fronts. But as they lost on the battlefield the appetite for extermination grew. Colonel Eichmann threw every possible resource in finishing his mission of genocide.

OCTOBER 1944

The *Sonderkommandos* at Birkenau staged a wild uprising in which one of the crematoriums was blown up. Each day in new uprisings the *Sonderkommandos* snatched SS guards and their dogs and threw them into the crematoriums. At last every *Sonderkommando* was executed and a call went out for a new group from Auschwitz.

HIS BACK TO the wall, Eichmann made a final gesture. Twenty thousand, the cream of Jewry, who had been under guaranteed protection at the Czech camp of Theresienstadt, were ordered transferred to Birkenau for extermination.

The Jewish death toll at Birkenau mounted until the count reached nearly 1,000,000 Poles, 50,000 Germans, 100,000 Dutch, 150,000 French, 50,000 Austrians and Czechs, 50,000 Greeks, 250,000 Bulgarians, Italians, Yugoslavs and Rumanians, and another 250,000 Hungarians.

Each day during the macabre race for total annihilation came a call for more and more *Sonderkommandos*.

NOVEMBER 1944

The counterfeit shop was abruptly closed down in Auschwitz and everyone was sent to Birkenau to work as *Sonderkommandos*.

It was Dov's new job to wait in the corridor of the gas chambers until a

gassing was over. He and other *Sonderkommandos* stood by until the shrieks of agony and the frantic pounding on the iron doors stopped. They waited another 15 minutes for the gas to clear. Then the doors of the gas chambers would be opened. Dov had to go to work with ropes and hooks to untangle the hideous tangle of arms and legs and drag them out for reshipment to the crematorium. After the bodies were removed he had to enter the chamber and hose it down and get the room ready for the next batch of victims who were already in the dressing rooms, being prepared.

For three days Dov worked at this gory task. Every ounce of his strength was sapped, and now that stubborn, defiant will to live that had carried him through seemed to fade. He dreaded that instant when the iron chamber door opened and he was face to face with the tangle of corpses. He dreaded it worse than the thought of the ghetto or the sewers. He knew he would not be able to stand to witness that horrible sight much more often.

Then a startling thing happened!

The Germans ordered the crematorium ovens dismantled and the gas chambers blown up! The Allies were advancing from the west and the Russians were coming from the east. Now the Nazis made frantic efforts to cover up their crimes. Pits of bodies were exhumed all over Poland and the bones crushed and scattered. Desperately needed transportation was used to get the Jews inside Germany.

JANUARY 22, 1945

The Russian Army entered Auschwitz and Birkenau and liberated inmates. The orgy of murder was over. Dov Landau, aged 15, was one of 50,000 Polish Jews who had kept alive out of three and a half million. He had kept his promise to his brother. ♦



Millions perished, but these "skeletons" lived to be liberated from Auschwitz.

Telephone Torture

(continued from page 25)



"Now he hears a dial tone. So he dials a number—maybe poor Mrs. Beatty in Paterson—and the impulses out of his dial flow into a wall connection, down a wire inside a cable in the wall and into a terminal box, which may be in the cellar, or outside somewhere.

"These impulses now go into the ground under the street, or along overhead telephone wires, and zoom to the telephone building, which may be a long distance from his phone.

"Now his dialed number is drawn into rooms filled with metal racks, thousands of flickering relays and switches. Soon another 'contact' is closed—to the person he wants to torment—and once that person's phone rings, and is picked up, the caller's location is further lost in millions of other circuits belonging to the exchange he has dialed. And that exchange may be 10 miles, or 10 blocks, from the poor devil who is being plagued. At least 300 contacts have opened and closed in two exchanges before the "TT" starts talking.

"We think, even now, it is nothing short of miraculous how company sleuths, with the help of specially trained operators, can find a 'path' in 12 or 15 minutes from the one tormented to the tormentor."

But one brisk morning in February, 1958, huddled over a sheaf of papers in Paterson police headquarters, Lt. Brennan and other alert officers found small comfort in such a technical maze.

Aware that New Jersey telephone authorities had done their best to find the source of the calls to the Beattys, the cops were more intrigued with *how* the tormentor obtained an unlisted number.

"I think," one of the officers finally said, "The Voice' has made a fatal mistake. Before this we had no way to get at him with some 212,000 telephones in this area—if he is in this area. Now we know that the only way he could have obtained the number was to have actually been in the Beatty apartment! The unlisted number is on the telephone in the house. He had to see it!"

For thousands of U.S. families who have been maltreated and abused by the "caller unknown" (this classification, in telephone company language, has risen—according to an unofficial source—to 560,000 "unknowns" a year tormenting unlisted U.S. families), the unlisted number is *not* going to help them.

Paterson investigators had a reason to believe that someone had actually seen the unlisted number on the Beatty instrument, but such is not always the case. A traffic supervisor in a major telephone company told this writer:

"Some poor devils have been forced to move out of a house, or a neighborhood, to escape the telephone tormentor. The

unlisted number brought only temporary relief. There was a short lapse of time before the sex pervert, the sadist or the psycho learned the unlisted number . . . and started all over again.

"WHEN THIS happens, very often the frantic victims either do one of two things: disconnect telephone service or move to another neighborhood and request another unlisted number. Grimly enough, we have been called in to investigate 'tormenting' that has resumed on the new unlisted number in the new neighborhood!

"The telephone company has absolutely no responsibility for the terrible situation. Tracing the anonymous caller, as you know, is a technical monster. Why, in New York City alone, or in Chicago, 1,200,000 calls have been recorded at the very moment the tormentor has called the victim.

"Don't forget, also, that company investigators are bombarded daily with pleas to look into anonymous calls. It takes time to weed out the 'crank' requests, the occasional trouble and the urgent situation which must be investigated at once."

How does the unlisted number find its way to the tormentor?

Law enforcement officers and telephone authorities agree that the unlisted number is nearly always circulated by the family which has asked for it! Certain deadly axioms flow from this:

- The telephone tormentor knows the person, or persons, he or she is tormenting. He (or she) either picks up the unlisted number while visiting the unsuspecting party, or obtains it from an innocent, well-meaning friend of the family who has been "trusted" with the number.

- If there are teen-agers or, for that

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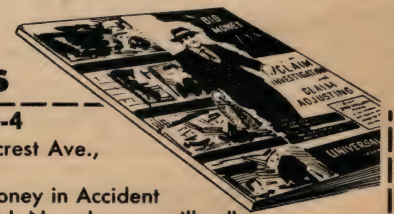
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matter, other adults in the family, the unlisted number is often distributed by them "in confidence" to trusted individuals. But at this very moment the number is in circulation.

- A definite cross section of people known to the unlisted family must always get the number. Examples: an employer—who may keep the number on a listing in the office files which is accessible to the tormentor. Tradesmen, garage managers, family doctors, neighbors and even the nearest of kin (sister, aunt or cousin) have been turned up, time and again, as the "leak" to the tormentor.

- The unlisted number often proves, however, a real solace to countless families once harassed by the tormentor. The calls stop. "This usually means," a telephone executive said, dolefully, "that the name was plucked at random from a directory. And what happens next? The emotionally—and often mentally—unbalanced tormentor is a 'loner' who works from the directory. So he, or she, simply picks another number and our troubles begin all over!"

Slipping hot coffee that February morning in Paterson police headquarters, telephone company investigators and the relentless Lt. Brennan poured over a map of Madison Avenue and its environs. A mere 11,244 telephones in that area alone! But Brennan, and other detectives, were narrowing down on some incidents peculiar to 964 Madison Avenue.

Upstairs in that prosaic, neat-as-a-pin two-family house lived the following people:

Mrs. Beatty's 60-year-old mother, Mrs. Mary Powell, a devoted and gentle woman on the verge of collapse because of the horrifying events plaguing her daughter.

Mrs. Beatty's sister, Mrs. Robert King, and her husband, a soft-spoken man who had spent many sleepless nights trying to run down the tormentor and comforting his nerve-wracked kin on the first floor.

FROM A HUGE mound of documents, court records, police reports and precinct entries, Lt. Brennan lifted this fascinating item:

Weeks ago, a pretty, volatile female by name of Miss Anna Cielo, who lived a good distance from 964 Madison Avenue, had appeared before a local magistrate on a disorderly persons charge. She had been accused of making telephone calls to Mrs. Beatty's brother-in-law, Robert King, on the upstairs telephone. The investigation showed that Miss Cielo, an old friend of the Kings, had been making sizzling calls to Robert—but always identifying herself.

In turn, Robert King, also identifying himself, had allegedly phoned Miss Cielo and given her a series of verbal blasts—some of them obscene, according to court records.

The brief magistrate's hearing showed this was a routine cross-complaint matter. Nevertheless, Magistrate Charles Alfano fined King \$200 for making obscene calls to Miss Cielo and slapped a \$50 fine on Miss Cielo for her part in making such calls. It was a "nuisance" case, and it seemed clear to Lt. Brennan that this private spat, on listed telephones, had absolutely nothing to do with the rasping, male voice that tormented the Beattys downstairs.

Meanwhile, the police investigation continued full gear as the Beatty's hell-on-earth became worse than ever.

"The Voice" telephoned Mrs. Beatty and warned that a rock would smash her kitchen window. He hung up in one minute, 16 seconds—and the telephone company's "tap" failed once more. Mrs. Beatty, sob-

bing hysterically, called police at once, but before a siren-screaming prowl car reached 964 Madison Avenue, a large rock hurtled out of the backyard dusk. It smashed the back door window in the kitchen, spewing glass splinters in all directions.

Detectives soon established that only 60-year-old Mary Powell, Mrs. Beatty's mother, had been upstairs. Robert King was nowhere in the neighborhood at the time. Furthermore, a direct wire-tap between the upstairs telephone and the Beatty telephone showed no call had been made from there.

In patient, day-by-day questioning of Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and their two children, investigators learned that the unlisted number had not been given out to anyone. The Beatty first-floor apartment of course, had been visited by friends (all checked out) and their family living upstairs, naturally, had been frequent visitors during the terrifying hours of fire engines, bomb threats from "The Voice," and the arrival of funeral wreaths. Robert King, the Beattys swore, had been in their apartment when the phone rang and the rasping voice mocked, "Hello, dears. Here I am, and I shall return . . ."

ONE BITTER cold night in March, with a bright full moon glittering overhead, a perplexing "incident" confounded the probers even more.

A sharp-eyed detective drove up in a prowl car within two blocks of 964 Madison Avenue and vanished over fences and hedges. In a few minutes he dropped silently over the back yard fence at 964 Madison and waited, hopefully.

Soon he was rewarded.

Some 150 feet to the west, deep in the shadows, he saw a man down on his knees, not picking up a rock but fondling a sawed-off shotgun! Quickly, the officer drew his own revolver, circled warily to the rear of the silent figure and then jammed his revolver into the prowler's spine. "Drop it!" he snapped. The shotgun fell to the ground, the trembling hands shot upward into the air, and when the detective swung the stranger around it was . . . Grant Beatty!

Tears streamed down Beatty's face. He said he had been stalking the yard, night after night, for the mysterious rock thrower who (three times now) tossed a rock after "The Voice" called.

Nonetheless, poking the distraught Beatty into the first-floor apartment with his revolver, the detective was determined to "solve" what looked like a possible break in the case.

But as the detective and Beatty entered the kitchen, Mrs. Beatty was listening to "The Voice" on the telephone!

Mutely, with tears running down her cheeks, Mrs. Beatty handed the phone to the astounded detective. "I will return soon . . . soon!" mocked the rasping intruder.

Expertly trained by the Paterson Police Department to "hold" would-be suicides on a telephone, the detective—winking an apology to Grant Beatty—"turned on" his special talents.

"Listen, friend," he spat into the phone. "I'm the guy who makes the calls here. Not you. Why, you're just a phony. And you're gutless. I make the calls here and then call on the Beattys and scare them . . . in person. Isn't it true, Mrs. Beatty? Tell him."

Mrs. Beatty took the telephone and assured "The Voice" that he was not the only one now plaguing them with anonymous calls and threats. "This man comes to the house and holds us under a gun—and then leaves," she said, in a burst of inspiration.

From the opposite end of the line came a flow of obscenity, shouts and mocking rage. But "The Voice" had altered. The rasping was gone. *It was a true voice!* With his own ear close to that of Mrs. Beatty's, the detective knew he had heard that voice before. At the same time he watched the clock. Nine . . . 10 . . . 12 . . . 14 minutes! . . . The "tap" on the line must have taken hold, at last! Somewhere in the vast network of the telephone company, electronic devices were closing in on the exact location of the caller.

BUT THEN "The Voice" slammed down his receiver, presumably to scurry away before the police could apprehend him.

On March 13, 1958 an unmarked black sedan careened down Madison Avenue, braked to a stop in the oncoming dusk and three men—all detectives—tumbled out; they vanished like wraiths among the pretty homes surrounding the ill-fated 964. With them, almost scholarly and meek in his appearance, was a New Jersey Telephone Company investigator whose pocket was crammed with a sheaf of damning evidence:

1—Eight telephone booths in a Newark hotel had been "isolated" by telephone probers as the "electronic area," the source of many of the anonymous calls to the Beattys.

2—Bartenders, hotel bellhops and an astute room clerk at the hotel remembered, when prodded carefully, a well-dressed man in a brown sharkskin suit—clutching a briefcase—who sometimes lounged around the premises.

3—Most important, the room clerk recalled a ritual of five dimes for a 50-cent piece between himself and the affable stranger. Now and then it was a dollar bill. *But he always wanted dimes in change.*

4—Shown a dozen assorted photographs of unidentified men and women (snapped with concealed cameras belonging to the Paterson Police Department), all of these individuals pointed to one picture and exclaimed: "That's the man!"

Now that man was the quarry in the winter dusk of March 13th. Ironically, the pursuit was not unlike that of Grant Beatty, who had been "patrolling" his home with a shotgun.

But with one major difference.

The trailing detectives had some fascinating information about Mr. "X," somewhere out there in the murk.

In their painstaking search through police, F.B.I. and county court records, the investigators had come up with something even more interesting than that hassle between Anna Cielo and Mrs. Beatty's brother-in-law, Robert King. A stuffy-linguaged, apparently "routine" damage suit had been filed in the summer of 1957 against Mr. and Mrs. Beatty. The plaintiff? None other than the same Robert King who lived upstairs at 964 Madison! King had demanded "restitution" from his downstairs relatives ". . . as a result of falls from a ladder and down a flight of steps at the Beatty property."

As the detectives plunged through hedges and hurdled fences they knew—this time—that the shadow ahead of them must be Robert King, a telephone tormentor who had his own hate-consuming reasons to get electronic revenge.

In a few minutes the detectives closed in on the shadow less than 150 feet from the Beatty kitchen window. Suddenly one detective leaped forward and clipped the flesh-and-blood shadow across the neck. The shadow crumpled, went down, rolled over on his back. In the bright gleam of

flashlights, the detectives saw Robert King's contorted face . . . and in his right hand, a rock.

Subsequently King was fined \$800 and also sentenced to eight months in the Passaic County Jail. But not all "telephone tormenting" probes end on this note of triumph. One telephone company supervisor told this writer:

"The solving of the Beatty situation was perhaps one out of 100 extreme telephone-tormenting cases in New Jersey. As a matter of fact, hundreds of tormentors are never found. And don't forget countless respectable citizens who can't even ask for an unlisted number because of the nature of their business and are victimized year after year. They can't 'unpublish' a phone desperately needed by a man for business reasons: a doctor, a lawyer, a TV serviceman, or certain business executives.

"Because of the alarming increase in telephone tormenting," the supervisor continued, "electronic scientists are working night and day to find new techniques to fight this rising tide. And I think we will soon find a foolproof way to 'trace' within a matter of seconds.

"But until we do, thousands of helpless Americans—who need a published number for bread-and-butter reasons and who are victims of the anonymous caller—will have to put up with their tragic circumstances."

Although telephone authorities remain discreetly silent about a "revolutionary detector" now under study by Bell System scientists, MAN'S MAGAZINE learned that a New York electrician, Lawrence Lea, has perfected a "split-second" device which may defeat, once and for all, the fiendish individuals still terrifying those U.S. families who were the targets of the 560,000 "unknowns" made from coin and private phones last year.

Lea says he was driven to experiment with such a device because he was not able to forget the plight of an innocent father who could not trace a kidnaper's telephone call.

How does his detector work?

"It is a tracing-and-recording system," explains Lea. "A device intended not only for the homes of extortion victims and the helpless recipients of anonymous calls from sex perverts and other psychopaths, but also for police, fire and civil defense stations."

By pressing a button, an officer in the station house can record the conversation on a "plagued home telephone" and at the same time flash a light in the telephone office asking that the anonymous call be traced at once.

IF LEA'S U.S. patent No. 2,900,449 works, it may be possible in the near future to trap the "tormentor" in this fashion:

- The telephone rings and the anonymous caller, pouring out his obscenities or threats, may be on the line only one minute, but the light will flash in the telephone office as soon as he begins to talk.

- A telephone technician will report immediately the number, name and address from where the call originates.

- Almost instantly (in its perfected state), Lea's invention would automatically transmit the calling number and its exact location—private line or coin box—to a tape that's recording the conversation. The entire tape, and the superimposed calling-and-receiving phone numbers, would be played back in a police station, fire headquarters—or into the nearest telephone building. It is planned, once final gimmicks are ironed out, to rush officers and investigators to the originating phone where, presumably, a quick arrest could be made.

- To nail down the criminal charge against the tormentor, a run-off of the

voices, threats or obscenities made and the electronically identified time, place and phones involved would be "played" to a judge in a courtroom—with the defendant listening to his own voice.

Early in 1959, Lea, associated with Lindsay-Wright, Inc., New York electrical specialists, rigged his setup over the roof of his home in the Bronx to the apartment of a friend up the street at 1685 University Avenue. All realistic conditions of an anonymous caller were introduced.

"It worked perfectly," says Lea.

While Bell System officials remain uncommunicative on Lea's invention, and others similar to it, "TT" (telephone tormenting) gains a frightening ascendancy across the nation.

The most horrifying "TT" case on record today—still unsolved—is more than four years old. Telephone company executives admit that the shattering experiences of red-haired Patricia Faye Smith, 30, of Canoga Park, Calif., tops the gruesome list—from the aspect of pure sadism, brutality and hopelessness in tracing the sexual pervert who has persistently called Patricia Smith, and then struck in person.

Mrs. Smith, a beautiful and shapely brunette, was a happy, carefree housewife that afternoon of June 17, 1955 in the pretty cottage she occupied with her husband, James, in the lush San Fernando Valley near Sunland, not far from Los Angeles.

HER HUSBAND at work, she was alone in the house. Standing at an ironing board, humming softly to herself, she heard a rustle at the kitchen door. As she turned with a curious smile—thinking it was a woman neighbor—she confronted a thin, snarling man, well-dressed and about her own age. Without a single word, he ripped the blouse from her torso. As he forced her toward the floor, ripping clothes from her body, Mrs. Smith remembered the red-hot iron in her right hand. With a single downward stroke the 200-degree hot iron sizzled and scorched her attacker's right cheek. "I smelled his burnt flesh," she told police later.

He screamed and fled . . .

But that was only the beginning.

Seventy-two hours later Mrs. Smith received a letter with pasted letters spelling out: "I'll get you. I am burned forever!"

At her husband's frantic request, local police stationed a temporary guard around the cottage. But the seared attacker never came.

He telephoned! Three . . . four . . . six . . . seven times he called, never exceeding one minute for conversation. "I will get you—I am burned!" was all he said, and hung up.

Four weeks later, after the police guard had been withdrawn, Mrs. Smith walked into the kitchen—and there he was: cursing, horribly scarred on the right cheek and waving a six-inch carving knife.

"Now you are going to know how it feels to be ugly!" he muttered. "I'm going to scar you like you scarred me!" In a weaving motion, the stranger closed in on Mrs. Smith. Again she was alone in the cottage. Somewhere out in the bright afternoon sunlight she heard the laughter of children and the toot of a neighbor's automobile horn . . . fading into the distance.

Nearer, nearer, he came. Backed into a corner of the kitchen, defenseless this time, Mrs. Smith heard, in the mixed laughter of those children, the voice of her five-year-old son Jimmy. She uttered one piercing "J-i-m-m-y!" at the opened window and crashed to the floor as the knife cut, deeply, into her left arm.

The kitchen door flew open. Jimmy was there—and with six other kids, ranging up

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to 12 years old. Four had baseball bats. Bravely, they rushed the incoherent stranger, who dropped the knife, and fled.

Baffled Los Angeles police quickly assigned Detective Sgt. J. L. Austin, a specialist in tracking down would-be rapists, to assume charge of the investigation. Sgt. Austin ran smack into these puzzlers:

- Mrs. Smith had no "men in her past," known enemies, or any disagreeable experiences. Her husband, a popular and clean-living citizen, was unable to recall anybody who disliked the Smiths in that neighborhood, and nobody elsewhere.

- Fingerprints on the recovered knife could not be matched with police files of known rapists—or any criminal.

- The Smiths now had an unlisted telephone number—but the attacker somehow knew it.

- A telephone company "tap" on the Smith phone revealed that anonymous calls were placed when Mrs. Smith was at home during the day. The attacker never called in the evenings, and he always hung up before he could be traced.

- Six of the calls, made between 2 and 4 P.M., had a macabre quality: when Mrs. Smith picked up the receiver she heard no voice. "All I hear is a heavy and steady breathing," she told Sgt. Austin. "But I know it is him!"

On the advice of perplexed police and telephone probers, the Smiths moved from Sunland to Canoga Park, almost 20 miles away from the "cottage of horrors." Their unlisted number was carefully guarded by Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Even Jimmy, and their other child, Bryan, were unable to "hear" or "see" the unlisted number (it was removed from the telephone itself)—and yet the relentless stranger found Patricia Faye Smith.

In 1957, sitting with her husband in the family car in a darkened drive-in theater, Mrs. Smith turned her eyes slowly from the happy scene on the movie screen. Trembling, almost afraid to look, she sensed the breathing at the open window of the car. A voice, the *same* voice, said: "Remember me? I'm not forgetting you . . . and I shall be back!"

No sooner had Mrs. Smith cried out in terror when the dark shadow whirled and vanished among hundreds of parked cars, James Smith in futile pursuit.

Four days later the anonymous calls resumed at the couple's Canoga Park telephone—unlisted and on the phone company's "confidential file" for tapping and for police use only.

Now the tormentor began to ring in the evenings, when James Smith was home. When he rang, Smith grabbed the phone and shouted warnings at the "breathing." The "breathing" turned to insane laughter . . . then a click was heard.

IN THE daytime, even with a police officer in the house on one occasion, the brazen caller laughed, and finally spoke: "I will always come back. And I will get her!"

Once again, however, an uneasy silence fell on the Smith telephone. Police continued to run down worthless clues and fruitless tips from sympathetic persons.

In May, 1958, he phoned again—threatening to show up. Police surrounded the Canoga Park home for several days. Nothing happened . . .

On July 29, 1959, almost 14 months later, Patricia Kaye Smith was busy cleaning on a fog-shrouded morning. There was a light knock at the front door and she swung it open. From the swirling fog emerged the scarred, twisted face, and Mrs. Smith ran screaming through the empty house. The cursing, knife-swinging pursuer finally cornered his victim in the bathroom. Slamming the door he ripped

off her clothing and, oddly enough, did not inflict serious wounds. Forty minutes later, senseless and bleeding from nicks on her thighs and arms, Mrs. Smith was found by her son Jimmy.

Treated for the superficial wounds—unharmful otherwise—Mrs. Smith was put under sedatives. Later, she made a charcoal drawing of her horrible pursuer, the scarred man who has stalked her (and the Smith telephone) for almost five years.

As of today, armed with the drawing and the blazing replica of the deep scar that should make the attacker easily identifiable, police and telephone investigators are still without a single clue . . .

At the New York Academy of Medicine, where this writer talked with several experts in psychopathology, one diagnostician frankly admitted that he saw an "upward trend in the telephone fetish" everywhere in the nation.

"You only have to read the newspapers," he said, "to note the rash of articles about telephone psychopaths—and that is what all of them are to a large degree. And I include the so-called teen-aged prankster, or the character who passes himself, or herself, as a 'practical joker' in this situation.

"There is nothing funny in stirring up irrational fears in normal people. No joke in obtaining pleasure by inflicting pain on others. Emotionally stable folk, young or old, don't do such things.

"The telephone tormentor is caught up in a psychical abnormality. It is a destructive drive turned on other people, against the world—and even against himself.

"The sexual association is almost always prevalent. The telephone becomes a fetish, like a piece of clothing. Very often the men who make these anonymous calls (90 per cent are males) see the telephone as a phallic instrument. A woman's voice will give them violent sexual pleasure. Some are forced to *locate* the female voice they have reached—perhaps like that tragic case of Patricia Smith in Canoga Park."

A NEW YORK Police Department surgeon, demanding strict anonymity, said the National Better Business Bureau (in cooperation with New York police and telephone authorities) noticed a "surge in telephone psychopaths" after the publication of the famed Kinsey Report.

At the national headquarters of the Bureau it was conceded that Edward L. Greene, a top expert with the N.B.B.B., had written a report "indicating widespread use of the telephone by individuals posing as Kinsey report interviewers." Although the best-selling book, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," was published 10 years ago, the "urge" to telephone women and ask them intimate questions about their sexual experiences has not abated, according to an N.B.B.B. spokesman.

Recent "variations on the telephone aggravation" (as one telephone executive phrased it) include:

- A low-voiced male who has been calling mothers of small children near Whitby, Ontario, and telling them the false—but frightful—news that their children had been killed, or injured, at school, in a school bus "crash," or run down by a hit-and-run driver.

- A fiendish sadist who, somehow learning the names of wives with husbands recovering from illnesses in St. Louis hospitals, terrorized these women by telephoning at night, saying, "This is Dr. B— at the hospital. I am sorry to inform you that your husband died suddenly 10 minutes ago . . ."

- The "jam-up" tormentors who work

in a group to keep a telephone line busy in order to injure, or ruin, a legitimate enterprise which depends on business calls for its survival.

In New York, the office of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan gave a classic example of the "jam-up" tormentors.

Having failed to organize employees in seven major New York drugstores by legal negotiating, several officials of Local 1199, Retail Drug Employees Union, held a secret meeting and decided to use the telephone to "break the back" of the drugstore owners who'd successfully convinced the workers they should have nothing to do with this union.

"These characters agreed that telephoning tormenting, on a massive scale, would really do the job," said an assistant district attorney in Hogan's office.

"After the private meeting of the union moguls, orders went out to certain members of the rank-and-file to make hundreds of calls each day to the stores. When the drugstore manager answered his phone—vitally needed for customer orders and prescription instructions from local physicians—he either got (1), a dead line; (2), a stream of profanity; (3), a senseless question, or (4), the shout: 'You better settle with the union!'"

ASSISTANT District Attorney Eugene Leiman and Vincent Ferrara, aided by top New York Telephone Company sleuths, fanned out across the city to run down the anonymous calls. As usual, it was a frustrating task. Hundreds of the calls were made from coin-box instruments and the receiver was hung up in a minute or so.

"And with a cleverly arranged four-minute interval in the conspiracy, some 50 tormentors were able to keep those drugstore lines 'busy' all day long," Assistant District Attorney Leiman said.

In its anxiety—and collective wrath—Local 1199 made one fatal mistake, however. To make certain that all seven drugstores were *never* able to receive legitimate calls during an entire 24-hour period, the union officials arrived, one September night, at union headquarters, 210 West 50th Street.

Pouring out of private cars, a half-dozen union members, along with the officials, vanished into the darkened building. Across the street, in blacked-out offices, the D.A.'s men watched lights flood the windows of the union headquarters.

A few miles away, New York Telephone Company investigators, armed with a court order, sat with other DA men and began to intercept the outgoing calls from 210 West 50th Street. In a half-hour there was enough evidence streaming into the ear phones to give the "go ahead" signal to the waiting raiders.

Crashing through the union headquarters' doors, the flying squadron of "TT" probers grabbed union bosses and members "working" four direct lines and 24 extension phones—all of the calls hammering away at the phones in the seven drugstores scattered through the city.

"Later two officials of the union entered guilty pleas before a General Sessions Court judge," an investigator told MAN's, "and a grand jury also handed up a 35-count indictment against Local 1199 officials, charging conspiracy. So ended that tormenting episode."

Telephone tormenting often affects celebrities. In 1958, for example, movie actress Wendy Barrie complained to the telephone company—and New York police—that her phone would ring "19 to 20 times between 1 A.M. and 4 A.M."—and on her unlisted number, too.

Tracking down the tormentors, in this case, was not so exhausting. Miss Barrie, sleepless and hysterical from the bell-ringing, recalled an "old friend" who'd become, recently, a "new enemy."

AT FIRST, the Barrie case presented a stickler of a problem to New York cops. The anonymous caller's technique in this case (and it has been repeated all over the nation by still other TT's) involved the shrilling of the telephone bell only. When the victim answered, the line went dead.

Using the "constant bell method," a tormentor enjoys two grim advantages: He gets you out of a sound sleep, and he bangs down the receiver as soon as you lift your receiver. This makes it utterly impossible to track down the caller—even with a tap on the line. A telephone must be answered, or the receiver lifted, before investigators can set into operation the tracing to a source via that staggering entanglement of switches, relays, circuits and other connections.

Flaring temper and uncontrolled jealousy, however, were the undoing of Wendy Barrie's anonymous caller.

One nerve-wracking dawn in September, 1958, Miss Barrie stumbled in the dark toward that jangling phone. When she whisked it off the hook, this time, a female voice screamed at her. "You and that—!" cried the voice, adding some other shocking charges—all sizzling with sexy fireworks.

The actress called the police. She identified—as a debonair captain of waiters in a lush Manhattan bistro, and the husband of a lovely nightclub singer.

The exasperated police arrested the singer on a disorderly conduct charge, with an assist from her estranged husband, who told police she had been calling him, too. And invariably during the wee hours of the morning. The thrush stopped her bell-ringing approach after she appeared before a stern judge in a magistrate's court. He administered an ear-ringing denunciation, even though actress Barrie dropped her disorderly conduct charge.

In many U.S. states today, a MAN'S MAGAZINE survey indicated, legislators are pushing bills which would make telephone tormenting a serious crime, rather than a mere nuisance charge punishable only by a fine, or a short jail sentence.

Sections of the Penal Law in New York State, for example, have been toughened a great deal. It is now a felony under the "malicious mischief" statute of 1951 to "obstruct, prevent or delay the bonafide use of a telephone." At this minute, if any New York tormentor reads these lines, he or she should know that the jail term is two years, or longer, and there is an unpleasant probability of commitment for psychiatric observation, by a court order, if you are legally identified as a "TT."

Laws in Illinois, California, Florida, Michigan, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and North Carolina have already been strengthened in these matters.

Lastly, telephone scientists are working on new "tapping" equipment—like Lawrence Lea's highly promising gadget—which may bring fast identification of the "source telephone" used by a tormentor.

"At this minute we know more about the ways of getting to a tormentor than he, or she, might think," one telephone expert told MAN'S MAGAZINE. "Naturally we cannot expand on this new knowledge. For the customer's protection—and our own."

For this reason alone, MAN'S hopes any TT reading this article will get the following message: "Think before you dial a number to torment. Then don't. Otherwise, your number may be up!"

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(continued from page 41)



along all right. I'm perfectly happy."

In his months as a vagrant he has become an expert at management and has learned to put first things first. In his case this means food, cleanliness and shelter, in that order. He prides himself on the fact that he has never panhandled, never visited a soup kitchen or taken a night's lodging in one of the various hostels maintained by charitable agencies in the city. He has accepted handouts, but he can recall only one instance where anyone ever stepped up to him and gave him money: One night in the middle of winter he noticed advertisements for the *première* of a motion picture at a Broadway theater. He arrived early and took up a prominent position against the ropes under the marquee. As he stood there, watching the celebrities arrive in their limousines, a man came over to him and placed an unfolded \$10 bill in his hand.

Shelby has never been completely penniless except for one very brief period when he left New York. He has set 15 cents, which represents subway fare, as the absolute minimum below which he will not allow his finances to sink. He has no maximum, but rarely possesses more than \$30, which represents about one week's salary at present minimum level. He acquires his money in a variety of ways. He is able to pick up a day's work here and there, carrying sandwich boards, working as a roustabout on the waterfront, washing dishes in cheap restaurants, or shoveling snow for the city.

When he gets money, he nurses it care-

fully. He can tell, one minute after he gets it, exactly how long it will last, because he knows what he's going to eat, how many cigarettes he is going to smoke, and the amount it will cost him for lodging and incidentals. There are no extras in his life.

Virtually all of Shelby's cash goes for food and cigarettes. His breakfasts, invariably, consist of a glass of fruit or vegetable juice; his lunches, of a sandwich, usually a frankfurter, and a glass of milk. His one substantial meal is supper, and into it he piles all the dietary necessities he has missed since he last ate such a meal. His plate is apt to be loaded with green vegetables, cooked vegetables, and meat. He will haggle back and forth with the counterman in order to get these items, usually trading off potatoes and dessert for them. He never looks at the contents of a meal until he looks at the prices and he always chooses the cheapest meal on the menu, unless it contains sea food, which he detests. He knows where all the best food bargains in town are to be found. A bargain means quantity, but once or twice a week he will seek out a place that serves something of which he is especially fond.

Between meals he drinks coffee, usually two cups during the morning and three cups during the afternoon and evening. When he is especially broke he cuts out regular meals and subsists entirely on coffee, loading all the sugar and cream he can into his cup. He explains that these are free calories, and that calories, no matter what form they take, will keep him going until he is able to eat regularly again.

Shelby says that the truest statement he has ever heard is that no one will ever starve to death in the United States, and his technique for getting food when he is low on money is a simple one. He walks the streets until he finds a restaurant with a sign in the window that reads "dish-washer wanted," or "counterman wanted." He goes in and works long enough to pay for a meal and earn a little extra money. Usually he completes whatever constitutes a full day's work, but if the restaurant is a pleasant place, if he is treated well and the food is good, he may stay a week, or even longer. He is a good worker and is

well liked by his bosses and fellow employees. Many of the latter are men like himself.

HE HAS learned a lot of odd jobs around kitchens and has filled in as a chef at two cafeterias, and as a short-order cook at a counter restaurant. At one place where he worked for five weeks, the manager recommended him for the managership of another unit in the chain which had fallen vacant. In this particular restaurant Shelby can always be sure of a job of some kind when he is broke; the manager will put him to work washing windows if there is nothing else available. The same condition holds true at five or six other places in town, but Shelby never uses them unless he is really desperate. He refers to them humorously as his social security.

Shelby usually allots no more than 15 cents a day for shelter. Occasionally he pays more than this, but only when he has gotten by for two or three days without spending anything extra. Shelter means a place to sleep to Shelby, nothing else. His great preference, month in and month out, is for the Sixth and Eighth Avenue subways. He very rarely sleeps on the IRT or BMT. The IRT, with its ramshackle, noisy cars, is uncomfortable. The BMT has suitable accommodations, but, as Shelby describes it, "an undesirable clientele."

Shelby usually boards the Eighth Avenue subway at Pennsylvania Station between midnight and one in the morning and takes the first express that comes along. At that hour there is usually a seat, especially in the front car, and he immediately settles down and drops off to sleep. He has developed the happy faculty of being able to drop off, or awaken almost at will. He sleeps lightly, not because he is afraid of being robbed—he never has enough money to worry about that—but because he is very cautious about oversleeping. The vagrant who is still sleeping soundly when the train reaches the end of the line is more than likely to be picked up and lodged in jail by the transportation police.

Upon reaching the end of the line, Shelby walks up the stairs from the train platform to the next level. The turnstiles are at this level, and rest rooms have been placed inside the turnstiles. He retires to one of these rest rooms, finds a booth, fastens the door, and smokes a leisurely cigarette. It is supposedly a misdemeanor to carry lighted tobacco within the turnstiles area, but Shelby says he discovered quite early in his career that even the police use the privacy of the rest rooms to have a quiet cigarette. Of course, he takes no chances. If there is a policeman anywhere on the turnstile level, he will forgo his smoke.

After his cigarette, he goes back to the train platform and boards the next train going in the opposite direction from the one he has just come. He quickly settles into a seat and goes to sleep again. He remains asleep until he reaches the other end of the line, then, as before, has his smoke and reboards a train. This time his nap is much shorter because he debarks at the Jay Street-Borough Hall station in Brooklyn and transfers to the Sixth Avenue subway. On this he makes a full round trip, going all the way out to Queens, back to the Brooklyn end of the line, and then back to Jay Street. There he reboards the Eighth Avenue, which he rides back to Penn Station.

The whole trip consumes from about four and a half to five and a half hours, during the course of which he has probably netted four hours of sleep. Over the months he has learned many of the habits and assignments of the transportation



"I'm sorry, J. B. — marriage to Miss Quilby here is out of the question."

police, and he tries to keep himself from being too familiar a figure. For this reason he does not depend entirely upon the subway and does not dare ride it oftener than every other night.

On his off nights, in good weather, he sometimes uses the two great parks, Central and Prospect. By varying his hours of repose, carefully selecting secluded spots, and transferring his resting places often, he can spend one night a week in either one or the other of them. Also, in warm weather, there are fire escapes. Because he knows the city as well as he does, Shelby has been able to locate several covered, and therefore secluded ones. Most of them are attached to theaters or warehouses and offer ideal accommodations. For some reason, the police never seem to bother vagrants who occupy these emergency exits. And on three or four occasions during the summer Shelby manages to get out to one of the beaches near the city. There are always legitimate sleepers, as he calls them, who are trying to escape the heat.

IN THE LATE fall, winter, and early spring, Shelby has to find other places. The benches in the waiting rooms at Grand Central, Penn Station, and the Port Authority Bus Terminal are his favorites next to the subway. As in every other place, however, there are strict rules of conduct which must be observed. Shelby learned early that the station police in each of the three establishments have set habits. They make two routine checks during the course of a night. At Grand Central, for example, these checks come at 1:30 and 5:30. Between the checks there are both policemen and plain-clothes men on duty in the waiting room throughout the night, and they wander up and down, carefully checking trouble spots. Ordinarily, however, these roving guardians will not disturb people who are stretched out on the benches asleep. Between the checks, therefore, it is possible to get almost four hours of uninterrupted sleep in a supine position. Conditions at Penn Station are about the same, and at the Bus Terminal the checks are farther apart, but the lights are brighter and the crowds larger, giving less room to stretch out.

Shelby keeps, as part of his equipment for sleeping in one of three terminals, three tickets: to Poughkeepsie, New York; Princeton, New Jersey; and Elizabeth, New Jersey, one for each of the three lines. Inspection of timetables has shown that there are no buses or trains leaving New York for these points between one and six in the morning. In emergencies, should the station police question him too closely, Shelby flashes the appropriate ticket and claims that he missed the last train and is waiting for the first one in the morning. This has always worked, but on one occasion a station policeman escorted him to a six-thirty train and made certain he got on it. Shelby got off at 125th Street and walked back to Grand Central.

Shelby regards sleeping in hotel lobbies as an unsatisfactory experience, yet he feels bound to try it every now and then. No lobby can be occupied during the night, and daytime occupancy is limited to about two hours at most. While house officers will not ordinarily run a respectably dressed man out into the street, they will shake him awake every hour or so. In order to get four hours of sleep, Shelby estimates that he has to visit eight hotels during a day. He always apologizes profusely for having dozed off and never visits the same hotel oftener than every third month.

Shelby says that it is always advisable to carry something when sleeping in a

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lobby. House officers are apt to respect a man's privacy if he has an umbrella or brief case lying in his lap. When Shelby plans to use a hotel lobby, he will wander up and down the subway trains the day before until he finds what he is looking for. Subways are full of things that are suitable for hotel lobbies. He always turns in whatever he has found to the Transit Authority's Lost and Found Department after he has used it, and he is always careful to check back later to find out whether there has been any reward. He collected \$12.50 this way last year.

SHELBY THINKS that all-night theaters are the most over-rated sleeping places for men like himself. He has used them, and still does occasionally, but compared to the subway, they are inordinately ex-

pensive and their seats though much softer, are much less suited to sleeping. They tip back too much, and the head is apt to snap backward instead of forward. This always awakens Shelby. Furthermore, one cannot very well lean one's head on one's arm when elbow resting room has to be fought for with one's neighbor. The pictures are noisy in unexpected places, and the sounds that are thrown out from the screen are loud and unorthodox. On top of this, Shelby has found that no matter what picture is being shown, he cannot keep from watching it to see how it comes out. Thus, instead of getting some sleep, he gets entertained.

Most people do their personal grooming in the privacy of their own homes. Because Henry Shelby is homeless, he cannot. But for two reasons he places more importance

on his personal appearance than he does on having a place to sleep. First, he is naturally a neat and tidy man to whom uncleanliness is distasteful. Second, good grooming is a safety factor in his existence. The police will always pick up an unkempt man and will generally walk right by a tidy man. A shower is not only a comfort, but a good investment.

From each five-dollar bill he gets, Shelby sets aside enough money to provide himself with a bath. If he goes six days without one, he will stop eating until he can pay for one. Most of Shelby's baths are taken in the public rooms of Grand Central Station and cost 65 cents. Shaving is also a problem. At Shelby's age, he cannot go for more than 24 hours without acquiring a heavily shaded face. After that his beard is apt to become a heavy stubble. Nevertheless, he tries to stretch the time between shaves to at least 36 hours for economic reasons: it costs 25 cents to use one of the booths at Grand Central set aside for this purpose. Like most New York City vagrants, Shelby always carries a safety razor in his pocket and will take any opportunity he can to get in a quick, free shave and a chance to brush his teeth. He uses ordinary soap for shaving cream.

CLOTHING is another essential of appearance. With the exception of his outer garments, Shelby owns two of everything: two white shirts, two suits of underwear, two pairs of socks, and two neckties. One set is always on his back and the other is usually in storage at some laundry in the Grand Central area. Whenever he takes his bath, Shelby drops by the laundry first and picks up his clean linen. After his shower he carefully wraps the soiled clothes in a bundle and leaves them in another laundry to be washed.

His outer garments are kept as neat as possible. Once or twice a week he drops in at one of the small tailor shops around town and sits in his shirttail while his coat and trousers are being pressed. Unfortunately, he has never found a place where he can sit in a booth while the clothes are being cleaned. When his garments are quite dirty, and he gets enough money ahead, he picks up his clean laundry and retires to a cheap but good hotel. There he engages a room, paying for it in advance. Once the door is closed on the bellhop, he strips and calls for valet service. For the next 24 hours, while the cleaners are at work on his coat and trousers, he spends his time in bed, or under the shower. He has slept for 22 hours on these occasions, and taken as many as 15 showers. He never gets too much sleep or too many showers.

The whole 24 hour period in the hotel, including cleaning, costs him about seven dollars. Shelby considers this gross extravagance, since his weekly average expenditure is about eight dollars, but for some time he never seemed to accumulate enough money to buy a second suit. Besides, he always comes out of his stay with a tremendous sense of pleasure and well-being.

One of the astounding things about Shelby's existence is that he has become a recluse, just as surely as though he lived on a desert island. For three or four days at a time he will speak to no one, nor will anyone speak to him. He is not solitary by nature, but his way of life and his desire to continue it without molestation impose this penalty upon him. While he might like to engage the policeman in the Grand Central waiting room in conversation, he realizes that if he did, he might be recognized easily the next time he visited there, and all subsequent visits

would gradually peg him as a homeless person, making him liable to arrest and harassment.

THIS SOLITUDE has brought him one great problem which he senses but finds difficult to describe: the problem of passage of time. Shelby is waiting for something. He himself does not know what it is. When it comes he will either go back into the world from which he came or sink out of sight in the morass of alcoholism or despair that has engulfed other vagrants. While he is waiting, he is plagued by a restlessness that keeps him on the move for 17 or 18 hours a day. He is likely to say that he moves about as much as he does because policemen will not stop a man who looks as though he is coming from some place or going to some place. What he does not say, because he does not realize it, is that he is working to keep his time occupied.

Shelby's search for entertainment has led him into every nook and cranny of the city and brought him knowledge that he might not otherwise have gained. One idiosyncrasy that he has discovered but cannot account for is the attitude of station policemen toward book readers. After 7:30 in the evening, in order to read a book in Grand Central or Penn Station, a person either has to wear horn-rimmed glasses or look exceptionally prosperous. Anyone else is apt to come under surveillance. On the other hand, newspaper readers never seem to attract attention and even the seediest vagrant can sit in Grand Central all night without being molested if he continues to read a paper. Shelby therefore spends one or two hours a night going over the daily papers. He regularly reads all seven final editions of New York journals, which he picks out of trash baskets.

Shelby is extraordinarily fond of museums and galleries and has become something of an art expert. Vagrants are rarely molested in New York museums and galleries. Shelby is apt to smile and say this is so because guards can't distinguish between a legitimate bum and an artistic one. They never disturb a person like him because they never know when they are trying to eject an artist who is holding a one-man show on the third floor.

Shelby began frequenting the big marble-coated buildings many months ago in search of shelter and warmth. He followed the guides around on their tours, often three or four times a day. Trying to seem part of the group making the tour he would ask questions. And by this time he knows enough to stump most of the guides. He has developed a genuine love for the subject, knows where every show in town is being held and what it contains, and is thinking of trying to do a little painting himself. But when he goes to the shows he is also still on the lookout for some obscure nook or cranny where he can stretch out and sleep for an hour or two. Even a corner behind a Grecian column where a man can sleep upright without interruption is valuable.

Another of Shelby's pastimes is to take the ferry ride from the Battery to Staten Island and back. He calls this the poor man's ocean voyage. Unfortunately, the round trip costs 10 cents, which puts it in the luxury class. More often, he boards one of the numerous Central Railroad of New Jersey ferries and makes three or four round trips to the Jersey shore. If he gets on during the rush-hour periods, he is not noticed and there is no expense.

Pursuing this pastime, Shelby has picked up a surprising amount of information on navigation, and he is rapidly becoming an authority on the New York tidal flow.

He seems to get a great deal of enjoyment out of criticizing the pilots of the ferries if they do not bring their vessels squarely into the slips, and almost the first thing he reads in the New York papers is the shipping news. Two or three times a week he journeys to the waterfront to watch the arrival or departure of one of the big liners. On other occasions he will go down to the Jersey ferry slips and board the little vessel that he estimates will come closest to the big ships as they move up the river or put out to sea.

The city provides other free sources of diversion, too. Shelby always follows a fire engine; has a nose for street fights; and, if he stumbles upon an accident, never leaves the scene until the last policeman has closed his notebook. He stops to listen to every sidewalk preacher he comes across and likes to sing the hymns just for the pleasure of singing something. He knows every major construction project in town, but rarely watches such routine phases of the work as excavation or riveting. He looks the site over and then shows up at the exact moment some critical problem is about to be solved.

He is a steady visitor at the various courts around town, and is what he describes as a sucker for band music. For this reason, he believes he is happier in New York than he would be in any other city in the world. New York is the only place where there is a parade of some kind every day in the year. On some days there are two or three. Last Armistice Day, Shelby visited five parades and took part in one.

The peculiar advantages of the microfilm room at the New York Public Library, which he came upon almost by accident, are probably Shelby's unique discovery. He had been advised by another vagrant that the library was a good place to keep warm on a cold day, and that it offered an opportunity for an hour or two of sleep. Several days later he made his first call there, provided with what he considered a plausible excuse for visiting the institution. He went to the main desk and asked for a copy of the New York *Times* for November 10, 1936. He was referred to the microfilm room, where the attendant produced a roll of film instead of the paper. He was then escorted to one of several viewing machines which were placed helter-skelter in a sort of alcove off to one side of a large room. Shelby put the film in the machine and looked at the image. Within half an hour, as he turned the crank, he dozed off. He was not disturbed and woke up five hours later.

He says now that at the time this seemed too good to be true, so a week later he went back again to see if it was an accident. He arrived about 9:15 in the morning and slept until almost 4:30 in the afternoon, again without being disturbed.

He since has become cognizant of several things. Most men in his condition who visit the Public Library go to the reading rooms. Either they have never heard of the microfilm room or they underestimate its possibilities. Consequently, the attendants there have never met a real vagrant face to face. They assume that anyone who has heard of microfilm and wishes to use it is in search of learning. They check the film out to the applicant and never follow up. Moreover, the accommodations are very comfortable. The room is warm, and the upright film-display stands give a man a good place to rest his head.

FOR SOME time, Shelby put the microfilm room at the top of his list as a place of shelter, then suddenly he realized that it was a far more valuable place for pure

entertainment. He never goes there to sleep now, but he often goes in early in the morning and spends the day reading. He has read all the old issues of the New York Times that are available on film, all his favorite comic strips from the date of their inception to the present, and every column Damon Runyon ever wrote.

A by-product of his many hours in the microfilm room is a system for playing the races which he developed by virtue of having been able to study every racing chart published in New York over the past 20 years. He has put this system to a test twice. At one time he worked quite steadily for almost a month and, with \$25 in his pocket, visited Aqueduct Race Track, when he won \$87.40, after expenses. Prudently, he took the money and bought himself a new suit of clothes, leaving the original \$25 untouched. A few days later he took the money and went to Belmont Park, where he lost it all. He hasn't visited the track since, but he remains an avid racing fan and plays the horses regularly in the microfilm room. Nowadays, however, he saves all the races until cold weather sets in and plays during the winter months. He never looks at the racing results beforehand. "I might just as well be honest about it," he says.

Shelby's favorite of all forms of recreation is walking. He usually walks the streets of Manhattan for four to 10 hours a day, covering anywhere from five to 25 miles. He has walked the full length of every up and down avenue in the city and crossed the island on every crosstown street. He is a walking encyclopedia on plaques, and knows every traffic bottleneck and short cut in town. He loves to window-shop and knows when most of the stores change their displays. At some time every day he manages to pass the window of the Christian Science Reading Room on Park Avenue and solemnly reads the Bible passage marked there.

ONCE HE estimated that he had about exhausted the possibilities of exploration in Manhattan and decided to concentrate on Brooklyn. He crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on foot one day, and on two other occasions took the subway. At the end of the third trip he gave the project up. "Walking in Brooklyn is like walking in Lansing, Michigan. I have the feeling I've seen everything before," he says. "Manhattan, isn't like that."

At present, Henry Shelby seems content to take things as they come. "I don't know how long I'll live this life," he told me not long ago, as he traced a design in the dirt with his foot. "I don't have much trouble. I've never gotten drunk and lain in a doorway all day. My name's never been on a police blotter for vagrancy. I haven't had to beg. Maybe if things were like they were 20 years ago, when everybody was a bum, I might change. Maybe something will happen that will force me to change, one way or another. Yes, I guess that's about it, but it hasn't happened yet, and things seem so easy and natural this way, the way they are now, that it's just as though it was supposed to be that way. I'm just not going to look at the future. All I can tell anybody, now, is that I intend to go to a little delicatessen I know on Broadway. They serve a hell of a good boiled beef dinner up there for 68 cents."

He looked up at one of the big street clocks. "Which reminds me. If I'm going to get there by six o'clock, I'd better get going. Takes me almost an hour to walk it." I asked him why he didn't take the subway.

"Subways are for sleeping," Shelby said, smiled, and walked off. ♦



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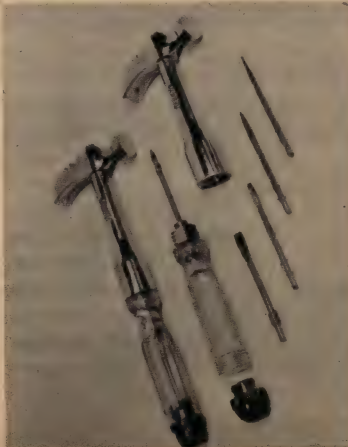


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The Raft

(continued from page 42)



The seamen aboard the *Medusa* represented the scrapings of the waterfront. Most of the soldiers and laborers were ex-convicts, dispatched to the colonies by a motherland anxious to get rid of them. The officers themselves were second-raters. Captain Lachaumareys, just one week out of port, managed to lose the rest of the convoy by navigational blunders.

On July 1st he sailed the *Medusa* into waters combed with dangerous reefs and shoals. When his officers expressed worry, he blithely assured them that he had a hundred fathoms of water under the ship's keel. Then he left the quarterdeck to join in the Neptune ceremonies as they crossed the Equator.

The merry-makers drank wine copiously, sang, roared with laughter and danced to the crew's fiddles. Lachaumareys enjoyed himself with a well-shaped brunette, 33-year-old Mme. Jacqueline Angers, whose elderly husband looked on tolerantly.

The jolting crash ended the festivities. Monsieur Schmaltz, newly-appointed governor of Senegal, sized up the plight of the *Medusa* and decided the ship would have to be abandoned. He assigned places in the frigate's five small boats to himself, his family, and as many women and children as possible.

SCHMALTZ's action outraged the crew. Led by a giant, red-bearded sailor named Blois, they rushed the boats. Some jumped in, then fought to keep out their comrades.

Order was temporarily restored by troops led by Jacques Correard, geographical engineer attached to the expedition who urged the governor to reassure those not assigned places in the boats that they would not be deserted.

The governor hastily made this announcement then urged all on board to use masts, planks, boards and cordage to build a raft large enough to hold 200 men. The five boats, he promised, would tow the raft to the African shore.

"But you won't be on it, will you, Governor?" The taunt came from a one-eyed soldier named Villard.

"No, but I will, you scum!" Correard shouted angrily.

"And so will I!" The second volunteer was Pierre Savigny, senior midshipman of the *Medusa*.

"Let's get to work, men!" yelled the head worker, a long-armed, dwarfish man named Lavilette. At his command a number of men procured axes and began chopping masts.

In the confusion Blois, the red-bearded sailor, led a group of the crew into the hold. They attacked the governor's store of delicate wines and fine liquors and were soon staggering around the deck, wielding knives and hatchets.

Aft on the *Medusa* a fresh revolt broke out. The one-eyed soldier, Villard, led a band of drunken comrades in an attempt to capture one of the boats. Correard,



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aided by a half-dozen loyal troops, drove them off.

"For God's sake, sir," the engineer shouted to the governor, "get everyone in the boats and take to the water at once!"

The governor needed no further urging. Captain Lachaumareys, although tradition and duty dictated he remain aboard, quietly slipped out a porthole into one of the boats as all five of them swung away in a suddenly rising sea, tossed further by the winds which now began to blow furiously.

WORK ON the raft now was rushed to completion. The best the sailors could do was lash together a flimsy structure of spars and planks that measured 65 by 25 feet. Midshipman Savigny ordered it tossed overboard beside the foundering ship.

As soon as the floating platform was seaborne, 150 men—121 soldiers, 29 sailors—and one woman, Jacqueline Angers, started to jam on. It had barely felt the weight of 40 persons when it sank two feet. Barrels of provisions had to be jettisoned to make room for the remaining 110 men. When Jacques Correard shoved the raft away from the *Medusa*, it carried only biscuit enough for one meal, and four casks of wine.

The five small boats made lines fast to the raft. They towed it by rowing for almost 10 miles—the waves becoming increasingly heavier in the path of the approaching storm.

Suddenly the towline between the raft and Captain Lachaumareys' boat snapped. When the sailors at the oars hesitated, the captain curtly ordered them to row on. Seeing this, the other boats hastily cast off their own towlines. Abandoning the raft, they all rowed furiously toward the African coast.

Aboard the raft, Correard and Savigny watched in stunned disbelief. Were they actually being abandoned by the governor of Senegal and the captain of a French frigate? In desperation the engineer took the French tricolor from his pocket. He hoisted it on a pole and waved it—a plea to those in the boats not to destroy his faith in French integrity.

"*Vive le Roi!*" Captain Lachaumareys shouted back. He waved his hat patriotically. And his boat kept pulling away as fast as possible until, one by one the boats drifted out of sight.

The men on the raft locked arms and feet to avoid being washed off the raft. Each wave that struck tumbled them in heaps. Their feet became entangled in the cordage; their bodies were bruised every time the fury of the sea spent itself upon them.

"Revenge!" screamed the one-eyed soldier Villard, waving his sword. "That's my reason for living, men—*revenge!*"

"Aye!" roared Blois, the red-bearded sailor. "Let it be our food and drink until we catch up with the dirty swine!"

It might well have to be, Correard reflected grimly. The water-soaked biscuits and four casks of wine would not last long among the raft's 150 passengers. He knew their only hope now was to drift and be blown as soon as possible to the African shore. Using his pocket compass, he estimated their position as approximately 80 miles due west of Dakar.

"We've got to raise a mast," he told Savigny.

The senior midshipman nodded. Assisted by the head worker, Lavillette, he slipped a small mast from its lashings in the flooring and fixed it upright with the tow ropes. The flag was utilized as a sail and Lavillette trimmed it to the wind.

The raft was so crowded that lying or sitting down was impossible. Some men gradually perished from a combination of

suffocation, exposure and despair. Others were jostled off the side of the raft and disappeared. One 12-year-old boy named Leon screamed incessantly for his mother, water and food. A pitying blacksmith named Coudin cradled the boy in his arms, protecting him from the waves.

CORREARD ORDERED a ration of wine distributed as the chill night wind began to moan. The drink sharpened appetites.

"Look out for trouble," Savigny warned him softly.

Correard kept a sharp eye on the two leaders of mutinous sentiment—Villard and Blois. Both were the center of whispering groups. The agonized screams of the half-mad boy, Leon, rose above the moaning of the wind and crashing of the sea.

Blois, the red-bearded giant, moved toward him. The blacksmith, sensing trouble, put himself between the boy and the sailors.

"We have troubles enough without a madman among us," Blois said coldly. "His screaming is unbearable. Roll him off the raft and end his misery. Or stand aside and let us do it."

"If you touch this boy," Coudin said, "you will have to kill me too. But first I'll take you into the sea with me."

The two men stared at each other. Then the red-bearded sailor growled, "We'll take care of you later." He spat in the blacksmith's face and moved off.

The night brought the threatened storm. As the sea began to rise ominously, Savigny stretched the two ropes across the raft so that all aboard could hold on. Some men fastened themselves to the rope ends. Huge waves breaking over them swept them off their feet. All aboard the raft struggled to last the terrifying night.

Lamentable cries came from all parts of the raft. Friends bade each other farewell. Hardened soldiers prayed.

A dozen unfortunate men, unable to disengage their legs from openings in the raft floor, were drowned beneath the raging torrents that broke over the platform. Eight others were swept into the sea. As dawn broke, two cabin boys and a baker joined hands and sought a quick death by jumping into the waves.

When the sun rose, Pierre Savigny grimly disposed of the corpses trapped on the raft. Afterwards he sat down beside Jacques Correard and sighed, "Do you really have any hope?"

The engineer shrugged, "What alternative is there?"

During the next five days—a blazing, calm period with very little wind—minds began to snap. The starved, parched survivors scanned the horizon eagerly for signs of ships or the African coast. As darkness enveloped them, they grew despondent and began fighting among themselves.

On the seventh day the sky blackened again. The wind blew with terrible force, and the waves rose to frightening heights. The raft pitched in the troughs like a cork. Reduced to a bare pittance of wine a day, the survivors were tossed around like rag dolls, lacking strength to resist.

Men scrambled painfully back from the edges of the raft toward the center. Those who couldn't force their way inboard were ripped from their precarious footing by huge waves crashing over the raft's sides. At the center the pressure was so great that some men were suffocated by the sheer weight of the others. Some were killed or badly crippled between the grinding timbers.

In the morning, another 25 lay dead. In numb horror Correard, Savigny and Lavillette cleared the raft of corpses.

Correard knew trouble was brewing when he observed a whispering cluster of men around Villard. Then, abruptly, the one-eyed soldier stepped forward, sword drawn.

"Since we're all going to die," he snarled, "We say we'll die with wine in our bellies!"

"Aye!" The roar behind him came from a group of Spanish, Italian and Negro ex-convicts who had been forced into uniform. Knives, swords and hatchets gleamed in the morning sun.

Correard's hand flew angrily to his sword. But Savigny's voice whispered in his ear, "It will be easier to deal with them after they are drunk. Now they could easily kill us."

Correard stared at the mutineers. Then he stepped aside and curtly ordered the master gunner to surrender a cask of wine. The rebels cheered wildly. The red-bearded Blois, chopped a hole in one end of a cask. Yelling maniacally, the mutineers fought to put their mouths over the fountain of red liquid that poured from the hole. With no food in their stomachs, they quickly felt its effect.

Blois, weaving precariously, waved his hatchet. "Let's be free of officers!" he yelled. "Why do we have to ride on the same raft with them? Cut the ropes!"

A roar of approval greeted his proposal. A huge soldier staggered to the side of the raft. Raising his boarding-axe, he began to cut the ropes which bound various parts of the raft together.

"Stop that, you fool!" Savigny raced forward, his sword out. "If you cut those cords we'll all perish!"

The huge soldier cursed and swung backward with his axe. The blade grazed the midshipman's jaw. Savigny thrust his sword through the kneeling man's neck. He withdrew it by putting his boot against the soldier's torso and shoving him overboard.

With an oath Villard killed the nearest officer. The drunken rebels drew themselves up at one side of the raft in a kind of battleline, readying their weapons.

"To arms, comrades!" Savigny yelled, desperately hoping to rally loyal workers, officers and troops who were prostrate with exhaustion. "Fight with me or we are all lost!"

Correard sprang to his side. A mutineer nearby slashed at him with a knife, ripping his coat. Correard wheeled around. Seizing the man by the hair, he flung him into the sea.

Another mutineer rushed toward him, bayonet slashing furiously. Correard smashed it aside with his sword. Jumping aside, he thrust his foot out. The man flew over it, sprawled overboard.

A small force of loyal laborers and officers mustered behind the two loyalists. They formed a diamond of defense in the center of the raft. The mutineers slowly spread out along all sides of the raft, surrounding them.

BLOIS CHOPPED down the mast. It fell across an officer named Captain Dupont, breaking his thigh. He spilled toward the rebel line. Villard grabbed him by the shirt, jerking his head back. A lean Spaniard, grinning bleakly, plunged a penknife into one of the officer's eyes. The officer screamed and passed out.

This act of savagery so outraged Correard's forces that they abandoned their defensive position and flung themselves on the mutineers. Swords, sabers, knives, bayonets and hatchets flashed in brilliant confusion in the morning sun. The steel soon glistened with blood.

Men fought desperately, locked in hand to hand combat, to avoid each other's weapons. Some fell into the sea together

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continuing to struggle as they drowned. Only the rebels' extreme drunkenness saved Correard's much smaller forces from being quickly annihilated. Savigny, fighting with the strength of desperation, struggled with two mutineers at once. Feeling himself being strangled to death, he took them both overboard with him. Then he swam back to the raft. Looking back he had the satisfaction of seeing both attackers drown.

For some inexplicable reason Villard became infuriated at the sight of Jacqueline Angers, bent weeping beside her husband near the broken mast. Seizing her by the hair he swept her off the raft into the sea. Then he booted her husband into the water after her.

Correard, who couldn't swim, quickly tied one of the tow ropes around his waist. Fastened to the raft, he plunged into the sea. His hands caught the woman's wrists as she began to sink. Holding one arm, he pulled her back to the raft. Lavillette, the head worker, rescued her husband. Then he and Correard returned to the battle.

There was hardly one man in Correard's forces, including himself, who was not bleeding from saber, hatchet or knife wounds. But they fought on tenaciously, with such determination that the mutineers became demoralized. Many began sinking to their knees, begging for mercy.

"Enough!" Blois finally roared. "Stop it! We surrender!"

Villard stared at him angrily. But the mutineers slowly lowered their weapons. Correard, so exhausted he could barely stand, ordered his men to stop fighting. He told Blois hoarsely, "Throw your weapons into the sea."

The red-bearded sailor shook his head.

"No. If we did, you'd kill us for what we've done. But I promise you we won't make any more trouble if you pardon us. It was the wine, Monsieur Correard—just the wine!"

Correard hesitated. Savigny whispered thickly, "We had better trust them and let the fighting end. We are too weak to stand even 10 minutes more of combat!"

Correard sighed and nodded.

The raft was cleared of the dead. Men bandaged each other's wounds with strips torn from clothing. Some men had chunks of flesh bitten out by mutineers who had no weapons but their teeth. Savigny had been torn on the legs and shoulder, and wounded in the right arm. Correard had a saber wound in his leg, as well as a nasty gash in his scalp.

The engineer's first order was to re-erect the fallen mast. Once again the woeful bunting floated in the wind. Consulting his compass, Correard estimated their position to be between 45 and 50 miles southwest of Dakar. "We're getting there," he told Savigny hopefully, then added bitterly, "if we aren't destroyed first by starvation—or madness!"

For the next three days the occupants of the raft lay in a torpor of fatigue and emaciation. On the night of July 11th the sea was calm, the moon full. Correard and his men slept, starved and exhausted, at the northern corner of the raft. Passengers sprawled asleep in the center. The mutineers were gathered at the southern end of the raft.

SUDDENLY CORREARD's eyes snapped open. The sounds he heard were not just those of the waves slapping against the raft. Louder splashings intruded themselves upon his consciousness.

He sat up painfully. Looking toward the sea, he made out the figures of men in the water, pulling themselves along the sides of the raft from both directions.

He shouted a hoarse cry of warning. Just as he did one of the mutineers raised himself onto the raft behind the sleeping loyalists. Correard wheeled, drawing his saber. With one flash of the weapon he cut off the man's head.

Correard's men got to their feet blearily. The mutineers attacked furiously, both from the water in rear positions and from across the raft. They stumbled savagely over the sleeping forms in the center. Blade rang against blade once more.

The mutineers seized Coudin, the blacksmith who held the distraught 12-year-old boy in his arms. They threw both of them into the sea but Coudin refused to let Leon slip from his grasp. He held him tightly with one arm and swam back to the raft. Lavillette helped them aboard.

The battle raged with the senselessness of madmen taking out their frustrations of hunger, thirst and misery on each other. Many of the attackers had now gone insane. Some of Correard's 20 defenders were also precariously close to losing their reason. Men on both sides fought dully, mechanically, wearily, no longer too clear about why they were fighting.

Men who could swim constantly jumped overboard to escape stronger adversaries. They swam around to the opposite side of the raft, attempting to take a foe by surprise from the rear. Everyone fought with their heads constantly turning left and right to avoid being attacked by one of the swimmers.

Some swimmers, overcome by shock and delirium, forgot their purpose once

in the sea, and swam away from the raft to drown.

A sudden change in the weather brought a drenching tropical downpour. The seas grew so high that the raft at times was almost vertical. The fighting ended in the desperate efforts of both mutineers and loyalists to hold fast to the raft's ropes to prevent being washed into the sea.

A bleak dawn revealed the raft to be 40 persons lighter than the morning before. Many had perished in the fighting. Some had committed suicide. Others, too weary from exposure, hunger and thirst, had been washed overboard in the storm.

"Can you—figure our position?" gasped Pierre Savigny.

Shakily, Correard consulted his compass and made his calculations. "We've been blown off course," he said mournfully. "We're about 60 miles due west of Dakar."

"God help us," the midshipman wept. "God help us."

By their 21st day at sea, Jacques Correard was fighting hard to hang onto his senses. He stared hazily at the raft with its tangled mass of bodies. The living were indistinguishable from the dead. Then there was sweet music and he seemed to be riding through the sunny fields of Italy. An Italian girl walked toward him through a trough in the sea. Breasts exposed, she held her arms outstretched longingly.

An icy cross-wave jolted him back to reality.

"There is no need to worry, Monsieur Correard." A ragged figure, the *Medusa's* third mate, staggered toward him along the edge of the raft. "I am going to write a letter to Paris, and in just a few hours we shall all be saved!"

Correard nodded numbly. He blinked as three sailors waved farewell. One of them called, "We're going for assistance. We'll be back in a short while." Then they threw themselves into the sea and disappeared almost immediately.

A chain reaction of delusion and madness spread through the wildly tossing raft. All still aboard were half-dead from starvation and trying to keep the battering sea from sweeping them off the raft. Some had gone raving mad as a result of the horror they had witnessed.

Two laborers kept hailing an imaginary brig on the horizon. Some sailors demanded hammocks so that they could "go below" for a nap. One soldier became furious with others who couldn't see the magnificent city with golden spires toward which they were drifting.

Of the 61 persons still alive on the raft, one was Jacqueline Angers, the raven-haired beauty. She prayed without pause. She had reason to. As she prayed she was raped constantly by the *Medusa's* scurvy crew, who used her as solace for their hunger, thirst and misery.

Correard, now too weak to get to his feet, begged Pierre Savigny to put a stop to this outrage. The midshipman shook his head sadly.

"WE HAVE nothing else to pacify this scum," he sighed. "Without it we should have them at our throats again. Only next time they'll kill us all in their madness. And her, too."

Correard forced himself to his feet. Without food, he knew, soon they would all be undone. Now an idea possessed him. He staggered around the raft, collecting clothing hooks and eyes from the soldiers. He strained to twist them into fishhooks. Fishing lines made out of the tow ropes were cast into the sea. But currents carried them under the raft, where they entangled.

Savigny took a soldier's bayonet. Using all his strength, he bent it into a shark hook. A shark following the raft did go for it, but only straightened the hook out.

Suddenly Villard drew his sword. His one good eye rolling madly, he pointed his weapon at the two discouraged officers.

"I want a wing of chicken and some bread!" he howled.

Savigny unsheathed his own sword. "More trouble from you, Villard?" he said wrathfully. "By God, I've had enough—!"

Villard was thrust aside by his fellow mutineer, the red-bearded sailor. Blois held a hatchet aloft.

"Don't you try to stop us, Midshipman!" he snarled. "Because now we're going to eat food we've been wasting every day!"

"You're crazy!" Savigny snapped. "You know there's nothing left except one almost empty cask of wine!"

"Keep your stinking wine. Just stop throwing bodies away!"

Savigny stared at him in horror. "No!" he gasped. "By God, no! We're still human beings—not cannibals!"

"You threw a dozen dead men overboard

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In May MAN'S—on sale March 25.

yesterday. That would have kept the rest of us alive for weeks!"

The one-eyed soldier raised his sword. "Aye! And why wait for a man to die? Look!" He pointed his sword to prostrate, motionless figures around the raft. "For any of them it's a matter of minutes or hours. They want mercy to end their suffering. And mercy they shall have!"

He thrust his sword into one man's heart. The man gave a small sigh and died. Blois sank beside him on his knees. He lifted his hatchet. Villard licked his lips eagerly. Other soldiers and sailors sprawled around them, hands outstretched.

"Save some!" one man cried. "It will taste better dried."

At the terrible spectacle, two men driven by fright or despair threw themselves into the sea to drown. Men wept. One workman, in the act of raping Jacqueline Angers, called out huskily, "Pigs! Save some for the lady!" Men vomited, spewing nothing.

Correard, sick at heart, turned his head away. He was moved not only by the horror of what he saw, but at himself as well, because he had to restrain himself from joining the cannibalism.

IN DESPERATION he began to gnaw on the leather of his hat. Savigny watched him wordlessly. Then he ripped his shirt and began to chew pieces of it. Soldiers endeavored to eat shoulder belts and cartouche boxes.

The red-bearded sailor, rising to his feet, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He stared at Correard and

Savigny, then grinned. He held out his red-stained hatchet.

"From now on, *messieurs*, food is no longer a problem," he chuckled hoarsely. "The only question you must decide is—will you be one of those who eats or is eaten?"

The following day Correard, gaunt, worn and delirious, watched helplessly as the mutineers fed on another of their number who expired of his wounds. He was a sailor who had fought furiously as their comrade only hours before.

"We shall have to join them," Savigny whispered hoarsely. "They are keeping their strength, and we are dying."

"Never!" Correard croaked. "We'll die first!"

All through the morning men expired in delirium. Correard, Savigny and Lavillette, weapons in hand, crawled to them before the mutineers could become aware of the deaths. They shoved the corpses overboard to keep them out of the hands of the mutineers.

Villard, his stomach full, only laughed. "You would do better to dine yourselves!" he taunted.

About four o'clock that afternoon the sea showed its first kindness to the tragic survivors. A shoal of flying fish passed under the raft. Many of them became entangled in the raft's openings. Everyone who could stir threw themselves upon this gift of the sea. About 200 fish were caught and eaten.

Temporarily revived, Correard found the energy to consult his compass and estimate his position. "There's hope," he told Savigny eagerly. "Unless I'm too delirious to calculate properly, I make our position only 25 to 30 miles from the coast!"

Lavillette, handling the sail, bent every muscle to make the most of each breath of wind blowing them toward Africa.

On the evening of their 25th day at sea, Villard suddenly stood up. Approaching Correard, he ordered the engineer to surrender the last bit of wine preserved in the cask.

"It will be flavored with my blood if you get it, Villard," Correard told him grimly.

"GOOD, it will taste better that way, Monsieur Engineer!"

At a wave of Villard's sword, the mutineers rushed forward to do battle once more. The two sides fought wildly at close range. Blois, the red-bearded seaman, yelled, "Give us Correard's head, and we will let the rest of you live!"

"Until you grow hungry again!" Savigny shouted savagely.

Blois flung himself at him. The two men dropped their weapons and grappled with each other, seeking throat holds. Blois, the stronger, squeezed his powerful hands around his opponent's windpipe. Suddenly he screamed as he felt a knife plunge between his shoulder blades. He loosed his grip and staggered to his feet. His amazed eyes saw the elderly passenger, Angers, whose wife had been so brutally assaulted.

"Die, you pig!" Angers screamed. "Die! Die! Die!"

With a loud groan the red-bearded seaman smothered his assailant in his arms. The two men fell into the sea. Blois did not unlock his grip. They disappeared beneath the waves.

Jacqueline Angers shrieked in agony and flung herself after them.

Correard's forces beat off the attack, but were too weak to counterattack. Both sides retired to opposite ends of the raft. The dawn light showed that of the 150 persons who had left the *Medusa*, only 30 still lived.

Villard, deprived of his lieutenant, Blois, and disheartened by his constant defeat, seemed to lose the will to fight any longer. Although his forces outnumbered Correard's two to one, he nodded wearily when Correard offered an armed truce. He also agreed to rationed sharing of what wine remained. And he promised there would be no further cannibalism.

That night Correard, Savigny and Lavillette quietly agreed among themselves to take turns staying awake. They had tasted enough of Villard's treachery to know he couldn't be trusted. But this time, apparently, Villard had had enough. There was no further attempt to renew the warfare.

Lavillette spotted two of Villard's soldiers in the act of gliding behind the wine barrel. They pierced it, sipping the wine through a reed. He sprang to his feet and rushed at them. An angry commotion broke out. All on the raft awoke.

"THEIR CRIME must be punished by death," Correard insisted, when Lavillette explained what the two soldiers had been up to. "If we are all now to live by law in order to survive, they must be made an example of. Do you agree, Villard?"

The one-eyed soldier hesitated. His men watched him for a sign. Then, with a scowl, he nodded. Lavillette instantly seized one soldier and flung him into the sea. The other, trying to escape, fell backward off the raft.

"Court-martial adjourned," Savigny said grimly.

On their 32nd day at sea, when Correard's compass showed them 15 miles from land, the 12-year-old boy Leon died in the arms of his protector, Coudin. Brokenhearted, the blacksmith refused to let the boy be taken from him.

"Let him hold the boy a while longer," Correard ordered.

In less than an hour, the blacksmith was dead, too. Savigny rolled them both gently into the sea.

Villard sounded the wine casket with his sword. "There is hardly enough left to sustain the 28 of us for one more day," he said gloomily. "When the last of this wine is gone, we will all die. I say that we are fools to waste what is left on men who are going to die anyway, and cannot be helped by it."

Correard stared at him. "What are you suggesting?"

"Look around you, Monsieur Engineer! There are 13 men dying—so feeble they cannot even sit up. It would only be merciful to put an end to their suffering. That will give the rest of us a better chance to survive."

"Nothing doing!" Correard whispered.

"But most of the dying are his own men," Savigny pointed out. "There is no advantage in it for him except the same advantage to us all—a better chance to live. He's right."

Correard buried his face in his hands. "So be it."

Villard's men drew lots. Three soldiers and a sailor were chosen as executioners. Correard wept and turned away as they went about their business. When he looked up again, only 15 men, including himself, remained upon the raft. They drank their meager wine ration in silence.

"Messieurs," Villard said hesitantly, "I know you regard me as a scoundrel. I do not deny it. But I ask you to consider how much of what we did was simple madness. Since fate has chosen us to die together, should we not better die as brother Frenchmen than as enemies? Let us throw all our weapons into the sea, and spend our final hours facing death bravely."

Correard and Savigny exchanged doubtful glances. "Throw your weapons away first," Savigny said warily.

Villard flung his sword into the sea. At his nod, his nine remaining followers threw their weapons overboard. Correard and his men followed suit.

"WE will not die," Correard said firmly. "Have faith that we will be found. Even now the governor must have reached Senegal. He will send a brig to search for us."

By the 36th day all aboard writhed in a final agony of hunger and thirst. They huddled together in the center of the raft, waiting for death. Some men attempted to ease their thirst by stripping naked and lowering themselves over the side of the raft. The practice ended when one man was taken by a shark.

On the 39th day a white butterfly fluttered above their heads and landed on the empty wine cask.

"Land!" Correard croaked. "We must be near land!"

Villard fell on the butterfly and captured it. He pulled off one wing and put in his mouth. Other men struggled to grab the rest of the butterfly from him. One missed his plunge and fell helplessly into the sea.

On the 40th day no man had the strength to keep his feet. All lay in various stages of coma about the raft. Before nightfall Lavillette slowly dragged himself to the raft's edge. His eyes met the clouded gaze of Correard.

"Au revoir," he whispered. Then he rolled into the sea.

On the 41st day Savigny, scanning the bright ocean with aching eyes, saw the distant gleam of canvas. He shook his head to make sure it was no hallucination. Then he roused the 11 others on the raft. Villard ripped off a hoop from the wine cask. The others gave him strips of clothing and handkerchiefs. He attached them to the hoop and waved it frantically with the last of his failing strength.

For half an hour the raft's survivors took turns waving the hoop, praying aloud. Then the distant brig altered its course. It disappeared below the horizon.

It was the end of hope. Each man on the raft lay down to abandon himself to a final sleep.

Two hours later Correard lifted his head groggily. He imagined he was hearing voices in the distance. French voices. He stared around blearily, hardly able to distinguish the sky from the sea.

Then, unbelieving, he saw the brig *Argus*. Flying the French ensign, she was heeling before the wind, slicing the waves toward them at a brisk clip. The crewmen were ranged on deck and in the shrouds, waving hats and calling out.

"Vive le Roi," Correard mumbled feebly.

THE 12 almost-naked survivors, their bodies shriveled by sun, hunger and thirst, were taken aboard. Ten of the men were scarcely able to move. Their limbs were stripped of skin, their eyes hollow and filled with savagery.

All were cared for tenderly by the surgeon of the *Argus*. But six, including Villard and Savigny, died shortly after reaching the African port of St. Louis. Jacques Correard recovered, although at 37 he resembled an old man of 70. He stayed on in Senegal to serve his country as a colonial official.

The other five survivors returned to France. They finished out their scar-ridden lives haunted by the terrible memory of having survived only by eating their comrades.

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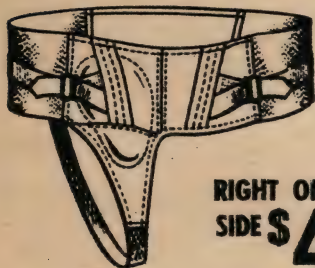
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Scrapbook

(continued from page 18)



she sucked the smoke deep into her lungs. "I don't know how you do it," Lois said.

"Do what?"

"All those heavy boxes." She shook her head. "I mean . . . well, a man your age, and all."

"Sixty-one isn't so old," Charlie said. "And besides, handling weight is more knowing how than muscle. You sort of let the weight work for you."

"Well," she said, "anyhow, your vacation starts tomorrow, doesn't it?"

He nodded. She didn't believe he was only 61, he knew.

"We'll miss you while you're gone," she said. "Everyone around here likes you a lot, Charlie."

He didn't say anything. He knew they liked him at Morton's. Everybody from Mr. Morton himself right on down the line liked him. Next to Mr. Morton, he'd been here longer, and worked harder, than anybody else. And each year at vacation time Mr. Morton had come back to the shipping department to tell him to enjoy

himself, and to give him an envelope with a \$50 vacation bonus.

Lois dropped her cigarette to the floor and ground it out with her heel. "Got to get back," she said. "The ladies' room is always jammed up at quitting time; that's why I had to come back here to—"

"Sure," Charlie said. He wondered what Lois' pretty face would look like if he were to take her to his furnished room on West 73rd Street and show her the scrapbook. She looked a little like that girl in St. Louis. Let's see . . . that was back in '47. Her name had been Diane Benton, and he could remember exactly how she had looked when he killed her, and how the picture on the front page of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* had been blown up from an amateur snapshot so that you couldn't really tell how pretty she was. But there'd been a better picture of her the next day, and that was the one he'd put in his scrapbook.

"Have fun on your vacation, Charlie," Lois said. She smiled at him. "And don't give the girls too bad a time." She moved off toward the door that led to the front office.

He watched the lithe swing of her hips until the door closed behind her. Then he slid off the shipping table and went over to his locker to change into his street clothes. A real pretty girl, he thought. She did look like that girl in St. Louis, all right, but she walked like the one in Baltimore. A girl didn't have to roll her hips that way, and if she did she was really asking for it. But with Lois it was force of habit; she wouldn't waste the motion on him.

He'd just finished knotting his tie when Jack Morton came through the door and strode toward him. He nodded and said, "Hello, Mr. Morton."

"Mr. Morton hell! It's Jack, damn it. Can't you ever remember, you old—" He broke off and laughed, and slapped Charlie on the shoulder. "Well, you all ready?"

"Just about," Charlie said.

"Good," Morton said. He reached into his inside coat pocket and handed Charlie an envelope. "Just got a minute, Charlie, to tell you to have fun." He winked. "I figured you could use a little extra liquor money."

"Thanks," Charlie said.

Morton glanced at his watch. "Forget about this place," he said. "Just concentrate on having a good time. Okay?"

"All right," Charlie said.

Morton slapped him on the shoulder again and hurried back the way he had come.

Charlie turned and picked up his lunch bucket and walked the length of the shipping room to punch the time clock.

Forty-five minutes later, Charlie closed the door of his third-floor room behind him, locked it, and went directly to the closet where he kept his heavy, brassbound trunk. He dragged the trunk to the middle of the floor, found his key, and knelt down beside it. The padlock in the hasp was nearly as large as his palm, and it was the most expensive he had been able to find. He unlocked it, lifted the tray from the top of the trunk, and reached down beneath a layer of smaller books for his scrapbook.

It was an unusually large book, large enough to hold entire newspaper pages without folding them. He sat cross-legged on the floor, opened the book, and stared at the beautiful girl looking back at him from the front page of the *Buffalo Courier-Express*.

Elaine Bishop had been the first, and one of the youngest. Seventeen. The newspaper had yellowed in the eight years

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since he'd killed Elaine, but he needed no newspaper photograph to remember how lovely she had been. And the words in the long account of what the *Courier-Express* called "the most brutal sex murder in the history of New England" were as clearly imprinted on his mind as they were in the newspaper columns.

He could remember every detail of Elaine Bishop's murder, and of the seven others that had followed it, as vividly as he could remember his trip home on the Seventh Avenue subway this evening.

He thumbed through the scrapbook slowly and lovingly. Eight of them, he thought. And every one of them a real beauty. One of them for every vacation he'd taken in the last eight years, and no two of them from the same city. He'd spent that first real vacation in Boston, and in the years that followed he had gone to St. Louis and Baltimore and Richmond and Philadelphia and Cleveland and Pittsburgh and Miami. Eight beautiful young girls in eight years, and never a single hitch. Two of the girls had succeeded in clawing him a little before he killed them, and that girl in Richmond—that Gloria Roberts—had kneed him pretty bad; but that was all.

He'd always been able to come back to New York feeling like another man, ready to start planning and saving for the vacation next year. And along with his savings and plans, his anticipation had always mounted steadily until when vacation time finally came, the urgent need to rape and kill had become the only thing in his mind. Between vacations he talked to only the girls at Morton's.

It had been wonderful to come back to his job and listen to what everybody said about the horrible out-of-town sex crimes. He'd always gotten such a kick out of shaking his head sadly with the best of them, and muttering about what he'd like to do with such a fiend—if he were a younger man, of course.

He glanced at the alarm clock on the dresser. He'd better get started, he thought. He didn't want to get to Washington, D.C., too late. . . .

Charlie turned the rented Plymouth into Massachusetts Avenue and drove slowly along beneath the high-vaulted arch of the overhanging trees. At three o'clock in the morning Washington, D.C., was more like a country town than a city. And after the surge and thrust and pace of Manhattan, Charlie found the quiet, deserted streets irritating. He remembered that someone had told him Washington after midnight was like a cemetery with lights.

He turned the corner at 16th Street and pulled to the curb. He lit a cigarette and smoked it down, and had almost decided to give up for the night when a Buick convertible passed him and pulled to a stop a few yards ahead. He watched while a girl jumped from the car, slammed the door behind her angrily, and started up the walk to an apartment house. The man behind the wheel of the Buick called something after her in a bitter voice, raced the motor, and jerked the car away from the curb. It careened around the next corner.

Charlie could see the girl plainly in the light from the medieval lanterns at either side of the apartment-house entrance. She was young and pretty, and the body beneath her tight-waisted summer dress brought a taut, dry feeling to his throat. He slid across the front seat and opened the door and walked toward the apartment house. He didn't hurry, and the look he cast both ways along the street was casual.

The girl was standing in front of the elevator doors. Her finger was still on the

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self-service button, and she was even younger and prettier than Charlie had thought. She glanced at him with wide-set, angry blue eyes, and then jabbed at the button again. Her face was flushed, and her sharp, high breasts quivered a little with the movement of her body as she stepped back suddenly to look up at the floor indicator.

After that first glance she paid no further attention to Charlie. Why should she? he thought. An old man . . . too old for anything.

He was close enough to her to smell the clean, soapy scent of her hair before she noticed him again. And then it was too late.

There was no sound. He stood back and looked down at her, and gently massaged his right thumb with the fingers of his left hand. It took a lot of pressure to keep your thumb in a girl's throat long enough to kill her. But it was the best way, he'd discovered. He didn't like to mark up a pretty girl any more than he had to — anyhow, not till later. Right now, and for the next hour or so, he wanted this blue-eyed teenager exactly the way she was.

He picked her up and carried her to the door. When he was certain the street was clear he walked rapidly to the Plymouth and put the girl on the back seat. Midway between Washington and Baltimore there was an abandoned side road he knew about. It would be as good a place as any.

On his first morning back at work, Charlie punched the time clock and walked out into the main office in search of Lois Anderson. He could always depend on Lois for a highly emotional reaction to his murders, and he liked the way she had of inventing little details of her own to make the story even more sensational. He found her near the water cooler, talking to two of the other girls. There was a folded newspaper under her arm.

"Welcome back, Charlie," Lois said, and then, in almost the same breath, "Isn't it horrible?"

Charlie nodded and drew a paper cup of water. "What kind of a man would do a thing like that?" he said, and shook his head. "Inhuman, that's what it is."

Lois glanced at him quickly. "I'm talk-

ing about the fire, Charlie. The one in the tenement over in Brooklyn."

"Fire?" Charlie said.

"You know. Last night. Two people dead, and three more of them not expected to live."

"Oh," Charlie said. He dropped the paper cup in the receptacle and cleared his throat. "I thought you meant about that girl in Washington. If you ask me, a fiend like that should . . ." He let his voice trail off, glowering at the floor.

"That was pretty bad, all right," Lois said. "But they'll get him sooner or later." She unfolded the newspaper and pointed to a photograph on the first page. "Those firemen take some terrible chances, don't they? Look at this one here, on the top of the ladder."

One of the other girls said, "Just think of it. Those poor people. Like rats in a trap."

Charlie drew another cup of water and drank it slowly. "They said that maniac in Washington killed her one place and . . . well, you know . . . he did that someplace else. I didn't get a chance to read much about it." He looked at Lois expectantly.

"They'll get him," Lois said. She folded the newspaper again. "The city ought to do something about all those firetraps. They ought to make the landlords put in fire escapes for every room." The other girls nodded, and walked back toward their desks.

Charlie crumpled his paper cup into a small ball and rolled it around in his clenched fist. "I read that girl's name, but I can't remember it."

"Who?" Lois said.

"The one in Washington," Charlie said. "The one—"

"Oh," Lois said. "Well, it doesn't make much difference now. Look, Charlie, Mr. Morton told me he wanted to see you as soon as you got in this morning. I forgot till just now."

Charlie stared at the newspaper beneath Lois' arm, and nodded. "All right," he said.

"It's nice having you back, Charlie," Lois said, and walked over toward the bank of bookkeeping machines.

Charlie stared after her a moment, feeling a strange sort of emptiness inside him.

He let his breath out slowly and started toward Mr. Morton's office. That Lois wouldn't be so interested in fires if she knew who she'd just been talking to, he thought. And those other girls, too. Getting all worked up over a little fire. If they knew they'd been standing just two feet from . . . He remembered he was still holding the paper cup, and tossed it toward the nearest wastebasket.

He opened the door to Mr. Morton's office and stepped inside.

MORTON LOOKED up and smiled. "Good to see you back, Charlie," he said. "Things really got fouled up while you were gone. The guy we got to take your place didn't know his backside from a hole in the ground." He picked up a handful of bills of lading. "See what you can do to straighten these out, eh?"

Charlie took the bills of lading. There was a newspaper on Morton's desk, he saw. And it was the right one. It was the one with the girl's picture on the first page.

He gestured toward the newspaper with his free hand. "An awful thing."

"What's that?" Morton asked. "And Charlie, about those—"

"That girl getting it that way in Washington," Charlie said. "An awful thing." He fixed his eyes on the knot in Morton's tie. "You've got a daughter about the same age, haven't you, Mr. Morton? About 18?"

"Sixteen," Morton said. "There's a couple of back orders in that stack, Charlie. See if the stuff's come through yet."

Charlie moistened his lips. "If I was that girl's dad, I'd spend the rest of my life hunting the guy that did it. And when I found him . . ." He looked at Morton and smiled grimly. "You say your girl's 16, Mr. Morton?"

Morton lifted a sheet of paper from his desk and extended it to Charlie. "Here's one more, Charlie. Got loose from the others, somehow."

Charlie took the bill of lading. The palms of his hands were moist now; the air in here was too close and warm.

Morton looked at him questioningly. "Everything okay, Charlie?"

Charlie tucked the bills of lading beneath his arm and dried his palms against his trouser legs. "Sure," he said. "Everything's fine, Mr. Morton."

Morton rattled some papers on his desk. "I guess that's it, then, Charlie."

Charlie nodded, and left the office. On his way back to the shipping department he stopped at the water cooler for another cup of water. For the first time in years he was not in the mood to work. Everything seemed wrong, somehow. It had never been this way before when he'd come back from his vacation.

He went to his shipping table and tried to work on the bills of lading. But it was no good. He couldn't concentrate, and half the time the figures blurred before his eyes so that he couldn't see them at all. He put the bills of lading aside and began shifting the heavy cartons from one end of the room to the other. They didn't need shifting, but it gave him something to do with his hands, an excuse to bring his muscles into play. He worked savagely, building up a sweat. After an hour of it he felt no better than he had before.

They'd cheated him, by God. Lois, and Mr. Morton, and the rest of them. A fire in a tenement and a bunch of fouled up bills of lading, and they forgot all about what had happened in Washington. What was the good in doing what he'd done if they didn't even want to talk about it? Hell, they'd talked it all out before he got back. That was it. They'd talked it all out



of their systems Friday, and here it was Monday — and now all the hell they cared about was a couple of burned up bastards in a tenement and a bunch of screwed up bills of lading. By God, they'd talk out of the other side of their face if he ever spread that scrapbook out in front of them!

And those girls. Nine of them now. They'd all had their pictures in the papers. Every one of them. But he had not. He was responsible for all the attention they'd had. Millions of people had looked at their pictures, read about them. And what had it got him? Nothing. If other people didn't know you were responsible, it didn't mean a thing.

He took off his glasses and wiped them, and then he went back out to the main office. He went over to Lois, breathing heavily, conscious of the sweat that crawled along his ribs and the insides of his arms.

Lois glanced up at him and smiled. "I'm real busy, Charlie . . ."

Charlie nodded. "I know. But I got to thinking." The inside of his mouth felt drawn and dry. "What kind of a guy do you figure he was?"

She frowned. "Who, Charlie?"

"That guy in Washington," he said tightly. "The one that killed that little girl. What kind of a guy do you figure he was?"

"How would I know?" she said. "For heaven's sake, Charlie . . . Can't you see I'm busy?"

"But not too busy to talk about that fire," Charlie said. "You weren't too busy to talk about that, Lois."

Her eyes widened. "Charlie! What's wrong with you?" He turned his back on her and strode toward the street door. There was only one thing to do now, he knew.

He hailed the first taxi that cruised past him and gave the driver the number of his rooming house.

When Charlie got back to Morton's, he was more excited than he had ever been before. Everything was going to be different now. No one in the history of the country had ever done what he had. He had read hundreds of cases, but nobody before had even come close to him. His name would go down for all time. And not after he was dead, either. Not after he couldn't enjoy it.

He went straight to Lois Anderson's desk and slammed the big scrapbook down in front of her. She glanced at it, and then looked up at him, puzzled. "Charlie, what—"

"It was me," Charlie said. "I killed them. I killed every damn one of them!" He knew he was shouting now, and didn't care.

He looked about him. Every face in the room was turned toward him.

"Come here, you bastards!" Charlie yelled. "Come here and look at this!" ♦

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Armed Forces

(continued from page 13)



He tried to go through with the act, but his whole inner self vibrated with repulsion. He simply could not arouse himself, and remained impotent. Panicky, he pushed the prostitute away from him.

Flinging a few pesos at her, he left as virginal as when he'd entered the crib. But when he rejoined the other GI's, he put on a big act, pretending to have enjoyed the whore's favors.

Army doctors, according to Dr. Robert Mines, chief psychologist at State Hospital, Raleigh, N. C., estimate that approximately 15 per cent of all recruits suffer from some form of temporary impotency in their first year of service. One reason for this is the "toughening-up" process to which recruits are subjected, making them fearful they aren't masculine enough to measure up to what's required of them.

Impotence strikes, according to Dr. Douglas Thom, Boston psychiatrist and Army medical consultant, "when a fellow has begun to doubt his ability to match the 'maleness' of other men. And it isn't surprising, because a man's sex ability is, after all, the very core of his masculinity."

Despite the inevitable obstacles, our Armed Forces do everything they can to discourage attempts at immorality. For example, they permit married NCO's and officers to live off the post with their wives, who are also encouraged to join them overseas. And as far as is within their power, they try to urge single GI's to live morally.

The Army takes a firm stand during the first four weeks of a draftee's training period. They run him so ragged that he barely has strength enough left to get his clothes off at night. And he is restricted to the company area. On week-ends there are special details—K.P., guard duty. He doesn't get "Class A" passes—good any time he's off duty or not on maneuvers—until he's assigned to his permanent base.

Often, too, the nearest females are discouragingly far away — 70 miles or further. Connections and road conditions are frequently poor. The result is that even when a draftee gets a week-end off, often he doesn't bother to leave the base.

Charlie L — at 19, was no innocent when they handed him a uniform. He'd had intimate relations with three different girls, but he was eager to increase his batting average. That was one reason why he didn't really mind getting away from home. He had lustful visions of what the Army would do for him.

AT FORT BENNING, GA., he made a dismaying discovery. With about 30,000 men stationed there, and nearby Columbus having no more than 75,000 people, there were three males competing for dates with every available female. To keep GI's from total female starvation, Army Special Services had to arrange dances at Fort Benning's service clubs. They also arranged supervised picnic and swimming trips.

In Columbus itself, the YMCA, YWCA and USO held regular social affairs, recruiting the cooperation of girls from beyond city limits. But at all these affairs, both on and off the post, there was always a girl shortage.

"Hell," Charlie wrote candidly to his best friend, "it's not only impossible to get a girl in bed, but you practically have to be a Casanova to rate a damn kiss. Man, I made out a hell of a lot better when I was back home!"

On the other hand, there are always GI's who can score with females of elastic morals, despite the competition. Typical is Ben Y — a ladies' man before he was drafted at age 18. Stationed near Atlanta, Ben became friendly with a GI who had attended Georgia Tech and who'd lived in Atlanta a number of years. Through him Ben met a variety of dates — college girls, nurses, airline hostesses, car-hops, etc.

Where Charlie struck out constantly, Ben enjoyed intimate favors in girls' apartments during many a week-end pass. He didn't credit the uniform. His contact helped immeasurably.

The Army leaves no stone unturned to make GI's aware of the dangers of syphilis and gonorrhea, through lectures and training films. One soldier, in the Army six months, told me, "I saw one of them films about VD. I'm as normal as the next guy. But for months after I saw that film, I wouldn't touch any women with a 10-foot pole!"

However, the Army is also too realistic to expect VD warnings to keep most GI's chaste. They therefore urge, "If you can't be good, at least be pro (prophylactic)!" They warn that if a GI fails to use a pro kit, he *must* report for medical treatment immediately after exposure. Failure to do so, and the incurrence of VD, may subject him to company punishment.

THE RISK of VD is no false alarm. Not long ago a young GI from Georgia was found to have syphilis. When the Army traced back his sex contacts, they found he was just one link in the chain of a 68-case epidemic in West Point, Ga.

"If this could happen to us in a six-week period of time in a small community in Georgia," admitted Dr. E. D. Bowdoin, of the Georgia Health Department, "it is happening in other parts of Georgia to a greater or lesser extent."

VD warnings have their greatest effect upon young boys just entering the Army, many of whom are secretly frightened of sexual encounters. They are also soberly heeded by many married servicemen, who have no wish to bring home any unpleasant disease to the wives they left behind.

Physical need is only part of the drive that sends some uniformed men searching for sex experience. Often an even more urgent drive is loneliness. Away from home — often for the first time in his life — a GI feels the need of a warm, intimate substitute for the family life he has left behind. He wants a girl to make him feel wanted, special and comfortable.

A University of Wisconsin survey reveals this as first among the causes of immorality in the Armed Forces. The GI may try to meet a nice girl, but too frequently his attempts are coldly rebuffed. Angry and frustrated, he understandably turns to the kind of women who do welcome his interest.

Some GI's seek sex experience largely out of anxiety to prove to other men in their platoon that they are "regular." This may drive them to go along with whatever seems to be the popular thing to do. For many of these youngsters, sex and liquor are regarded as "tests of manhood."

Ironically, an important influence in maintaining the draftee's moral behavior most of the time is the size of his pay. Even if he draws all of his monthly salary, with nothing set aside for bonds or allotments, he has little left — after beers, PX supplies, haircuts, etc. — to pay for high-priced sexual favors.

The average GI is constantly broke and in debt on \$78 a month. If he does seek intercourse with women, most of this activity is limited to the first week or two after pay day. By the fourth week, unless he can borrow from some better-heeled buddy, he can't even afford to buy a girl a few beers.

IF HE's still determined to make out, he may seek amateur talent. On a 48-hour pass or furlough, he may head for towns with taverns frequented by chippies willing to exchange bed privileges for sandwiches, drinks, jukebox dancing and "a good time." These chippies may be teens out for kicks, or older "lady bums" disgusted with their husbands. The evening ends in the back seat of a car, a cheap hotel room or tourist cabin, or on a nearby beach or woodlot.

Officers and upper-bracket non-coms don't have this same financial problem. Many of them are also able to afford cars, increasing the range of their hunting province. They have a wider choice of towns and women, with less competition.

Even when officers are married, they have a greater margin for straying. The frequency of TDY (temporary duty) provides the ingredients for infidelity — strange environs, loneliness and boredom. The officer on TDY, like the businessman away at a convention, is often susceptible to a B & B (bar and broad.)

Officers and non-coms stationed on a post have an opportunity to get acquainted with girls in surrounding towns. They often seek the most economical and convenient solution of their sex problems — a working girl with an apartment of her own. This kind of "shack-up job" is not only inexpensive and always available, but also poses less risk of VD.

Some servicemen who seek relief in tawdry episodes prefer to pay for it. They feel that being on a pass doesn't give them sufficient time to romance a date into surrender. They frequently complain that they may spend more money on a date than on a whore, only to find out at the end of the evening the date is a tease.

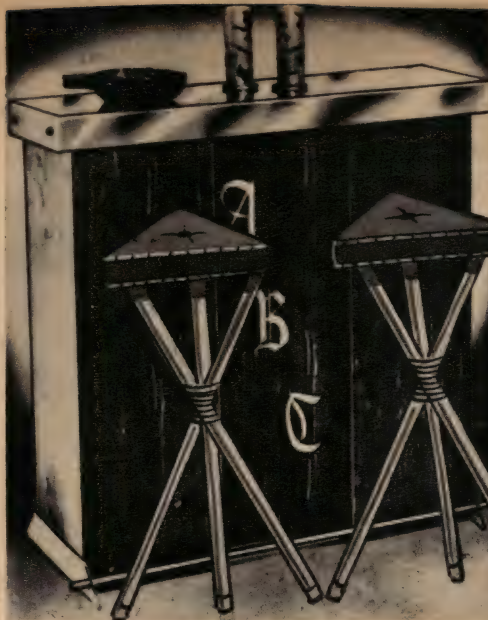
The Armed Forces can't do too much about the young male who fornicated before he put on a uniform, and who insists upon continuing the pattern as a GI. Military authorities are more concerned with protecting inexperienced 19-year-olds like Fred M—, of Dayton, Ohio.

On his first pass, Fred went along with four other GIs for "a few beers and a little fun." Back home he'd never even gone to a bar. Now he followed the others into a garish dive in a nearby town. The beer soon made his head spin. He was excited and impressed when some B-girls joined them.

One girl noticed that his wallet was padded. She suggested they slip out across the street to a hotel room. Fred hardly knew what to say. He would have admitted to Communism sooner than to virginity. And he wanted to stay chaste for a girl back home he hoped to marry.

But the other GIs whooped and urged him on. Fred went with the girl. His sexual initiation was a sloppy, highly distasteful affair. He felt depressed when he woke up alone in the room, with a stale taste in his mouth and a throbbing head.

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stairs to have breakfast that he found all the money in his wallet gone. However, the B-girl had given him something in exchange. He learned, a few weeks later, that he had a bad case of "clap."

Military authorities do everything in their power to keep young and inexperienced GI's from being taken this way. Most training camps offer a program of character guidance, designed to strengthen the GI's moral convictions. Key figures in this program are the Armed Forces' chaplains.

But few realists expect to control the powerful sex drive of the late teens by ethics alone. The most that can logically be hoped for is that the male in uniform will be content most of the time with self-relief. Or that he will limit his sexual encounters and be as careful as possible.

No one knows better than the Armed Forces that opportunity provokes temptation. They wage a constant war against the dives and sordid districts which represent a threat to the GI's physical and moral health. In this they're helped by the American Social Hygiene Association. Donald A. Clarke, western regional director, explains the program this way:

"At an age when sexual drives are urgent, and deprived of many of the normal social contacts and emotional outlets available to him as a civilian, the youthful serviceman needs a new kind of support if he is not to be exposed to such hazards as prostitution and VD. This help and support are given to him by the Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Boards."

EACH BRANCH OF the Armed Forces — Army, Navy, Marines and Air Force — is expected to crack down on whoring in towns near military posts and in favorite furlough spots. Their legal authority is the May Act, which Congress passed to prohibit prostitution in the vicinity of Army camps and Navy bases.

If a commanding officer's troops show a high rate of VD, he is called on the carpet and charged with "inefficiency." Officers and non-coms who set a flagrantly bad example may find themselves dishonorably discharged. Any GI who contracts VD may be confined to his unit area for up to three months. And GI's with bad records may be denied passes.

Last year the American Social Hygiene Association investigated 125 communities, most of them popular with servicemen, at the request of the military. The ASHA found that in 38 towns, prostitutes were available in hotels, and as bar pickups.

These 38 hot spots were reported to the Armed Forces Disciplinary Control Board in each area. Letters of warning were sent to proprietors fingered by the ASHA. Failure to clean up meant having their places declared off limits to military personnel. This kick in the cash register was enough of a threat, in most cases, to get the hustlers thrown out.

When the heat is on, many towns agree to cooperate. For a while they become so pure that any girl who so much as swings a handbag is liable to be chased off the streets or arrested. Bellhops, barkeeps and cabbies stare blankly when asked about women. And the bars cater to an exclusively male clientele.

By getting tough in this manner, the Armed Forces have helped clean up Indianapolis, Norfolk, San Antonio, Shreveport, Birmingham, Memphis, Salinas (Cal.) and many other cities.

Often, however, when a town is no longer under scrutiny, the sexpots are permitted to drift back quietly as soloists and bagnio teams. The proper civilian palms are greased. And many GI's return to their former haunts of paid ecstasy.

The ASHA frequently laments that it dry-cleans a city spotlessly, only to return a year later and find it once more overflowing with an abundance of soiled ladies.

Galveston, Texas, is a notorious example. Site of a U.S. Naval station, 40 miles from Ellington Air Force Base, it has been cleaned up innumerable times. Its red light district operates on and off, depending on which mayor is elected. "I personally do not approve of sin," declared one Galveston mayor, Herbert Cartwright, "but regulation of such things is better than having them behind closed doors."

WHEN GALVESTON is wide open, sex becomes available around the clock in 42 brothels in the heart of town. Girls sit in the windows for inspection, calling out prices and describing their sexual specialties. At last report, Galveston's red light district has once again been declared off limits to GI's.

In Boston, the ASHA found prostitutes openly plying their trade in 25 bars, cafes and hotels. Armed Services police testified in the Senate that 1,308 teen-age girls had been counted in bars and nightclubs in a four-month period. Commander Walter J. Buckley, U.S. Navy Director of Disciplinary Control Board, First Naval District, revealed that most girls in these gin mills were between 13 and 18, and were frequently plastered.

Boston's own vice squad pleaded that their hands were tied by an old Massachusetts morals law, dating back 260 years, which prohibits the arrest of whores until police have first kept them under surveillance for three months. "This has made Boston a haven," admitted Police Commissioner Leo F. Sullivan, "for professional vice girls, married women and high school students engaging in part-time prostitution."

Admiral Richard Espee, commandant of the First Naval District, promptly put 16 offending night spots off limits.

One of the most difficult vice areas to clean up on the West Coast is Watsonville, California, which attracts servicemen from Fort Ord, 25 miles away, and also from Moffett Field. Bartenders ignore a State law which makes it illegal to serve liquor to anyone under 21. Crooked gambling joints clip GI's, get them drunk, and send them upstairs with sexpots who charge whatever money they have left.

A fleet of hacks bring taxiloads of GI's from Fort Ord to Watsonville for \$2 a head. When the soldiers get pie-eyed and sexually appeased, they are jammed back into the cabs and returned to camp for another \$2. Often, however, they don't have a red cent left when Watsonville's clip joints and vice vixens get through with them. Many GI's who get too blotto on pay-day night wind up in an alley, beaten and robbed.

Lt. Colonel Ralph Saenz, Fort Ord Provost Marshal, was asked what it would take to scrub Watsonville pure of its sins.

"Clean up Watsonville?" he sighed. "We would have to put an MP patch on every trainee in the 6th Division!"

The 4th Army did an outstanding job of cleaning up a 600,000 acre area in which it planned to hold maneuvers for 150,000 ground troops and airmen. When news of Exercise Sagebrush was released, madams and pimps began hauling trailers into the area, and renting out barns and houses. But Colonel Harold L. Taylor, 4th Army Provost Marshal, called upon the ASHA to "minesweep" the maneuvers area in advance of the troops.

The vice investigators exposed brothels, free-lance whores and pandering bellhops and cab drivers to local police chiefs,

sheriffs and state police. The heat was turned on. Central Louisiana was swept clean of the vice peddlers, who were even chased out of San Antonio, Houston and Galveston — temporarily.

For the six weeks of maneuvers, men of the 4th Army operated almost wholly free of sex and disease traps. Lieutenant General J. H. Collier, commanding, praised the ASHA for "outstanding accomplishments in the minimization of vice conditions."

BUT NO MATTER how hard the Armed Forces try to blitz commercial vice, the situation is often beyond military control. How can they, for example, put a padlock on Washington, D.C.?

The city is a prime sex target for servicemen from Army camps around it, from the Marine base at Quantico, Va., and the Naval base at Anacostia. Reason: thousands of man-hungry government gals, many of whom have their own apartments.

Women are always available at the hundreds of after-hour clubs which dot the capital. Some of these clubs are upper-class bistros. Some are dives of the worst kind, reeking of cheap perfume and disinfectant, with blaring jazz. GI's are encouraged to have "close-order" sex on the tiny, dark dance floors.

Here is how the U.S. Senate hearing on delinquency reported displeasure of the Armed Forces at Washington's moral laxity:

"These officers testified to widespread drinking by young persons — in some cases 14 or 15 — in various public places in the District of Columbia; to drinking by youths in public dance halls in full view of all the other patrons; and to the existence on a wide scale of a scheme designed to defraud young servicemen under the guise of procuring prostitutes for them. Some of these servicemen were as young as 17."

It's difficult for the military to control any area in which waitresses, barmaids, stenographers and switchboard operators work as part-time bed partners, using cab drivers as panderers. In Gulfport, Miss., a serviceman who wants a woman can often hail a cab, ask the "right" question, and have the driver pick up a woman. They drive out to the country. The cabby parks his car in the woods and goes for a short stroll while the woman earns \$10 in the rear seat. Meanwhile, the meter keeps ticking.

There are no bars or brothels in the small town of Sumter, S. C., near Shaw Air Force Base. But around pay day, itinerant whores check in at one of the cheaper hotels, and peddle their wares through bellhops. If an Air Force man can't contain himself until then, he has to travel 35 miles to Florence, where there are a few houses charging \$10 a throw.

New Orleans, a wide-open sin spot for servicemen, has a shocking VD record. Rated "bad" by ASHA, it offers the man in uniform a choice of raw sexual entertainment. The notorious French Quarter, *Vieux Carre*, is loaded with obscene strip joints. The shows are often nothing more than thinly-disguised circuses, some of them appealing to homosexuals. Many bars have small rooms in the back where GI's can "talk" to floozies in private. Some bagnios offer girls who are under 13 and so depraved that they'll do anything for a price.

Fort Worth is another headache to the military brass. Some roadhouses and joints show GI's "stag shows" and pornographic films, which are to the sex business what pretzels are to bars. Afterwards they do a rush business renting rooms by the half-hour, with girls priced at \$5 to \$10.

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East St. Louis, a popular playground with soldiers from Jefferson Barracks and airmen from Scott Field, has many brothels. Some offer an inter-racial choice of prostitutes. The city also harbors a vast number of street hustlers, many of whom have venereal disease.

Oklahoma City pulls in servicemen from Tinker Field, the Air Materiel Command Base just outside the city. The cabaret entertainment is torrid, featuring such stunts as the "Dance of the Devil and the Virgin," during which one-half of a girl garbed as a devil seduces the other half, which is nude. The city also offers a five-block red-light district.

San Diego, main naval base on the West Coast, presents baffling problems of control. On Saturday night hundreds of girls from Laguna, Long Beach and Los Angeles come into San Diego searching for naval or marine romance. The busses which bring them are labeled "shack-up specials." Most of these girls are not professionals, but man-hungry females.

THE MAIN attraction of Fresno is the tough district known as Tulare, crowded with dives, nightclubs, bars, rooming houses and "hot-bed hotels." GI's on leave rub shoulders with Chinese, Mexicans, Japanese and Filipinos, all looking for the same relaxation. One joint offers lovely Chinese prostitutes who work as waitresses, secretaries and business girls by day.

San Bernardino, Calif., also welcomes servicemen with open naked arms. During World War II its chief customers were airmen from March Field, who patronized the floozies sitting on shack porches. When the VD rate got out of hand, the Air Force cracked down. The town's notorious D Street was placed off limits until town officials cleaned it up. But GI's can still get women by taking a cab to the outskirts of town, where harlots operate freely in converted trailers, dining cars and motels.

Oregon's Attorney General Robert Y. Thornton has his hands full fighting a

an angry cop, Police Chief Jack Erlich, and no longer rates as a GI trap.

Despite such sordid opportunities from coast to coast, a surprising number of young servicemen today lead a fairly humdrum sexual life while stationed on American soil. The reasons: Moral conviction; shyness; religious principles; fear of VD, and because the Armed Forces keep opportunity to a minimum.

FEW GI's find sexual opportunities with WAC's or WAVE's on military posts, despite a widespread belief to the contrary. There's much bawdy speculation about girls in uniform who become "PWOP" — Pregnant Without Permission. The truth is, only a small number of girls in uniform get into serious trouble. Those who do get a fast exit.

Brigadier General W. J. Scheyer, Assistant Director of Personnel, U.S. Marine Corps, declared, "We do not claim that all our women — or the women of any service — are angels. When you get that large a group together, you are bound to have some sour apples . . . We have occasionally collected some girls who were tramps. But we generally spot these in boot camp — and get rid of them!"

"We have had some immorality and our share of neurotics," agreed Major General C. I. Carpenter, Chief of Chaplains, U.S. Air Force. "But the percentage of such characters has been very small."

The main supply of immorality for soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines is still today what is always was — prostitutes. Despite every effort by the Armed Forces to put the professionals out of business, they collect hundreds of millions of dollars annually from servicemen.

Post commanders can't do the impossible. As Dr. Kinsey noted, a man's moral pattern is usually shaped by the end of his teen years. It remains with him through the balance of his life. When a boy of 18 or 19 enters the Armed Forces, he has generally decided for himself whether he wants to remain chaste until marriage or not. Often the most the Armed Forces can do is to make conditions as favorable for morality as possible.

Their record is better than the public imagines. According to the *American Journal of Sociology*, one study of 4,600 draftees between the age of 21 and 28 showed that as many as 20 per cent — one GI in five — remained completely chaste while in uniform. This is a rather remarkable achievement, considering that the Kinsey Report shows far fewer civilian males of that age bracket remaining chaste.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, noted author and Protestant minister, once declared that he found nothing surprising in the way young GI's sometimes yielded to sex temptations. What impressed him, he explained, was the surprising number of men in uniform who resist immoral adventures throughout their service.

One possible explanation is that much sex-hunting is done by the young male in an effort to prove his manhood. When he finds that he can measure up to rigorous Army service, he feels relieved of doubts about his masculinity. He loses some of the need to prove himself by a series of sexual conquests.

Operating on American territory, the Armed Forces can and do exercise extensive control over vice conditions around the nation's military posts. But what happens when servicemen are sent overseas? Next month's MAN'S MAGAZINE takes a frank look at the sex playgrounds which tempt the GI stationed in the European Theatre . . . and what the Armed Forces do to try to keep him out of serious trouble.

NEXT MONTH

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vice syndicate which shuttles prostitutes around Washington, Oregon and northern California. Until not too long ago, Tacoma was known as the "vice capital of the Northwest." GI's from nearby Fort Lewis were taken by crooked dice men, dishonest bartenders and diseased whores.

The floozies were set up in cheap tenement rooms, where they charged \$10 to \$20 for 15-minute sessions, with long lines of servicemen waiting outside. Good looking waitresses in bars and restaurants handed out propositions with menus. Pimps drove girls around in cars which they parked in vacant lots. Instead of back seats, the cars had mattresses on the floor.

Tacoma was pretty well cleaned up by

De Gaulle

(continued from page 26)



He bawled above the screaming violence of the battle, "Men, we have been out-flanked. We're under attack."

What remained of the 10th Company—38 *poilus* (GI's), three corporals, two sergeants and himself—surged out of the sheltering holes they had cut in the earthen walls of the muddy trench on the banks of the River Meuse.

To those few men and their new officer had fallen the task of defending at all costs the 100-yard-wide Douaumont spearhead, a salient that the might of Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm had for weeks been whittling down and thrusting back.

"Fix bayonets," ordered Capt. de Gaulle, ignoring the lead that whistled past his ears. "Douaumont must not fall!"

There was no time for more commands. Supported by an ear-splitting artillery barrage that effectively pinned down Allied troops in the rear of de Gaulle's shattered company, the Germans in French uniforms leaped screaming into 10th Company's trench.

For the next 10 minutes it was every man for himself. Rifles cracked. Bayonets flashed. There was neither sense nor order in the melee. Men wrestled in the mud of the trench floor; they grabbed for each other's throats and weapons while other soldiers leaped and lunged above them, trampling with heavy boots on the struggling torsos of friend and foe alike.

Then the first wave of attacking Germans lay dead or wounded in the mud, and 10th Company swallowed deeply of the cordite-fouled night air. The stench of death mingled sickeningly with that of urine and excreta, since the trenches of World War I did not often include such luxuries as latrines. But the battered and blasted men of 10th Company, 33rd Infantry Regiment, had come, in recent months, to take their crude surroundings for granted. For the fighting, fierce enough since the war had started 19 months before, in August of 1914, had reached a peak of unprecedented intensity here at Verdun.

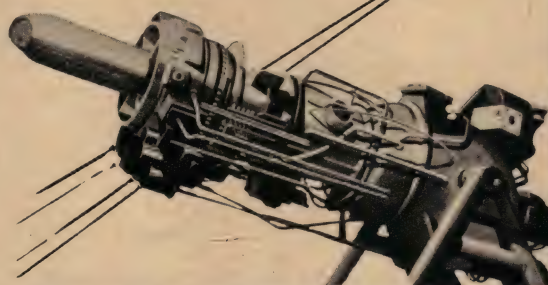
De Gaulle, already an acknowledged hero at 22, twice wounded and twice decorated, had been posted to 10th Company as soon as he was able to walk after recovery from chest wounds. The last of the company's officers had been killed the night before. But the advancing Germans, pressing irresistibly toward Paris from across the Meuse, would not give de Gaulle time to draw a quiet breath.

Peering through the flame and smoke-filled darkness of the bitter March night—it was 1916—de Gaulle saw a second assault wave sweeping toward his 100-yard-long sector. He took a quick count of heads; he now had 32 men left, including one corporal and one sergeant.

He snatched up a rifle from the trench floor and snapped a bayonet into place beside the muzzle. "We'll try to break out," he said, his eyes moving from

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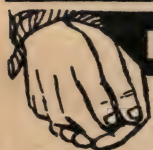
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one weary, grimy face to the next. "Fix bayonets and follow me!"

De Gaulle didn't wait to see who was behind him, but he had no need to fear. The valiant men of the 10th Company would have followed him into Hell without question.

His long legs pounding like giant pistons, he tore up the steps cut into the trench wall and, his rifle and bayonet probing ahead of him like a lance, he raced toward the advancing line of Germans. The men of 10th Company fanned out by instinct. Deployed in two parallel lines that swept back like a broad arrow on either side of de Gaulle, they defiantly yelled the battlecry that was to go down in history along with the name of Verdun—"Ils ne passeront pas!"—"They shall not pass!"

This sudden surge of fighting-mad Frenchmen stopped the advancing Germans cold. The Krauts gaped at the unexpected attack that had changed what promised to be an easy victory into a dangerous maneuver.

The German pause gave de Gaulle the advantage he craved. Before the enemy could recover from the surprise, the Frenchmen were upon them, bayonets lunging and rifle-butts flailing. Blows on Hun helmets rang out like gongs, bone fractured with nauseating crunches, cries of terror permeated over the other violent noises of the night.

But the French advantage could not last. Machine guns strategically placed behind the German infantrymen opened up with an angry clatter. Streams of bullets flew over the Germans' heads. The first line of Frenchmen, then the second, went down under the withering, close-range fire.

One round thumped into de Gaulle's left thigh, halting him in his tracks, spinning him twice around, then hurling him to the muddy ground, unconscious. For minutes more the battle lasted, then heavy boots clumped back and forth over the fallen officer.

When de Gaulle came to he was surprised to hear no sounds of war. His body ached and his eyes focused slowly on his surroundings—a white-sheeted bed in a white-walled room. A wicker cage raised the bedding in a hump over his left leg. With one wary hand he felt out the thick swath of bandages around his shattered thigh.

He raised his head and looked through a nearby window. It gave him a view of clapboard huts in small clusters, a veritable wall of barbed wire and a wooden tower, atop of which stood a man in field-gray uniform beside a heavy machine gun mounted on a tripod.

There was no longer any doubt where he was, and the young officer considered the fact with a bitterness he could taste. But his thoughts were confirmed nonetheless. A nurse in white uniform appeared at his side, watched him a moment out of expressionless eyes, then said:

"YOU HAVE been wounded and are a prisoner of war."

"Thank you," said de Gaulle in clipped tones. He did not look at the nurse. Instead, his eyes fixed on the rows of barbed wire. He was already planning his escape.

When the Germans failed once again to kill the gangling Charles Marie de Gaulle, in what Europe still calls the Great War, they did not realize that his survival would help bring about their ultimate downfall three decades later in World War II. For the Capt. de Gaulle of World War I was to become the leader and living symbol of Free Frenchmen in the second world war and, today, his country's president.

The lessons he learned in the first war—the indispensable value of the tank, survival in enemy-occupied territory—were to be paid for dearly by the Germans in the second.

A son of good family, though neither wealthy nor distinguished, de Gaulle chose an army career and was graduated from St. Cyr (France's West Point) as a cum laude cadet. So impressive were his grades that he was granted the honor of choosing the regiment with which he would serve. He chose the 33rd Infantry because he hero-worshiped its commander, Philippe Pétain.

Ironically, this same Pétain, destined to be written into French history after World War I as the hero of Verdun, and who thrice decorated de Gaulle for exceptional bravery, would, in World War II, be the man to surrender France to Hitler's *Wehrmacht*, become a puppet chief of state and sentence de Gaulle to death in *absentia* for "betraying France by fleeing to England" to continue the war against the Nazis.

De Gaulle was 20 when France declared war on the Kaiser's Germany in August, 1914. On the 15th of that month he received his baptism of fire as a second lieutenant in the 33rd Regiment of the 2nd Infantry Division at Dinant, on the Belgian Heuse.

He himself described the vicious battle for Dinant:

"The bullets are less cruel than the shells but frightening because they wound and kill in silence. And then you are running, heart pounding, across the harvested fields of August. Suddenly, the enemy fire is in range, concentrated. From second to second, the hail of bullets and the thunder of artillery increase. Those who survive lay on the ground, mingled with the screaming wounded and the fallen cadavers.

"AN AFFECTED calm is portrayed by the officers . . . Bayonets are fixed on rifles by some obstinate sections, bugles sound the charge, a few isolated heroes make superhuman leaps and bounds. But it achieves nothing. In one blink of an eye it appears that all the virtue in the world is as nothing against the enemy fire."

Typically, de Gaulle did not mention that he himself was one of the cavorting heroes, making superhuman leaps with a fixed bayonet. And in the Dinant battle, when the German onslaught still appeared inexorable, he collected his first wound and his first citation.

The next year, already a captain, he was to live through another epic battle, for Mesnil-les-Hurlus in the Champagne district of France. By then, France alone had 1,350,000 men killed, wounded and captured. De Gaulle's own 33rd had been decimated and he had returned to action months earlier with his wound barely healed.

Poilus who fought under him recall the austere, gawky young captain who, morning after morning, emerged from his hole in the wall in some muddy, stinking trench, freshly shaved and wearing spotless white gloves. They recall, too, that despite his aloofness, he knew the military history of every man in his command—and that courage was not his only quality as an officer.

At Mesnil-les-Hurlus he was wounded—and decorated—a second time, minutes before his company was relieved. In the hospital, he wrote the first of the military commentaries that were to become text books for World War II. He railed bitterly against the trench type of warfare in which Frenchmen on the defensive sat waiting for attack—"immense and valiant

armies eating themselves up without moving."

In 1916, citing him for the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his attempt to hold the apex of the Verdun salient, Pétain wrote: "... when his company, subject to a terrifying bombardment, was decimated and surrounded, (Capt. de Gaulle) mounted his men in a furious assault and a ferocious hand-to-hand battle, the only solution that he felt was compatible with his feelings about military honor."

Now, a prisoner of war in a hospital bed with a slowly-healing, shattered thigh, de Gaulle's sense of military honor dictated that he should escape at the earliest moment to rejoin his country's beleaguered army.

As soon as he was able to hobble around the officers' section of the Freiberg camp, not far from Baden in the Black Forest of Western Germany, he wanted to make his move. The French, English and Australian officers with whom he shared a hut urged him to wait.

"You must get far on that leg," one of them warned.

"But I can walk," retorted de Gaulle. "That's all I need."

His bunk-mates, while leary of his chances, were willing to help. One of them drew him a map of the area and the best route toward France on a scrap of wrapping paper from a Red Cross parcel. Another gave him a precious pair of wire cutters. A third provided hard tack for his journey. All wished him luck.

De Gaulle waited for the first moonless night. At 1 A.M. he slid silently out of the hut, with the excuse that he was going to the latrine, and moved swiftly through the blackness toward a point in the surrounding barbed wire which he had marked as poorly observed from the watchtowers. Two revolving searchlights swept the camp area constantly but de Gaulle had timed their intervals.

He counted the seconds as he advanced toward the perimeter, diving for cover each time one of the beams flashed by. Within minutes he was at the wire.

Now he had to work fast. He was exposed to the searchlights here; there was no cover to dive into. Flat on his back, in approved infantry fashion, he tackled the prickly strands of wire with the shears. Despite the coldness of the night, sweat streamed down his face and neck as he worked and his heart pounded like a bass-drum obligato.

There were five fences of tangled, rusty wire to snip. As he cleared a way through each one, he eased forward on his back until his head touched the next. Then he reached back with his arms and cut the bottom strands to make room for his long frame to slip through.

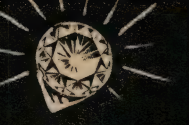
Four times de Gaulle lay trembling as the passing searchlight beams flung him into stark relief against the black, muddy ground. Each time, the light passed on, plunging him back into darkness again. And there was no alarm.

Finally he cut clear. He crawled through the last fence of barbed wire, rose painfully to one knee, crouched in a race-start posture and waited for the next swing of the light. When the beam passed on he dived across a clearing toward the nearest forest fringe. Soon he was among the trees, and he paused in their welcome cover to catch his breath and rest his leg—the pain now acute.

Through the canopy of tree branches he could dimly make out the black sky but could see no stars. However, he knew he had left the camp on its eastern side and had to circle the entire compound to head



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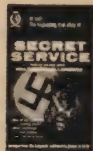
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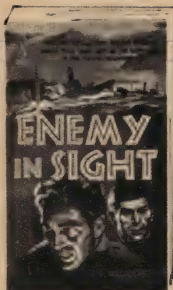
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in the direction of France. As soon as he could move again, his leg throbbing madly, he started off through the forest.

He had completed half of the circuit when the night was torn by the wailing of sirens. His departure from the camp already detected, patrols would be out imminently. He was already on the run.

Continuing to limp forward, de Gaulle considered his next move. Should he press on, slow as he was? Or should he try to hide until the hue and cry died down?

He decided on the latter course, counting on the darkness of night and the forest to help him. He realized he could not move fast enough to evade recapture and any slight unintentional noise, such as the snapping of a branch underfoot, would quickly give away his position to the German patrols.

Luck seemed to be with him. He came upon a clump of bushes so dense that he had to fight his way through to its heart. Smack in the center was a root-cluttered hole big enough for him to curl up and hide. He doubted if even the patrol's flashlights would penetrate the thick foliage, which he carefully restored to place as soon as he lay in his foxhole.

But de Gaulle had reckoned without dogs. Each of the three patrols hunting the escaped officer was led by two trained German Shepherds, who followed the fresh scent that led from de Gaulle's bunk to his hideout. Trembling with fury and frustration, he learned the truth as the first of the dogs approached, sniffing loudly. With the dogs came the scuffle of boots and the growl of voices.

When a flashlight beam swung directly at his clump of bushes, de Gaulle, though boiling with anger, was no longer surprised.

"Heraus, mit Hande hoch! Out, with your hands up!" barked a voice.

DE GAULLE characteristically toyed for a few moments with the idea of letting himself be killed rather than taken prisoner again. But he discarded it as of no help to his country. Painfully, he wrestled his way back through the tangled undergrowth. He was immediately surrounded by a platoon of troops in field gray, and by two giant dogs, leaping at the end of long chain leashes.

His prison garb torn and his hands and face scratched and grimy, de Gaulle stood stiffly erect and silent. The sergeant of the patrol stepped in front of him and clouted him across the face with the back of a gloved hand.

"Französischer Schwein!" roared the sergeant.

"I am an officer and insist that you treat me as one," said de Gaulle, staring haughtily into space above the head of the sergeant.

"You are a French pig," the German sergeant repeated. "March! Back to camp. You will pay for this."

With a bayonet point prodding at the small of his back and the dogs leaping at him from both sides, de Gaulle was taken back to the PW camp. His leg was now throbbing too much to set on the ground, but his pride would not permit him to show pain. Biting his lower lip till the blood spouted, he walked on stiffly, his head high, his arms swinging militarily at his sides.

He paid for his escape attempt with a tongue-lashing from the camp commandant plus three weeks on bread and water in solitary confinement. Eventually, he was returned to a hut, but with a different group of officers. Typically, he at once began making fresh plans for escape.

Three months passed before he had another opportunity. This time he conceived a more detailed, more daring plan. His thigh fully healed now, he considered his chances excellent.

The new hut was closer to the camp's barbed-wire perimeter than the other had been, and blessed with a loose floorboard beneath a corner bed. At night, while sentries patrolled the compound and searchlights flashed from the guarded watchtowers, de Gaulle and his fellow prisoners labored.

The operation was elaborately planned. Each night, as soon as the camp had settled down after evening roll call, four of the officers in the hut were detailed to snore like 12 men. Meanwhile, the other eight, including de Gaulle, moved aside the bed that stood over the loose floorboard.

With one floorboard weakened as a start, it had been no trouble to ease out four more. Beneath the hut floor was a space several inches deep, and under that, the soft Black Forest earth. Using bare hands, a plate and a mess-tin, the officers worked in shifts to tunnel their way toward the camp perimeter. The earth they hewed out of the tunnel was packed into the space under the hut. As they progressed, they found lumps of rock and stone with which they shored up the tunnel roof and walls.

Many weeks of back-breaking toil went into the escape tunnel. Finally, toward the middle of October, the prisoners estimated that they had dug to just beyond the wire fence. Now it was a matter of selecting a night, squeezing to the end of the tunnel, breaking through to the surface and bolting for the woods. The two officers who planned to join de Gaulle in his escape—both English—agreed that, once outside the camp, all three would split up to evade recapture.

"I don't believe," de Gaulle told his bunk-mates one day, "that I could get far in this prison garb. I think I'll try to get a German uniform."

"How?" someone asked.
"We'll see," said de Gaulle, who had no idea yet.

For the next few days he watched the movements of the camp sentries through the barred window of his hut. A plan formed in his mind.

Since his previous escape bid prisoners were no longer permitted to use the outside latrine at night. Each hut was now equipped with a bucket and the door was bolted after roll call.

De Gaulle, however, had worked out a daring scheme to take care of this contingency. He had observed that the hut door did not fit well in its frame, even though the bolt was heavy and the door itself made of thick wood. During the waiting weeks he had managed to get his hands on a length of stout wire, into one end of which he fashioned a loop. The wire was kept hidden beneath the loose floorboards.

ON THE selected night, he stood tensely by the door while other officers peered cautiously through darkened windows to warn him of the approach of a guard. When the coast was clear, de Gaulle slid his wire hook through the gap between the door and the jamb and worked it around until it had a purchase on the bolt. Holding his breath, he pulled on the wire. It slipped off. He started in again.

Five times he tried. Once the hook slipped off the bolt with a clatter that sounded loud enough to alert the entire camp. Another time it made a grating noise seconds before a guard passed.

"Give it up," urged one of the other officers. "For God's sake, leave it alone. You'll wreck the whole show."

"It'll work," insisted de Gaulle with a display of the obstinacy that was to become world famous 25 years later.

It did work. At the sixth try, the sturdy bolt slid back with a thud. The officers in de Gaulle's hut froze. With a tremulous sigh, the lanky Frenchman pushed the door gently open, eased through, closed and bolted it again and glided into the dark shadows beside the hut. There he waited, the wire he had used on the bolt dangling from his hand.

Seconds passed. The clump of the guard's boots, patrolling the huts, came closer. De Gaulle knew he would come past the door of his own hut, then round the corner where he lurked. He held his breath and stood ready, timing the guard's paces.

For a split second, the guard was silhouetted beside the end of the hut. De Gaulle moved, holding the wire in both his strong hands. He encircled the guard's throat, with the wire tightened before the guard could shout, dragged him down, and squeezed the last breath of life from his terrified body. So often had this moment been rehearsed in de Gaulle's mind that he pulled the trick off almost without a sound.

He paused a second or two. Perhaps he had alerted the other guards? Then, satisfied he hadn't, he unbolted the door of the hut, dragged the German's body inside, and breathlessly slid the bolt home again. Bolting the door was simpler than opening it for he could hitch his wire hook to the knob before closing the door.

INSIDE THE dark hut he permitted the shadow of a smile to flit across his long solemn face.

"Success," he declared.

There was respectful silence as de Gaulle stripped off the dead man's *Wehrmacht* uniform, removed his prison togs and put on the thick field gray tunic and slacks. He retained his own shoes and hitched the dead man's steel helmet to the leather uniform belt. Lastly, he examined the German's rifle, made sure it was loaded, and stood up.

Ringed around him was a hedge of grinning faces. De Gaulle, not without a sense of humor despite popular belief, was obliged to smile, too. The uniform he had gone to so much trouble to acquire was hardly a fashion-plate item — on him at least. He had forgotten that, at 6-foot-4, he was not easy to fit. The arms of the tunic came barely below his elbows and the pants left both his ankles uncovered.

"It will have to do," he said. "At least I don't look like a prisoner of war."

"I wonder," said one of the British officers.

No matter. It was too late to do anything about it now. They had to get going before the dead guard would be missed. The corner bed was pulled aside and the escaping officers crawled, one by one, into the crude tunnel. De Gaulle, who had elected to go last for the purpose, dragged the dead German and his own prison clothes down with him to give them both an impromptu burial. As soon as he disappeared, the remaining officers replaced the floorboards and the bed.

The tunnel was dank, dark and airless. But the officers snaked through it at a relatively fast clip. The lead escapee, supplied with an enamel dish, had the chore of breaking through the layer of earth that kept them bottled up. The soft earth did not require too much digging effort in normal circumstances. But it was a back-breaking task lying prone in a

tunnel barely wide enough for a man to slide through, and with the oxygen supply dwindling rapidly.

Finally, the last dishful of earth was displaced and the cold night air rushed in. Exercising extreme caution, the first officer raised his head and peered out. The night was black, but he could see they were more than 20 yards beyond the outer barbed-wire barrier. From here it was a 100-yard dash to the edge of the forest. Judging the propitious moment, the first officer squeezed out and vanished. The next, allowing time for his predecessor to reach the trees, followed.

When de Gaulle's turn came, he eased himself to the surface, then paused to fill in the end of the tunnel. He hoped it would deter detection long enough to give the escapees time to put a few miles between themselves and the camp. Then he dashed across the clearing to the forest and strode briskly among the trees.

THIS TIME he could march normally, and his long legs helped him considerably as they ate up ground. Throughout the dark hours he pressed on, heading westward toward the French frontier and the battle zone.

As dawn began to tint the sky, he was some 12 miles west of the camp and still in the Black Forest. The trees and undergrowth dense here, he decided that, if he were cautious, he could continue to move in daylight, too. He soon learned, however, that he was wrong.

By 9 A.M., he was inching carefully toward the edge of a clearing where he could see a small house. Hungry, he decided this might be a good place to steal breakfast. But the owner of the house, a trained forrester, was already outside, seeking a hare so his wife could casserole a dish of *hasenpfeffer*. His sharp eyes picked out the strange figure in the ridiculously small German uniform before de Gaulle heard the first scuff of feet nearby. De Gaulle swung about toward the noise but was too late.

The forrester, a master-sergeant in the *Volkssturm* (home guard), had him covered with an ugly-looking twin-barrel shotgun before de Gaulle could unhitch the rifle from his shoulder.

"Papers!" snapped the forrester.

De Gaulle, who realized that his limited German would not fool this man for an instant, grabbed for the rifle slung on the man's shoulder. But again the forrester was too fast for him. Perceiving the stranger's intention he swung his shotgun club-fashion, landing the butt with stunning force on the side of de Gaulle's head.

The gawky officer hit the floor of the clearing with a thud, out cold. When he came to, he was trussed like a turkey outside the forrester's house and a *Wehrmacht* corporal and two men had just arrived from the prison camp to pick him up.

The only satisfaction de Gaulle had was in learning that his companions in the escape had succeeded and probably were soon to join the Allied armies at the front.

He himself was given 60 days of solitary confinement on bread and water and obliged to suffer a daily beating from his guards. However, he had cause to be grateful: The guard he'd killed had not been found in his burial place under the hut at Freiberg, but had been declared a deserter. Otherwise, de Gaulle would have been executed.

When his sentence had been served, he was led before the camp commandant. "So," sneered the bald-headed colonel, "you are the troublesome Frenchman who does not appreciate German hospitality.

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Well, Captain, you have made your last escape attempt. Tomorrow you are being taken to Fort IX at Ingoldstat. That is a special camp for troublemakers like you . . . Try and escape from there!"

SHORTLY AFTER, de Gaulle was packed into a railroad freight car with other prisoners and sent to Ingoldstat, in mid-Bavaria. He had heard of Fort IX, a medieval fortress with 12-foot-thick walls and tiny, iron-doored cells. It was not merely a prisoner of war camp, but what the Germans called a special punishment camp, where prisoners were treated as convicts and sentenced to hard labor.

But de Gaulle was to learn other things about Fort IX. Used as a detention area for "difficult" prisoners, especially for officers and men who had made prior escape attempts, it had taken on an international character of its own. It held so many escape artists among its prisoner population that it was known among the PW's as "The Escape Club." Despite its distinguished clientele, no one had succeeded in breaking out of Fort IX; it was considered impregnable.

De Gaulle arrived in his own French officer's uniform in the middle of a sunny fall morning. As he passed through the enormous fortress door into the inner courtyard, several hundred prisoners were loitering under guard, taking their daily "exercise." At once the cry of welcome went up:

"Here's a new one. A Frenchie."

The old Fort IX hands quickly left their corners to give the newcomer the camp's traditional welcome cheer. Angry guards bustled about, prodding with their guns, trying to restore order.

But in the brief melee, some of the prisoners edged near enough to de Gaulle to say: "Got anything to hide? Pass it over. They search you with a fine comb here."

The sentries, their voice drowned out by the prisoners' defiant racket, started using their rifles brutally as clubs. A captain marched up to one group and ordered the prisoners to salute him. The prisoners

ignored the order, shouted back: "To Verdun! To Verdun!"

De Gaulle looked sharply over at the group and at once recognized some of his men from the old 33rd Regiment. He waved to them and called out the traditional *poilu* war-cry: "*On les aura!*" (We'll get 'em!)

The captain swung toward de Gaulle with his Mauser gripped in a tense right hand. The German's face was taut with anger.

"Silence, French swine!" he snarled.

De Gaulle eyed the officer with cool contempt from his lofty height and repeated quietly, though loudly enough for the *hauptman* to hear: "*On les aura!*"

The German hesitated, then put his revolver away. De Gaulle, elated by the spirit in this tough camp, was marched off, booked in, and assigned to a hut in the fortress grounds. There were too many prisoners, he learned, for the number of available cells.

ON HIS third morning at Fort IX, de Gaulle was taken before the commandant, a young colonel.

"I have your record here," said the colonel, pointing to a file cover on his desk. "And I want to warn you, Capt. de Gaulle, there are no heroes in my prison camp. Do you understand? No heroes. You have already made two attempts to escape. No one has ever escaped from Fort IX. It is impossible. Do not even try."

De Gaulle, silent as usual, waited to be taken back to his hut. The colonel's warning had come too late—not that it would have been heeded anyway—for de Gaulle was already planning a break. One of his hut companions was a man named Roland Garros who apparently unknown to the Germans, had been a French Houdini before the war. There was no trick in the book that he did not know. Garros had been at work for months on an escape plan and he was delighted to have the company of the tall young French officer.

Unfortunately, Ingoldstat—built above

the Danube's banks in the Bavarian Alps—has a foundation of solid rock. But Garros had discovered that the rocks are seamed with earth-filled crevices that meander tortuously down to the river. Gouging a way through would prove a slow and arduous business, but Garros had high hopes that if they could make the river, they could possibly steal a boat of some sort and strike across the border into either Switzerland or Italy.

It was a daring, long-term plan—but better than inactivity and the prospect of sitting out the war. Besides, the tunnel had advantages over the one de Gaulle had dug at Freiberg. With walls and roof of solid rock, it was in no danger of caving in. And it provided an admirable cache for stocks of canned food and even a mysteriously-acquired pistol to await the day of the eventual breakout.

But luck turned against them. Early in February, 1917, the tunnel was discovered. The 14 men in de Gaulle's hut were punished as accomplices.

From mid-February until May, de Gaulle languished in a dungeon in the Ingoldstat fortress. He was shackled to a ring in the rock wall by a chain fastened to his right ankle, and he lived on a meager ration of bread and water doled out once a day. There was no light in the tomb-like cell. Throughout those weeks he never knew if it were night or day.

Brought staggering and squinting into the daylight again at the end of his confinement, he was promptly removed to a new prison camp. This one was at Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine, only 60 miles from the French frontier. Ludwigshafen is a big chemical center and the prison camp was contained in the buildings of a chemical plant.

Although France lay tantalizing near, the chances of escape appeared even dimmer here than they had been at Fort IX. A strong guard of *Volkssturm* kept the prisoners under constant observation.

ON APRIL 6, 1917, President Woodrow Wilson declared war on Germany, and American troops began to reinforce the Allies on the Western Front. It appeared that the tide of war, still in Germany's favor, soon would be turning. Another factor helped. On April 16, the first tanks—a vision-come-true of yet another future world statesman, Winston Churchill—made their debut at Corbény. They changed the concept of war from one of trench-bound attrition to movement.

De Gaulle, who was to join Churchill's between-wars' clamor for armored divisions, noted the news in the diary he kept at Ludwigshafen: "The instrument of the breakthrough has been found."

But until the Armistice, on November 11, 1918, the Frenchman could do nothing more than follow the increasingly hopeful war news, make notes for his now famous military text books and prepare himself for future leadership of his nation. He had no further opportunities to escape.

Not, that is, until the summer of 1940, 22 years later. A colonel in command of a small armored unit in France as the Nazi blitzkrieg came thundering across the Belgian frontier, he rustled up every tank he could find and fought a fierce rear-guard action that virtually constituted the only opposition the German breakthrough faced.

Then, as France surrendered and the British armies pulled back across the English Channel from Dunkirk, de Gaulle escaped for the last time—to organize French underground resistance, a Free French army, and to lead his people back to victory over Hitler's hordes. ♦

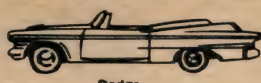
MAN'S MAGAZINE



IF YOUR CAR IS AMONG THOSE BELOW...



Buick
1953-1960 Roadmaster
1938-1960 Other models



Dodge
Dart



Mercedes
All models



Packard
1937-1960 All models



Triumph
All models



Cadillac
1949-1960 All models



Dodge
1932-1960 All models



Mercury
1939-1960 All models



Plymouth
1937-1960 All models



Thunderbird
All models



Chevrolet
1949-1960 All models
All Corvettes



Ford
1938-1960 All models
Falcon



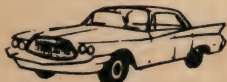
Nash
1934-1960 All models
Rambler



Pontiac
1932-1960 All models



Volkswagen
All models



Chrysler
1946-1960 All models



Lincoln
1940-1960 All models
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Renault
All models



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ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS richer, we say! And all you have to do (if your car is among those above) is **TAKE THE SPARK PLUGS OUT OF YOUR CAR**—to quickly unscrew those outmoded, money-eating, gas-consuming spark plugs and just as quickly replace them with the big fat flame of the future—the **LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!**

"Remove my spark plugs?" you ask in amazement. "Replace them with Fuel Igniters? Why should I? What's wrong with my spark plugs?"

There! That's the \$100 question. That's precisely the way to pick up the good round sum of \$100.00. And to answer this \$100 question we are pleased to present Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, graduate engineer, flying hero, one of the first to personally pilot Gen. Douglas MacArthur, and developer of the **LECTRA FUEL IGNITER.**

by Col. Fred P. Dollenberg



If you are prepared to take those obsolete spark plugs out of your car—you will receive in the next few days a package containing the invention that the automobile world is buzzing about—the package that will make you \$100 richer in the next 12 months. You will open the package and go out to your car. You will unscrew the 6 (or 8) spark plugs in your engine and quickly screw in the gleaming Fuel Igniters you've just received. All this will take a few minutes.

You will then get behind the wheel and turn the starter. What will happen next is what excited U.S. Navy and Air Force pilots and brass, who were the very first to be let in on the successful development of the **LECTRA FUEL IGNITER** prototype. And here is what will happen:

INSTANT START — SUPER POWER

At the touch of the starter your engine will leap into an instant roar, then immediately settle into the even, deep purr of true engine health. (This will occur no matter how icy cold the weather.) Then you will shift into drive (or into gear for non-automatic transmissions). Without touching the gas pedal your car will begin to move forward—maybe 6 miles an hour on gas you're not even giving it—on gas you've hitherto wasted! Then you'll press the accelerator and your car will leap forward. We are not using the word "leap" idly. In split seconds you will be racing swiftly down the highway. Why? Because almost 30 more horsepower will be pulling your car... from 150 to 300 RPM (revolutions per minute) have been added to your engine! You'll come to a hill and you'll accelerate without a falter. If there is passing to be done those extra horses will do it with safety and assurance. You'll come back to your garage and sit back and glow from the experience you've just had, not even equalled when your car was brand new.

LET YOUR OWN MECHANIC TEST IT.

But don't be content with only this, please. Unscrew one of the **LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS** and take it to your own service station. Ask your mechanic to test it. Let him pick his very best spark plug for the same test. Tell him that if the spark plug he has chosen for this test can get the better of our Fuel Igniter we will give him our check for \$10.00! The needle of his tester will tell you the story. Your own eyes will see the **BIG FAT FLAME** still firing when the skinny spark of the spark plug has long since died.

But there's so much more to the story! What is wrong with the ordinary spark plug? Why hasn't it been improved in 40 years? What is the **LECTRA FUEL IGNITER**? WHAT MORE WILL IT DO FOR YOU?

The problem is basically simple. An engine provides power for a car because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns, pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas, the more force in the cylinder. More force—more power. Obviously therefore, the larger the spark, the more completely is the gas ignited and burned.

But the spark plug gives a *skinny* spark, a *tiny* spark. It can't ignite enough gas. It is estimated that only 1/5 of your gas is burned from spark plug igniting. It sounds crazy but it's true: 80% of the gas you buy goes out of the exhaust in moisture—wasted, unused gasoline! It's bad enough to throw away 80c of every gas dollar—it's even worse when you're paying *super prices* for *super gas*. Why super gas? For the simple reason that the incomplete combustion caused by conventional spark plugs builds up glowing carbon and metallic deposits. These deposits cause detonation and damaging engine knock with ordinary gas, wasting power, wasting gas and building up further deposits to shorten the life of your plugs and your engine. Do you want to prove to yourself the truth of our statement about gas waste? Then ask anyone—absolutely anyone—who drives a car with igniters. He will show you that his exhaust pipe is immeasurably cleaner than yours. No smoggy, dirty, wasteful, unhealthy gas waste choking up his tail pipe.

NEW BASIC DESIGN

Well, why can't a spark plug give a fatter, bigger flame? Because of its **BASIC PRINCIPLE AND DESIGN!** Every spark plug has an air-gap—.025 to .035 of an inch. The spark can be no bigger than the gap. No bigger? Only when the plugs are *brand new* do they give a spark even as big as the gap! If you were to replace your spark plugs every month of the year you'd be pretty sure of getting a spark 25/1000th of an inch. But what is actually needed is a spark twice as fat and long. The **LECTRA FUEL IGNITER** does give a spark more than twice as big. It will not allow all that precious gas to run out of the exhaust unburned. It will capture unburned gas for you, and turn it into power instead of wet smoke. Do you see why your engine suddenly receives 150 to 300 more revolutions

(continued on next page)

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE—All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS
(compiled from survey reports and field tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1956	Chevrolet V-8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1959	Oldsmobile	17.1	20.3	18.7%	3.2
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1958	Pontiac	15.6	19.1	22.4%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1958	Chevrolet	16.9	23.8	40.8%	6.9
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	5.9

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

per minute? Isn't it apparent now why 30 more horsepower is suddenly put into your engine . . . why you start faster, accelerate more swiftly?

The principle of the spark plug—and its weakness—is its air-gap. This gap has to remain constant and unfouled in order for the plug to perform with even the unsatisfactory degree of efficiency it does have. Let something happen to alter this gap (and something happens every mile) and the spark plug is in trouble. Result—a visit to the service station—a bill for cleaning, adjusting, gapping and eventually replacing the set of spark plugs. But the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER HAS NO AIR-GAP! Its fat spark walks across its semi-conductive surface. Its spark is *never* eccentric—always big, steady and efficient. What's more, where a spark plug has two thin wire electrodes which wear away, the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER has *no wire electrodes at all!*

PROVED IN TAXI FLEETS

Now we come to a statement, the absolute truth of which has made owners of fleets of taxicabs and trucks our most grateful customers! Each year Americans spend more than 500 million dollars to replace wornout spark plugs! If they are beyond cleaning, gapping and adjusting, they must be replaced. But the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER *never, never*, needs to be replaced! They *never* wear out; they *never* burn out; they *will out-last the life of your car!* And, as if that weren't enough, they actually *improve* the older they get. . . . Instead of Carbon the enemy—Lectra turns carbon into a friend! We guarantee this! They will *never* wear out and they will improve each year they are in your car!

But just as remarkable as the increased power it will give your engine—just as revolutionary as its life-long service—is the eye-stopping gasoline story that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER has to tell.

ABOVE is a table compiled from survey reports and field tests. Read it. It will amaze you:

Having gone this far on this page it must be apparent to you now why the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER has soared into the multi-million dollar sales stratosphere in a few short years! It can be no mystery why keen business executives have ordered spark plugs to be replaced by LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS in fleets of trucks—in thousands of taxicabs—and stationary engines of all kinds. Many military installations have field-tested the FUEL IGNITER. As a result of these field tests many thousands of Igniters have been purchased by these government units. Uncle Sam is a hard customer, but a fair one. The handwriting is on the wall. Reports from Detroit indicate that by 1961 American cars will see the last of the outmoded spark plug. But you can get rid of those spark plugs in the next few days!

Below you will find a coupon. It contains our guarantee—a guarantee which is backed by an internationally known insurance company. As soon as this coupon reaches us your order will be filled and on its way to you through the U.S. Mails. Minutes later your set of LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS will be in *your* car. You will be ready for the greatest driving pleasure of your life. **AND YOU WILL BE \$100 RICHER IN THE NEXT 12 MONTHS, AND NOT ONLY THAT, BUT \$100 RICHER EVERY YEAR YOU DRIVE A CAR.** We guarantee this! And here is the way this guarantee is computed (based upon an average of 10,000 miles of driving per year):

SAVINGS TABLE

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUG	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
Cleaning Gapping Replacing	several times a year	never	\$10 per year
Gas Consump.	600 gallons	465 gallons	\$40 per year
Addl. cost of premium gas.	\$50 a year	not a cent	\$50 per year
		TOTAL SAVINGS =	\$100 per year

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Crack-up

(continued from page 22)



ment, he perceived a faint glimmer of light. It seemed miles away, but it gave Bradley a flicker of hope. He stared hopefully toward the beam, seeking the slightest sign of movement, especially in his direction. But the glow seemed to be suspended motionless, barely discernible through the dense screen of undergrowth. "Help!" he yelled again. "Help! Air crash!"

There was no answer. Only the uneven, pounding of his pulse, and his shortened breathing that squeezed painfully through his constricted chest.

It was bitterly cold. Along with the excruciating throb of his dislocated hip, and other thrusts of pain that knifed through every part of his body, Bradley could feel the icy chill of the mountain mist eating through his clothing and edging under his skin.

He tried to think of Evelyn, his wife, waiting at the airport to greet him on his return from a Washington meeting of the International Association of Machinists. Bradley, a district organizer for the union, then had a jarring thought:

Evelyn would believe him dead.

Soon, maybe, he would be . . . if help didn't arrive. What was holding up the rescuers? He looked at his watch, thankful it still worked. 9 P.M. Twenty minutes since he had last checked the time, back there in the plane.

Just then he heard a rustling, remote and barely audible in the brush. His heart raced, his head jerked up. He cocked his ears and held his breath.

He heard the faint rustling again and shouted: "Over here! We're over here!"

He waited a moment, acutely conscious of the unintentional irony in his use of the word "we." It looked very much as if the other 26 aboard the airplane had . . . He refused to let himself complete the thought. He had to believe that some of the others were still alive, though possibly unconscious or in shock. But alive, and within a stone's throw.

"Over here!" he bawled again. "Over here!"

Finally, when the answer came, he tried to shut his ears to drown it out. It was a high-pitched howl, blood-chilling, certainly not human. He recognized the sound at once. The rallying cry of a mountain wildcat, angry, frightened—or hungry.

Bradley clenched his big fists around the arms of his seat, feeling the unbuckled strap resting on his thighs. The strap might as well have been a coil of heavy chain. He was immobilized, alone and frightened.

Don't panic, he told himself. They'll find you. Sure they will. Just hang on.

BUT THE fear and the pain and, perhaps above all, the loneliness, were a staggering burden.

"Oh God!" he moaned. "How long will it take?"

Eighteen miles away, at Charlottesville

Airport, there was no answer to that desperate question. In fact, no one as yet had any inkling that Flight 349 had crashed, though concern was mounting.

Flight 349 had taken off from Washington National Airport at 7:20 P.M. Pilot Lavrinc had filed a routine flight plan with the Washington Air Traffic Center that provided for a short passenger stop at Charlottesville and arrival at the terminal destination of Roanoke, Va., at 9:12.

At 8:24 Lavrinc told the Washington control tower, with which he had maintained contact, that he had picked up their coded radio beam at Rochelle, in Virginia's Greene County, and was about to make his run into Charlottesville. At 8:25 he received permission to land at Charlottesville and announced that he was approximately six minutes' flying time from touchdown.

He also asked for a gasoline tanker to stand by for refuelling. Authorities later were to wonder if 349 had sprung a gasoline leak or if the pilot had wandered off course in the fog and felt it would be safer to refuel before starting on the last leg to Roanoke.

Now it was 9 P.M. Flight 349 was 25 minutes overdue—and silent.

In the main lounge of Charlottesville Airport, friends and relatives waited in that state of uneasy suspense which accompanies sitting out an overdue aircraft. This, too, was the situation in official quarters.

It had been estimated that the airliner carried enough fuel to keep it aloft until only 11 P.M. Long before that, the Civil Air Patrol had alerted all stations in the vicinity, and CAP helicopters had made wide sweeps of the area.

Below them stretched the lofty, ragged peaks and thickly wooded valleys of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Calls started to come in from surrounding hamlets—a "low-flying" plane passed over my home; an aircraft "that seemed to be in trouble" flew by a while back. The leads were all checked out, but they produced only blanks.

In Charlottesville, CAP Commander Major Charles A. Rausch studied his maps, coordinated calls to Patrol airfields and State Police stations.

Somewhere out there a plane was in trouble, possibly crashed. But where? Thousands of square miles of rugged, almost uninhabited terrain confronted the CAP. Where could they start to look?

The question was put to Rausch by Roanoke CAP commander James E. Hale.

"HELL," said Rausch glumly, "last contact was made when 349 reported itself just northeast of Charlottesville. We'd better concentrate in that area for now."

"There's a lot of territory northeast of Charlottesville," said Hale.

"You're darned right there is," Rausch retorted.

To make matters worse, in addition to the bitter cold and mountain fog, an icy drizzle had started to fall, gradually drenching everything.

Well before 11 P.M., when the missing DC-3's fuel supply was expected to run out, more than 300 ground parties and 20 aircraft had begun the search. CAP airplanes from eight areas had flown in, joined by planes, helicopters and men from the National Guard, Army, Air Force, Marines and private airmen.

By 3 A.M., it seemed that Flight 349 and its 27 passengers and crew had vanished into thin air. Every report had been scrupulously checked. But there was no clue . . . no trace. Nothing.

At 5 A.M., a bleary-eyed, stubble-cheeked Major Rausch said quietly: "When there

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are any survivors in a crash, usually someone gets out, someone is seen. We can't say if this airplane has crashed or not. We just don't know where it is or what happened to it."

The only man who could have told them everything was still pinned to his airplane seat, deeply entrenched in mountainside undergrowth.

Phil Bradley, immobilized and in agony due to his dislocated hip, awoke for maybe the tenth time. His watch now showed 4:30 A.M. The cold, wet night had penetrated into his bone marrow. His fingers were blue, his limbs locked by cramps. He did not feel too hungry because he had been on a diet recently; but he would have given anything for a drink of water.

He wanted to lose consciousness, black out. But it didn't happen. At intervals, his head drooped and fatigue claimed him—but never for more than 10 minutes at a time. His mockingly ticking watch confirmed the disgustingly slow passage of time.

Common sense told him that if rescuers hadn't turned up thus far, he might have much longer to wait. Maybe eternity. . . . He reasoned that weather conditions and the darkness might have delayed any all-out search operation until daylight. And he figured he might be frozen to death by then.

The ground about his seat was wet and glistening so he knew the mercury had not dropped to the freezing point. But, to him, it felt even colder.

Then he noticed a long branch on the leaf-blanketed ground only a few feet from his seat. He wondered why he had not seen it before.

Groaning aloud at the pain, gritting his teeth, Bradley leaned over the seat-arm and stretched his fingers toward the branch. It was elusive at first, slipping twice from his twitching finger tips. In stretching, his dislocated hip hit against the side of the seat and the pain was all he could bear.

Finally, he had the branch in his hand. He straightened his body carefully, sobbing at the waves of pain shooting from his hip, and peered around in the glistening darkness. On the other side of him he saw what looked like a blanket, probably from the aircraft. He stretched the branch toward it, playing it like a frisky trout.

It turned out to be not a blanket, but two topcoats. As each agonizing minute passed, he drew the coats nearer, until he was able to bend and pick them up. Then he wrapped them around his pain-racked frozen frame.

It was 5:05. It had taken 34 minutes to retrieve the coats.

Warmed slightly by the coats, Bradley snuggled back against the aircraft seat and closed his eyes. But a low vibrant howl, followed by another—from a different direction, kept him alert. The wild-cat howls had become more frequent, he noticed. They also seemed much closer, ringing him it seemed.

He could no longer see the shattered fragments of the DC-3, nor the shapes he had spotted earlier, huddled on the ground. Apart from the wildcats, the pall of silence seemed heavier than ever.

Bradley was sure now he was the only person still alive after the crash. "God," he moaned. "Where am I? How long must I wait?"

Little more than 750 feet away, an occasional car felt its way through the darkness and along the meandering Skyline Drive, Virginia's showplace highway that spreads across the top of the razor-back Blue Ridge Mountains. But cars were few and far between. Their lights flashed high above Bradley's head, invisible through the thick roof of foliage that hung over him.

As the first tinge of daylight glowed thinly through the heavy overcast, almost 1,000 men—were out slogging their way through the dense wet underbrush in what seemed a hopeless search for the missing plane.

CAP Major Rausch, still without sleep, directed the operation from an *ad hoc* headquarters set up at the Charlottesville Airport. The search parties had walkie-talkie radios and VHF sets to keep in contact with low-flying aircraft and helicopters. Maps of the area were quartered, then quartered again, and again.

WHEN RAUSCH took a breakfast break at 9 A.M., there still was no news of the missing airliner.

On the ground, search parties stopped at the shacks of sharecroppers, on outlying farms. At some places, the searchers were regaled with reports of mysterious explosions, low-flying airplanes, and once, even details of spotted wreckage which concentrated a flurry of men and helicopters over the Sperryville area.

The Sperryville report did lead searchers to the wreckage of an Air Force plane, crashed months before and long ago written off.

At 9:30, Virginia State Trooper Louis E. Pace reported he had spotted something "that might be wreckage" near the Albermarle-Greene County line. A half-dozen hopeful men joined him. They drove along the Skyline Drive to the point where the counties met, below the parkway, then set off on foot.

Within seconds, as they plodded through the tight-packed undergrowth, their boots squelching along the soaked ground, the party was thoroughly drenched, their arms and legs scratched and bleeding. But they pressed on.

"This way," said Pace, picking out a landmark with experienced eyes.

He plunged on, leading the group through a jungle of snarled roots and dense foliage. There was no track to follow and they could rely only on Pace's instinct. Soon, as they headed downhill from the mountain-top, the sky vanished from view beyond the tangled leafy branches.

It was no longer a walk but a fight—every inch of the way. Unperturbed, Trooper Pace and his party tore their way through.

They were exhausted, dripping wet and growing desperate when Pace unerringly broke through into a clearing, the rest of the men behind him. But there was no airplane wreck. Only pieces of roofing from an aluminum grain silo, tossed away, or blown there by some forgotten storm.

"I thought . . . I thought," muttered Pace disconsolately.

"Well, we'd better head back," said someone else.

"Yeah," Pace groaned. "But from up on the highway it looked just like . . ."

"Sure," said someone. "Well, let's get going."

And so it went, over 500 square miles of rugged mountain country.

THE ONLY man who knew how near the searchers sometimes came was Bradley. Sitting there, hidden in the dense foliage of the surrounding trees, frozen and hurting in the seat torn from the belly of the missing plane, he caught glimpses of the aircraft circling low overhead.

Every time he saw an airplane, he waved his arms. Then he cupped his hands about his mouth and yelled till he felt his lungs were tearing.

"Help! Plane wreck!"

He heard many cars now, Saturday traffic on the Skyline Drive, but in the thicket the sound was muffled, swallowed, regurgitated, and he could estimate neither distance nor direction. He did not even know that the traffic was on the Skyline Drive, or that he was only 750 below, on a peak called Calf Mountain.

He knew only that he was in agony, half-dead from exhaustion and exposure, and all alone. He glanced at his watch; it was nearly noon. More than 20 hours had elapsed since some quirk of fate had tossed him, alive, into this limbo, from a crash that had snuffed out 26 other lives.

The evidence lay strewn mutely all about him. In the daylight he could see it clearly. He noticed the nose of the DC-3, ragged and tattered like the business end of a spent firecracker. The wreckage was strewn over an area some 200 feet long by 20 wide. On each side of this swath stood the splintered trees the plane had bowled over on its way down. And dotted among this debris were the figures of his fellow passengers.

"Hey!" yelled Bradley. "Does anyone need help? Is there anyone alive?"

No answer.

He pressed back against the seat and hoped he'd black out; he'd welcome any relief from the bitterness of this stark and terrifying reality that lay all around him.

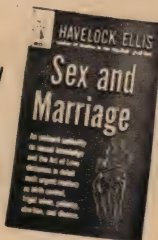
But a fluttering forced his eyes open again. He jerked upright, wincing at the pain in his hip, and looked around. Through a gap in the trees he saw a large black spread of feathered wing, circling slowly. A buzzard! He shuddered.

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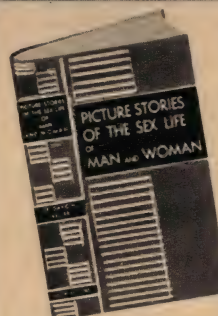


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The big bird of prey sank slowly down to perch on the branch of a tree only a few feet above his head. Its long neck pointed downward. He could see its savage beak. The creature sat there looking at him with hungry eyes and Bradley knew it was waiting for him to die.

The branch with which he had retrieved the two topcoats during the night was still propped against the seat. Bradley picked it up, balanced it carefully, then swung it upward. The branch crashed through the foliage overhead, turning end over end. The buzzard spread its wings and, with the slightest motion, rose from its perch and vanished.

"I've got to get out of here," Bradley told himself, "even if it kills me."

GROANING FROM excruciating pain in his hip that flashed up and down his whole left side, he edged himself toward the front of the seat. Then he started to stand up, balancing his 195-pound frame on his good right leg. But the leg, though uninjured, was cramped and stiff.

He clutched at the seat-arm, feeling faintness and nausea wash over him. He gritted his teeth and tried to move away from the seat. But he seemed rooted to the spot. He sat down again and breathed painfully.

Overhead, an airplane roared. Bradley looked up, his heart high with hope. The aircraft became visible through the trees, flying low, slowly.

They're looking for me! Bradley told himself. He waved frantic arms, shouted: "Hey! Hey, up there!" knowing it was useless, that they could never hear him.

He sat back again, gasping. The drone of the airplane engine grew softer, until, finally, it faded away.

At his headquarters at Charlottesville Airport, Major Rausch, after a couple of hours sleep snatched on an Army cot, was still poring over maps, talking on the radio, answering phone calls.

"Nothing yet," was the report most frequently heard. "Not a trace."

Rausch walked to the door and looked out. The sky hung low and gray, bad flying weather at best, but hopeless for a search when maximum visibility was vital.

Yet to many it seemed incredible that a large airplane could escape detection for so long from so many searching eyes.

One reason was the treacherous down-drafts that waited to entrap low-flying search planes over the Blue Ridge Mountains. Down to 9,000 feet was smooth sailing. Below that, a plane would lurch suddenly as the plunging air current gripped it, and only a burst of power and swift handling of the controls could prevent a plane from being dashed against the side of a peak.

On the ground, weary servicemen, State Troopers and park rangers continued to fan out over the cruel terrain. With monotonous regularity they sent back their reports to headquarters:

"A bum steer again."

"No trace."

"Nothing to report."

It was with growing fear and desperation that Phil Bradley saw the dusk creep up the mountainside toward him, bringing night for the second time since his ordeal had started. He looked with horror at his watch, accepting grimly the inevitable truth—that he had been anchored to this remote crash scene for nearly 24 hours, unable to move, without food or water.

With darkness came the increasing chill of night. Bradley pulled the two topcoats more tightly about him and prayed. Some inner buoyancy convinced him he would be all right.

Yet this instinct seemed to be running counter to the grim accumulation of evidence. There still was not even a sign that anyone knew where he was, or even that his airplane had crashed. He told himself the rescue operation must have started. But where in hell was everyone?

He closed his eyes and prayed for salvation, for the strength to survive till help came, for his wife to be spared the anguish he was sure she must be suffering.

He was amazed that his strength had not already deserted him. After 24 hours in the bitter cold and dampness, without food or drink, and injured, it seemed incredible that he had survived. He was grateful that he had always kept himself at peak fitness.

Then, refreshed by the calm moment of prayer and reflection, he resolved to make another attempt to help himself. He decided that if he could only get away from the crash scene he could perhaps make contact with the world again.

Biting his bottom lip to assuage the pain, he rested his weight on his arms and raised himself out of the aircraft seat. So far so good. The pain from his dislocated hip was overwhelming, but he ignored it.

He told himself that he erred earlier in the day when he had attempted to move on his legs. The thing to do was to crawl. If he could spread flat on his belly, maybe he could snake himself along the ground.

Slowly, not troubling to control his anguished moans, he lowered his big frame to the ground, taking the weight on his arms. Pain shot through him like currents of electricity. He gasped and sweated.

But finally he was down. He lay still for a few minutes, retching painfully, then he tried to move forward.

The ground was a tangled mesh of roots, dotted with tree stumps. Even without a hip thrown out of joint he would have had difficulty crawling. He tore at the roots and sought to use this leverage to pull himself along. It didn't work.

His useless leg snagged on a gnarled ganglion of wet, springy roots. He reached back in severe pain, twisted his body and lifted the leg clear. Then he let his head fall, and lay still. He could not make it.

He managed to turn himself around once more and reach for the topcoats he had dropped by the aircraft seat. He pulled them toward him, rested his aching head on a pile of wet rotting leaves, tucked the coats around him and closed his eyes.

Somewhere nearby a wildcat howled and its mate answered. But Bradley placed himself in the care of God and felt consciousness ebbing.

AT FIRST light next day, Sunday, Air Force T/Sgt. Robert O. Mondragon lifted his helicopter off the runway at Charlottesville and swung away toward the lowering mountains. There was no longer hope, it was felt at search headquarters, of finding any survivors. Ground parties had been out through the night; they'd drawn a blank.

But the wreckage must be somewhere. It had to be found.

Mondragon's 'copter headed out over Charlottesville on a westerly course, crossed the Skyline Drive and drew a series of interweaving circles in the sky.

As he told it later, Mondragon was "just flying around when I happened to look at the side of Calf Mountain. I just happened to see what looked like a white tree—a dead tree. I circled around. Then I spotted the tail. But there was no sign of life."

There was no doubt in Mondragon's mind. Sticking out from a heavily-wooded section 500 feet below the peak of the mountain, the shattered tail section of a plane glinted metallically. With a whoop

of satisfaction, he turned his clumsy bird around and headed back to base.

There had been no question of trying to put the 'copter down at the crash site. It would not have been possible. But Mondragon called up base on his radio, made his report and gave exact location.

Air Force Sgt. John Weis was standing by, waiting for just this call. He took Airman Charles M. Harris and three other men with him, all members of an Air Force parachute-medical outfit. They drove at high speed up the Skyline Drive to the point nearest Calf Mountain.

Then they struck down across the intervening valley on foot, the only way to reach the place where the wrecked DC-3 had crashed. It was tough going all the way—miles of sloping ridges, and twisting ribbons of muddy trail.

The men were winded by the time they struggled to the crash scene.

"This is it," said Weis, as he spotted the shattered tail fin, propped between two trees just above him. But there was no joy in his voice. He knew they had come to a funeral.

He pushed up higher, the others at his heels, and caught his first glimpse of the remainder of wreckage, the bodies still in their seats, two of them decapitated, and others huddled in the disarray of violent death on the sodden ground.

"It's awful," said Harris. "Look at them."

Then a voice shouted from the bushes, startling them. It sounded surprisingly strong and cheerful.

And as they stared, a covering of topcoats was suddenly flung from one of the still, prostrate forms on the wreckage-strewn ground.

"Boy," it said, "am I damned glad to see you!"

WEIS RAN forward and knelt beside Bradley, noting the blue face and hands, the haggard eyes.

"I'm all right," said Bradley with a faint smile. "Go and see if anybody else is alive."

But there were others to take care of that. Weis pulled back the blankets, saw the dislocated hip, shuddered at the thought of the pain this man had suffered.

"You'll be okay now," said Weis. "That hip must hurt."

"It's torture," Bradley told him candidly. "I was beginning to wonder if anyone was going to come. I was getting desperate."

"Well you've been up here two nights," said Weis.

"Two nights!" exclaimed Bradley. "It seemed much longer than that." He paused . . . "Say, how's my wife? Do you know?"

"I guess she'll be down at the airport," Weis told him. "We'll get in touch with her right away. Don't you worry."

"That kept me going," replied Bradley. "Worrying about Evelyn. That and praying."

Airman Harris and the others in Weis' party came back to Bradley's side, satisfied that only corpses remained on the hillside, some of them inextricably entangled in the wreckage of the shattered plane. They prepared a stretcher, gently lifted Bradley onto it, then carried him down the mountainside to a clearing.

The rescue helicopter was hovering overhead as they reached the area and Weis waved it down. Bradley was eased into the 'copter, a broad grin on his face now. He felt fully alive despite his pain and exhaustion.

Then he reached out a shaky hand to Weis. "Brother," he said sincerely, "I was never so pleased to see anyone in my whole damned life."

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Bluebeard

(continued from page 38)



tiny, fly-specked local grocery store in Clarksburg. The big idea that was to start him on a notorious, loathsome career came while he was loafing around the store filling his bloated belly.

Grinding away at a handful of crackers and salted mackerel and thumbing through a "girly" magazine, he came across a page of lonely hearts club ads. Flabby Powers had wooed his wife through a mail order love society, and it suddenly struck him that she had turned out to be an adequate, if not over-bounteous, meal-ticket.

"Hmm," mused Harry as the wheels in his head began to click, "there must be a lot of trusting, open-handed dames just aching for a masterful, red-blooded lover. And a smart guy wouldn't have to marry them either."

His partiality for a fast, crooked buck was as strong as his abhorrence of toil. So, never being a lazy lad when it came to dishonest enterprise, he waddled over to the local post office and rented a mail box under a phony name. Getting busy with his fountain pen he had a score of hot mail romances boiling up all over the country in no time at all.

Powers' simple system was to win the confidence and affection of lonely, solvent women by promising marriage. As soon as he got his pudgy hands on their money and valuables he did a fast fadeout. Most victims were too ashamed and humiliated to squawk, preferring to take the loss rather than be held up to ridicule before their friends. The others couldn't find him.

Operating on a wholesale rather than retail basis he played the field and for a while had more than 300 love-stricken women on the hook. Business correspondence became so heavy that he applied modern productivity techniques, dividing the operation into three basic steps. Devising lyrical, warm form letters suitable for each, he called them the "ice-breaking, build-up and clincher phases."

In a way, Powers had a touch of genius. He made his letters sound so sincere, honest and tender that even the most cautious and suspicious mate-seekers dropped their guards. His dripping sentiment hit the spot, and as they pored over the gushy missives, spinsters and widows began feeling like school girls again and reached for the make-up boxes.

The lonely hearts' Romeo didn't give a darn about the looks or dimensions of his pigeons. Instead he culled the replies with the cold objectivity of an IBM machine for indications of cash. He got so he could sniff out greenbacks 1,000 miles away and often did. Frisky ladies out for a good time and poor ones looking for a good provider were promptly crossed off the list.

Powers might have gone on indefinitely rooking women and prospering except for an accidental meeting with one of his victims in Peoria. Coming out of a pool-room he barged right into her, and the irate woman tore into him with teeth and fingernails.

"You gigolo ———," she screamed. "You stole my money and I'll have you locked up."

Powers managed to make a getaway, fled to the bus station and scuttled out of town. But the shocking experience jarred him profoundly. The idea of being enclosed by iron bars was so revolting that, after thinking it over, he decided to drastically change his *modus operandi*. To play it safe he willingly became one of the most cold-blooded, deliberate murderers in criminal history.

Back home he found a site for his charnal house in Quiet Dell, five miles out of Clarksburg. Hiring a couple of carpenters he built a one-story frame structure over the concrete foundation of a burned-out house. The carpenters were curious about the heavy doors of the underground cells, the gas jets and sewage system.

"What the devil are you going to use it for?" asked one of the men.

"I'm an inventor, you know," replied Powers glibly, "and I need a quiet laboratory. I must have good sewage disposal for acids and a safe place to store them. My work is of a very confidential nature."

He wasn't kidding. The carpenters shrugged and completed the job without the foggiest notion that they had built a horror



"Sorry, George, but we are rather tired."

chamber for one of the meanest-hearted mass executioners of all time. And Powers—he was delighted with his new death house.

At this time he was busily weaving an amorous web around Mrs. Asta Eicher, a wistful, 43-year-old widow of 312 Cedar Street in Park Ridge, a Chicago suburb. Her husband had died five years previously, leaving her with three children, Greta, 14, Harry, 12, and Anabel, 9. He also left her \$14,000 in money and property, and she was lonely and ripe for romance—a made-to-order push-over for the Clarksburg monster.

Mrs. Eicher's fatal mistake was writing the Friendship Society in Detroit in the first place. But she did, mentioning the \$14,000 estate to boot. This, with a fellow like Powers around, was tantamount to serving your own death notice. Quick as a flash he shot off one of his ice-breaker form letters. It read in part:

"Dear Unknown Friend:

"Your description sounds too perfect to be true. My dear wife has passed along leaving me very lonely and I am trying in this manner to find someone to take her place—someone to fill the empty space in my heart. Who knows but what you may be the one?"

"As a civil engineer my income is \$500 a month but I have a much larger income from royalties from my inventions. So my wife can have a liberal share of the world's good things, and even more important, I will give her true love and absolute devotion which every one of us craves so much in life."

"Please write me all about yourself because I somehow feel you are the one for whom I am searching. May I send you a small photograph of myself? And will you be kind enough to send me one of yours?"

"Very anxiously awaiting your reply, I am most sincerely,

Cornelius O. Pierson,
Box 277, Clarksburg, W. Va."

He got off identical letters to several other women experiencing similar amorous sensations, including Mrs. Dorothy P. Lemke, a 50-year-old divorcee of Northboro, Mass. Mrs. Lemke, a big oversized woman who was hired companion to an aged widow, had a fair-sized bankroll of her own amounting to about \$18,000.

Answers from Mrs. Eicher and Mrs. Lemke struck him as being money in the bank. Progressing from the mere pen-pal stage, he swung into the build-up phase, slipping in a little mild but effective flattery. His build-up letter read:

"My dear:

"Your picture bears out every impression from the words that you wrote—that is that you are a woman attractive, intelligent and discerning. Somehow, I already feel sure that you will find it in your heart to become attracted to me as I am to you and that we may find in each other a happy end to our loneliness."

He went on to say that he was a teetotaler, a church-going Baptist and owned up to making a lot more money from his inventions than he first indicated. In fact, he was worth about \$200,000 but had been reluctant to say so because he hadn't been completely sure about his own feelings. Now that he had seen the photograph, he was sure.

He made it plain to Mrs. Eicher that he adored children and even wrote 14-year-old Greta a charming little note that completely enchanted her. A postscript to Mrs. Lemke informed the worried lady that the ten years' difference in their ages meant nothing in a true love match and that "the important thing is mutual trust and affection."

POWERS WAS a real slicky. But he was at his best in the clincher stage. He kicked off the brakes, really letting himself go with the goo. By the time he was ready to close out the accounts, both women were practically hypnotized. The last letter he penned to Mrs. Lemke was calculated to shoot her temperature up a couple of hundred degrees. It read:

"Darling mine:

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"I want to tell you about our love, dear. I love you dearly. In you I can see light and joy ahead. Honey, we just have to hear each other's voice and feel the touch of each other's lips to make everything complete. I can hardly wait."

Powers figured that he had Mrs. Lemke gaffed solidly, and she could wait until he was ready to haul in the net. Making Mrs. Eicher, whose letters sometimes sounded a little doubtful, his first target, he fired off an urgent note.

"Sweetheart:

"I'll see you on the twelfth and when I come, dearest, I want to see you alone—all alone. I want to stay at the house. I will arrive at night and knock at the door three times to let you know it is me. Don't say anything at all to the neighbors and leave all business transactions to me. Golly, my anticipation is big."

Powers, alias Pierson, arrived on schedule. He made a hit with everyone and managed to get the kids to call him "Daddy!" He showed a canny business sense and Mrs. Eicher's qualms dissolved in the aura of apparently healthy family living.

Two days later she packed her bag and, leaving the children with a hired woman, drove off with Powers, eager to begin a happy new life. They had a wonderful time talking over their future plans, and when they reached Quiet Dell late that night, Powers turned on the road that led to his slaughterhouse.

"I've got to get something in the lab," he remarked casually. "Come on, you might as well see where I work. I think you'll be interested."

Unlocking the place, he maneuvered the unsuspecting widow through the trap door and down the stairs to "see my latest equipment." Then, as she gazed uncomprehendingly into the blackness of a dungeon cell, he gave her a shove and she hurtled into the cold interior. Swiftly he slammed the heavy door and snapped the big lock.

"MY GOD, Connie," shrieked the terrified woman, "What have you done? For God's sake, let me out."

But Powers, congratulating himself on how the first part of his plot had gone off without a hitch, was already at the top of the stairs dropping the trap door in place. Standing motionless outside the building, he strained his ears for his victim's panicky cries. She was screaming frantically all right, but he couldn't hear a thing.

"Pretty damned good building job," he murmured and, grinning in the darkness, drove off to his wife's grocery store in Clarksburg. Manufacturing himself a salami and cheese Dagwood, he munched away, slowly thinking about \$14,000. Wiping his chubby jowls on his sleeve, he yawned, padded into the housekeeping rooms in the rear and, without rousing his wife, went soundly to sleep.

Two days later the hired woman at the Eicher house in Park Ridge received a letter from Mrs. Eicher saying she had sold the house and was sending "Mr. Pierson" for the children. He arrived the following day, paid off the sitter, had a wild, happy reunion with the children, piled them in his car and drove across two states to his death house.

"Your mom's in the laboratory, kiddies," he said jovially. "So I guess we'd better stop and pick her up. She's been helping me and she's a regular inventor herself now. She'll be glad to see you."

It was no trick at all to send the excited youngsters scampering through the trap

door into the dungeon. A sudden violent push and Greta and Harry were trapped in a cell. Little nine-year-old Anabel simply stood there petrified with fear. Powers thrust her into the third pen, locked up the place, drove to the store and gorged himself on salami and cheese Dagwoods.

The next day the letter box Lothario got a shock when he picked up his voluminous mail. Mrs. Lemke, unable to contain her emotions, was on the way from Massachusetts. She couldn't have chosen a more inconvenient time to arrive, but Powers met her in nearby Fairmount with a great show of delight.

On a pretext he drove her out to the laboratory. Realizing that she was not only big but strong he decided not to take chances and knocked her off balance as she started down the stairs to "look at the equipment." Dragging her into the last empty cell while she was still stunned from the fall, he locked her in and—feeling a little hungry—headed for the store and the inevitable super sandwich.

Addle-pated Powers might have gotten away with his game, at least for a little longer, but he was hog-greedy and tried to push his luck. Two months later he returned to the Eicher home at Park Ridge and began preparing the furniture for shipment. The neighbors had gossiped a lot about the vanishing Eicher family. Now a mysterious stranger was acting as though he owned the place.

"How are Asta and the children?" asked a neighbor who, unable to control her curiosity, dropped by for a chat.

"Dandy," replied Powers, not in the mood for conversation, "but I'm too busy to talk about them now."

"Did you two get married?" persisted the housewife.

"Well, now," snapped Powers, "if you think that's any of your business, you'd better ask her."

Miffed by his manner the woman hot-footed it to the police station and gave Chief Harold Johnson an earful. Having heard about queer goings on at the Eicher residence from other sources, Chief Johnson drove to the house to see the bumptious stranger. In contrast to his former attitude, Powers met Chief Johnson with ingratiating cordiality.

"WHY, YES, Chief," he said, putting on his best man-to-man smile, "I'm authorized to move the furniture. You see, I have power of attorney to act for Mrs. Eicher."

"Seems to be in order," replied Chief Johnson after scanning the document Powers had handed him. "But where is she now?"

"Well, Chief," replied Powers, lowering his voice, "please keep this confidential. We're getting married, and she and the kids went out to Denver for a little trip before we settle down in Fairmont. Haven't said a word to anyone about it so keep it quiet until after we see the preacher."

Chief Johnson thought that one over and was on the verge of taking the stranger to the station house for further talk. But he had absolutely nothing on which to hold him. Besides, Powers beat him to the punch.

"You know, Chief," he said, disarmingly looking Johnson straight in the eye, "I'd like your advice on a couple of matters. I'm tied up right now but I'd like to drop around tomorrow for a little talk."

"Sure, tomorrow is okay," replied the chief—sensing he had been boxed out but also realizing there was little he could do about it.

Powers skipped town during the night, however, and Chief Johnson waited in vain. A little hot under the collar at being

tricked, he decided to take a chance and search the Eicher home. Finding a stack of love letters stuffed in the back of a dresser drawer, he noticed that the return address was P.O. Box 277 in Clarksburg, instead of Fairmount, W. Va.

His suspicions now thoroughly aroused, he wrote Police Chief Clarence A. Duckworth in Clarksburg, detailing the circumstances and requesting him to check on Cornelius O. Pierson and P.O. Box 277. Chief Duckworth had never heard of an inventor by that name but informed Johnson that he had staked-out the post office. The watch paid off three days later when Detective Carl B. Southern spotted Powers ambling into the post office.

"HOWDY, POWERS," said Detective Southern who knew everyone in Clarksburg. "How's the vacuum cleaner business?"

"Lousy," grinned Powers amiably. "People just ain't got the dough." Then he shuffled straight to Box 277 and pulled out an armful of letters. Southern collared him two seconds later and, over his vigorous protests, hauled him to the police station.

"How come, Powers?" asked Chief Duckworth. "You've got a post office box under a phony name and are carrying on mail romances with a lot of women? You've already got a wife, so how come?"

"Well, you see, Chief," replied the prisoner, attempting to turn on the charm. "It's just kind of a hobby with me. They're lonely and letters make them feel better. I'm kind of soft-hearted that way."

"Yeah," said Duckworth, who was all cop and knew a rat when he smelled one. "Well, Chief of Police Johnson in Park Ridge wants to know what happened to Mrs. Asta Eicher."

"Oh, Mrs. Eicher," answered Powers smoothly. "Why, we had a falling out and she went off with some fellow from Pittsburgh. Tell you the truth I didn't like his looks."

Powers stuck to his story but Duckworth locked him up and hurried out to the grocery store to see Mrs. Powers. The hardworking drudge knew nothing at all about her husband's correspondence with other women, and police found nothing incriminating in their living quarters.

Meanwhile, back at the station house, someone remembered hearing a couple of carpenters talking about a crazy building Powers had erected five miles out of town. Duckworth and Southern drove to Quiet Dell, forced the lock and found several suitcases filled with women's and children's clothing.

"Well, Mrs. Eicher asked me to keep that stuff until she sent for it," said Powers when faced with this evidence. "Now if you'd only find that fellow from Pittsburgh this would all be cleared up in a jiffy."

Duckworth locked him up again. That night the Chief located one of the carpenters. He told Duckworth about the trap door and the underground cells equipped with gas jets and sewage. An ugly picture was beginning to form in Duckworth's mind, and he quizzed the workmen about false walls and secret compartments.

"Nothing like that I know about," the carpenter told him. "Hell, me and my partner just figured the guy was a crackpot inventor."

Early the next morning Duckworth found the trap door concealed beneath several packing cases. The unmistakable odor of death assailed his nostrils as he descended into the dungeon. Blood stained the walls and floors of the empty pens and nooses formed by crude hangman's

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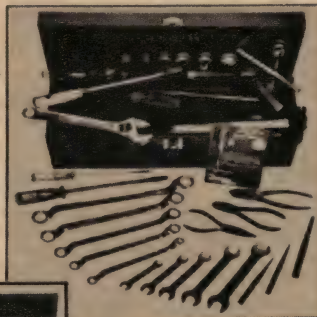
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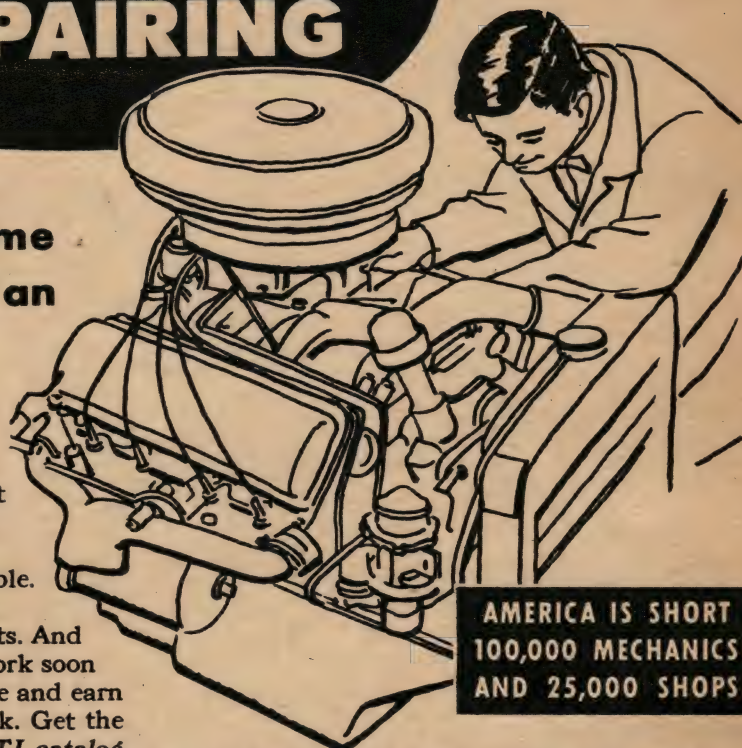
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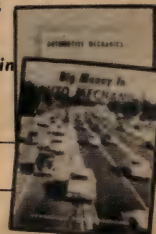
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knots hung grotesquely from the rafters in two of them. A few hairpins and bits of cloth were found in the cells in which the nooses dangled.

But there was no sign of any place where a corpse might be hidden. Duckworth was puzzled, but not for long. Taking a walk around the outside of the building his eye fell on the long ridge of comparatively soft earth that indicated the course of the sewage pipe to Elk Creek. He reasoned that here was a natural hiding place for bodies.

"All right," he commanded gruffly, "let's get to digging."

By mid-afternoon the diggers found their first cadaver. It was the nude body of Mrs. Eicher, enclosed in a burlap sack. A few minutes later the men with the shovels had turned up the bodies of the three youngsters wrapped in blankets. A little further down the ditch they uncovered the corpse of a large woman, soon identified as Mrs. Lemke. Chief Duckworth went back to the police station.

"We found the bodies of the Eicher family and another woman," the tight-lipped chief told Powers. "Now talk!"

"Don't know anything about them," quavered Powers. "Now that Pittsburgh feller . . ."

THE KILLER was taken to a quiet room on the top floor of the country courthouse where he protested his innocence for hours as relays of questioners worked on him. At last he fell into a lethargic stupor, rousing only occasionally to mumble incoherently about "that man from Pittsburgh." Shortly after midnight the interrogators sent the word down to Chief Duckworth.

"That room up there is well insulated?" queried Detective Southern thoughtfully. "Sound proof, that is?"

"Yeah," answered Duckworth, gazing across his desk at his colleague.

"Guess I'll mosey on up there," said Southern. "I'm pretty good at stupors."

"No," replied Duckworth. "I'm a pretty good stupor man myself. We'll both go."

When the officers reached the room on the top floor they motioned for the other men to leave.

"Now, Powers," said Duckworth grimly. "First thing, don't ever mention that man from Pittsburgh again."

Powers came down five hours later, stripped to his quivering jelly-like waist and sporting a black eye. Now he was talking volubly. He told how he had held Mrs. Eicher prisoner for several days trying to get her to sign over her property to him. When she proved stubborn he had returned to Park Ridge for the children, figuring that with a little torture mother love would triumph and soften her up.

But in the midst of all his trouble with the Eichers, Mrs. Lemke sailed in just when he was busiest and complicated everything. He was pretty tired out, he said, and disgusted with the way his plans were working out. He decided to get rid of all of them and start over again from scratch with new material. He gassed, hatchetted and hanged them all on the same night.

"Burying them was real hard work," he sighed reflectively.

For months reports of missing women flowed into Clarksburg from police departments in almost every part of the United States, but authorities were never able to get sufficient evidence to pin other killings on Powers. The state provided him with a size-18 rope collar at the Moundsville Penitentiary on March 18, 1932 and to this day no one actually knows how many love-smitten lonely hearts fatally succumbed to the overworked Bluebeard. ♦

The Rock

(continued from page 35)



"Miller!" he cried out. His cry hung suspended in a thick ominous silence. Stucker rushed to the phone and reported his suspicions to the armory officer. "There's something wrong with Miller."

The armory officer immediately phoned Captain Weinhold, tough ex-Marine security chief, who thought there might be a fight among the prisoners in the kitchen. An occasional flare-up—that sort of thing Weinhold was used to, and could handle fully. So, unarmed except for a billy, he headed for the kitchen . . . by way of the cellhouse.

When Weinhold entered the cellhouse corridor, he was grabbed by Coy, Carnes and Hubbard, and thrown into Carnes' cell.

"You walked right into it, didn't you, screw?" Carnes gloated. If Weinhold thought of resisting, Thompson shoved a rifle into his ribs to make him think better of it. In the cell, he was made to strip, and Coy got into his uniform.

"I might find this monkey suit useful," Coy said.

"IT WON'T do you any good," Weinhold protested. The words were barely out when Sam Shockley aimed a blow at Weinhold's face, which he ducked. In anger, the con stepped behind him and hit him full force in the kidney.

"None of your lip!" Shockley said.

By this time, Weinhold was followed by Officers Simpson, Sundstrom and Baker, who were shoved into Cell 402. The remaining six hostages—Weinhold, Miller, Corwin, Burdette, Bristow and Lageson—were crammed into Cell 403.

Coy and Carnes, after working unsuccessfully on Miller for the key to the yard, went back to the kitchen. From the windows there, Coy fired two rifle shots at the guard in the dock tower and two at the guard in the road tower, without effect. Then he fired two shots at the guard in the hill tower, and hit him in the legs.

Cretzer began to panic when Coy's master plan appeared to develop flaws. He waved the pistol in the officers' faces, pushing them around sadistically. Finally Weinhold stood up to the con.

"You can't get away with it, Cretzer," he said. "You can't get to the yard. If you did, somebody would get hurt."

"You mean somebody will be killed?"

"Probably."

"Then you'll be the first sonofabitch to die!"

Cretzer fired and Weinhold fell. Before Weinhold hit the deck, Cretzer fired again. Again and again he pumped lead into the cell.

At 2:30 P.M. the phone rang on the desk of Warden James A. Johnston. It was officer Fish, trying his damndest to contain his agitation. "Sir, there seems to be trouble in the cellhouse. I don't know the nature of it, but it looks bad."

"I'll be right over," Johnston said. "Sound the siren!"

The cons in D Block heard the siren, and most of them beat it back to their cells. Shockley and Thompson, nearly out of their minds, urged Cretzer frantically to kill the hostages. "Kill the sons of bitches! Kill them all! Don't leave any witnesses!"

Cretzer took another look in Cell 403, where six officers were heaped on the floor and bed. Then he stepped in front of Cell 402 and blasted away at the three hostages. The siren kept on whining. Thompson slipped back to his cell, followed by Shockley. Coy and Carnes returned from the kitchen, cursing and arguing. Carnes returned to his cell.

Three cons paced the cellhouse corridors; Coy, Cretzer and Hubbard. Coy, holding the Springfield ready for action, badgered the prisoners.

"Scurry, rats! Rot in stir, if you want to. You stink, all of you. You're too damned dead to fight!"

Coy did not know it, but for the three cons, the fighting had just begun.

Although Warden Johnston, a tough old bird who knew the penal system from "A" to "Z," realized that he had an ugly situation in the cellhouse, his chief worry now was to head off the danger of a mass break. Five hundred desperate criminals, whipped into a common frenzy, could take the island apart stone by stone. It was imperative that the prisoners in the shops be removed from the work area and taken inside the yard before dark.

To that end, a detachment of U.S. Marines landed on the Rock to assist the civilian officers. Gradually the prisoners filled the yard . . .

By 6:00 P.M., the cellhouse was isolated, and the battle lines were drawn. Johnston's major purpose was to rescue the guards; the immediate problem—to gain control of the cellblocks. No other way seemed sensible but to send armed officers into the sunights of Coy and Cretzer, while the fate of the hostages rested in their bloody hands.

First, the authorities had to gain control of the west gun gallery.

An attack was organized by Lieutenants Bergen and Johnson. Using smoke-screen tactics, Lieutenant Johnson and two officers opened the door and fired a volley to clear the corridor. Bergen and five officers rushed in, then raced up the stairs to the first level of the gun gallery. There they found Officer Burch lying where he had been slugged.

Coy and Hubbard, using the Springfield, took pot shots at the officers from the upper tier of D Block, while Cretzer, standing outside the floor door between C and D Blocks, peppered the officers with the .45. The cons' fire was falling just short, when one officer, Stites, exposed his position by returning the fire, and caught a slug. "They got me!" Stites cried. The movie-dialogue words hung threateningly in the air.

"HERE'S SOME more!" Cretzer growled, and fired away.

"Hey, this is fun!" Coy mocked. "How d'yuh like this, screws?" And he squeezed off another shot . . . and another.

One officer got it in the right arm; a second through the right leg; and a third had his arm and back torn open. Stites was dragged out to the office where it was immediately discovered that he was dead. The west gun gallery was secured, but the victory proved nearly disastrous. Warden Johnston still knew neither the condition nor the location of nine hostages.

The hour had passed 10:00 P.M.

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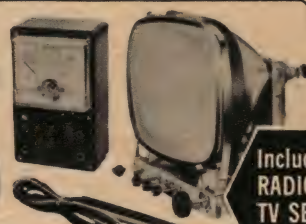
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Johnston was worried, damned worried, about the nine hostages. Were they alive, wounded, or had they already been murdered? Every officer on the Rock shared the Warden's fears. They knew every hour that passed put the nine men in a more precarious position. They had to be located and rescued at once! Associate Warden Miller and 14 officers, who were fully aware of the risks, volunteered for the daring mission.

The cellhouse was dark and smoky when the officers warily entered the front gate and moved down the corridors between C and D Blocks. They pressed against the walls, trigger fingers aching, waiting breathlessly for the first crack of pistol or rifle fire. They listened for sound of the hostages: anything, a moan, a cry, a word.

Then it came!
"Who's that?" came a whisper out of the darkness. It was Sundstrom.

"For God's sake!" Miller returned in a whisper. "Where are you?"

"In 402 and 403. Things are bad here." The rescue crew moved cautiously across the corridor to Cells 402 and 403. Suddenly a shot rang out: One of the officers fell with a rifle blast in his shoulder. The officers returned a heavy concentration of fire, temporarily silencing the rifle.

After nine hours, the rescue was effected and the doors of the two cells were pushed open for the imprisoned officers. The rescuers stood there, momentarily numbed by the horror which they beheld.

"God Almighty!" one of them gasped. There in those cells they saw the effects of hatred run amuck, reducing men to animals.

"It's been worse than hell," said Sundstrom. "I thought you'd never make it."

Lageson was shot in the cheek. Baker had two bullet wounds in his left leg and a third in his thigh. Miller lay in critical shape from the vicious kicking and slugging. Weinhold, shot in the chest, was also critically injured. Simpson appeared close to death, bleeding from belly and chest wounds. And Corwin, shot in the face through the left eye, was unrecognizable. The remaining three, Burdette,

Bristow, and Sundstrom, were suffering from shattered nerves . . .

The hostages removed, Johnston set himself to the task of flushing out his quarry . . . Without their hostages, it was the beginning of the end for Coy, Cretzer and Hubbard.

As officers poured into the cellhouse, taking up various positions to box in the cons, Associate Warden Miller and Marine Warrant Officer Buckner went to the roof and shot gas grenades through the ventilation into the utility corridors.

"Hey, you three . . . It's no use now," Miller called down to the cons. "You don't have a chance. Come out now before we have to pick up the pieces!"

There was no answer.

Figuring that they had taken refuge in a tunnel under a cutoff between the two halves of C Block, Miller drilled holes in the roof at a point over the cutoff, and dropped demolition grenades into the utility corridors.

From midnight Thursday until 3:00 A.M. Friday, the grenade bombardment continued, rocking the cellhouse. The handful of prisoners in their cells roared and shouted like trapped animals. There was still no response from the three cons. The officers were generally of the opinion that the prisoners had protected themselves behind a concrete passageway in the tunnel.

"Drop in demolition bombs!" Johnston ordered.

At 5:30 A.M. Friday, several officers went to the roof and drilled holes through which to drop the bombs. The officers braced themselves for the explosion as the first bomb was dropped. It nearly knocked them off their feet; the building all but tore apart at the seams. They dropped another and another, but succeeded only in driving Coy, Cretzer and Hubbard into a utility corridor. There, they holed up.

The network of broken steam and plumbing pipes, ventilators and electric conduits, afforded the three trapped cons the opportunity to swing and climb from one level to another. They paused amidst the dirt and wreckage of the utility corridor to smoke cigarettes they had taken from the officers.

"I never tasted anything better," Coy said, blowing out a puff of smoke.

"Don't it bother you that we're gonna die soon?" Hubbard asked. "I mean, hell! Don't it scare you none?"

"What about that, Cretzer?" Coy asked. "Does it scare you?"

"Hell no, man!" Cretzer spat. "This ain't a bad way to go. I got a gun, and as long as the screws know it an' got a healthy respect for me, what the hell more do I want?"

"I'll tell you," reflected Coy, "I figure I licked the Rock."

"You're a fool. The Rock is gonna kill you," Hubbard said.

"That's true," Coy said, with a grim-faced smile. "But that's not so bad. I'm just glad they found out that they had a man to deal with."

"Yeah," Cretzer agreed. "I guess we showed 'em."

Hubbard said nothing. He knew he was done for, and he thought it was one hell of a sorry matter.

THE BOMBING of the cellhouse continued

all day Friday, but gradually tapered off as the hour approached 5:00 P.M. At that time, an officer was shot at as he passed the door to the C utility corridor. That shot established the fact that the prisoners were in the east half of the corridor, had arms and ammo, and were still full of fight. Warden Johnston intensified the siege.

"Keep firing into the utility corridor!" he ordered.

When the prisoners refused to surrender, the door was slammed and locked. This was followed by an interval of expectant silence. "More bombs!" Johnston ordered. The explosions shook the building. And then silence, sickening, malignant silence . . .

At 9:00 P.M., Johnston and his men decided that the prisoners, if alive, could not hold out much longer, and by the morning, they might be ready for suicide or surrender. A watch was put at both ends of the utility corridor, and one covered the top of the cellblock. It was a restless night on Alcatraz.

At 7:00 A.M. on Saturday morning, a battery of officers moved to the utility corridor. The order was out: "Get the prisoners!"

Two officers slowly opened the utility corridor door: it was dark, gloomy and wet in there. The bombings had broken steam pipes and salt water lines, and nothing could be seen nor heard within but a hissing, leaking mess.

An officer shouted: "Hey, in there! Give it up! Do you hear me?"

There was no reply. All eyes turned to Warden Johnston for the next order. "Rake the corridor with rifle and shotgun fire," he said.

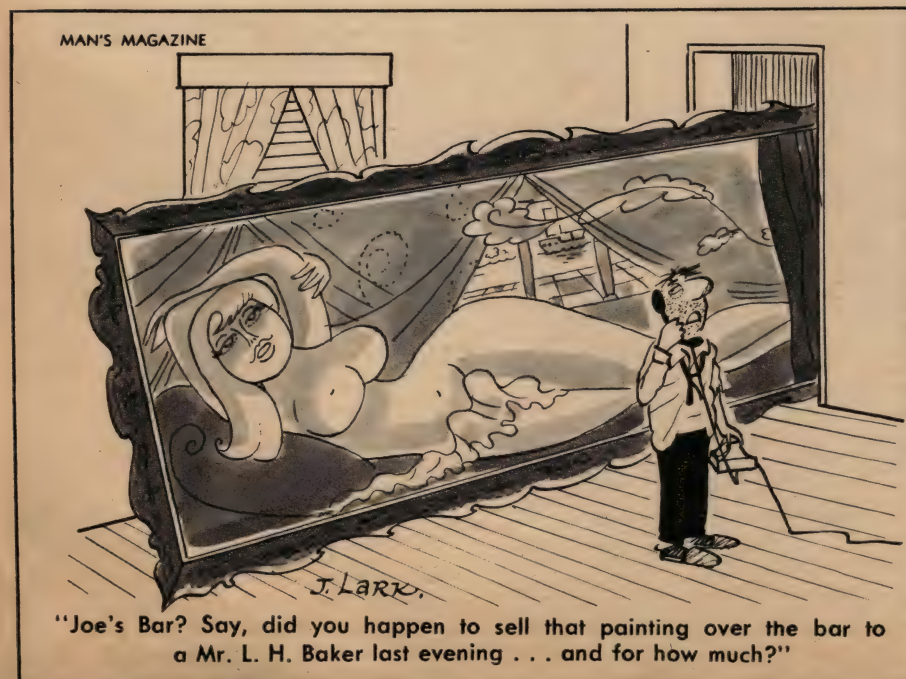
Again, silence.

"Well, gentlemen," the Warden announced, "we have to go in. I want three volunteers."

When all the officers stepped forth, he chose three, two armed with pistols and one with a half-mile ray light.

Slowly, cautiously, they crawled over the muck. Deeper and deeper they maneuvered into the corridor, and they were brought up short by a slumped over figure in an officer's uniform. It was Coy in Weinhold's uniform, the rifle alongside him. The body of Cretzer lay a few feet behind, the pistol locked in his hands. Hubbard was farther back, his body still warm.

And now, for the first time in almost 48 hours, the officers breathed a sigh of relief. The siren was silenced. The impregnable Rock had withstood the siege. ♦



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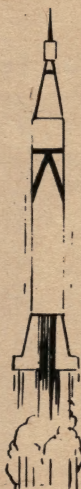
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